Everybody's Magazine

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TSING-TAO

JAPAN'S MOTIVES *and the* **U. S. A**

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The All-Round Magazine

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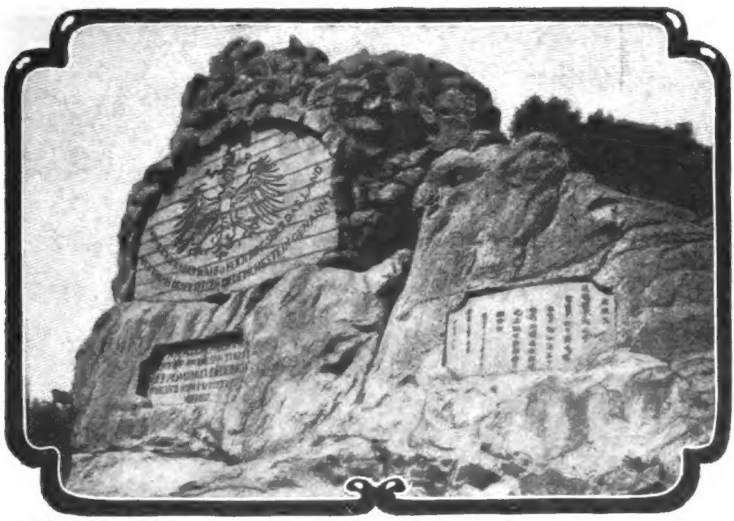

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THE GERMAN BADGE OF OWNERSHIP ON THE ROCKS AT TSING-TAO.

TSING-TAO
Key to—What?

by
GARDNER L. HARDING

Editor's Note:—**The Japanese capture of Tsing-tao has stirred issues that may ultimately have a greater effect on world commerce, and perhaps world civilization, than the final adjustments in Europe. Japan has upset the balance of power in China. As Japan's next-door neighbor across the Pacific, we are bound to be concerned in her program. The Far East is not so far from us to-day. We can no longer regard Japan's policies as merely Japan's policies. They interest *us*. Here is an authoritative statement of the relationships that recent events have added to the Asiatic development. Mr. Harding is a trained American correspondent, who has recently returned from China and Japan, where he represented the *London Daily Telegraph* and several important American papers. As a student and interpreter of Asiatic politics, he is splendidly equipped for the real service which he renders in this article.**

THE storm of death and desolation with which the great war has swept over the continent of Europe has so far been reflected in the far East by only one really serious engagement.

For eleven weeks the Japanese army and navy besieged the little German garrison at Tsing-tao, the capital of the Kaiser's Chinese leased territory of Kiaochow. The Germans had twelve splendidly equipped modern forts, equally capable of resisting an attack by land or by sea; they mined the roads and great stretches of the surrounding country; the garrison of more than six thousand men fought with fierce desperation as long as

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Photograph by Paul Thompson.

ADMIRAL KATO, JAPAN'S FOREIGN MINISTER, IN WHOSE HANDS RESTED THE DELICATE NEGOTIATIONS WITH ENGLAND WHICH EVENTUALLY ALLOWED THE ATTACK ON TSING-TAO.

there was any hope of prolonging the siege or inflicting more damage on the enemy; and when the Japanese troops finally marched over the scarred and dismantled hills into the conquered city on the tenth of last November, they had lost well on toward three thousand men, or half the strength of the garrison they had been attacking.

The last few days of the attack were grilling enough. The war-ships, led by battleships of the first line, came up to the very mouth of Kiaochow Bay, regardless of the fire of the forts on both capes, and dropped shell after shell into the midst of the city and into the main fortifications immediately back of it. The town was set on fire in many places, and one of the forts on which the fire was concentrated was literally blown to pieces. Meanwhile, the soldiers and marines, by desperate attacks through highly charged batteries of wires and over shelterless ground infested with mines set off not by contact but by electric connections operated from

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within the forts, at last got a foothold in the center of the outer line of defense.

It was not until after a fierce bayonet attack just after midnight on a Sunday morning that this hold was made good. Then the whole force came into play, and in a wild, searchlit bombardment just before dawn one fort after another yielded to the reckless Japanese assault. By five in the morning the big siege-guns were in place in the captured forts, and were directed at the keys to the German position, Forts Moltke, Iltis, and Bismarck; and in less than two hours these magnificent works were a mass of twisted and splintered steel and stone. The bugles sounded the general charge and the whole army gathered for the final assault of all; but just before the word could be given, at a few minutes past seven, the white flag went up on the German observation station, and the siege of Tsing-tao was over.

When a Japanese torpedo flotilla entered the inner harbor of Tsing-tao after the surrender it found not only that all the shipping and the docks were practically destroyed, but that that trim and unique seaport itself had suffered terribly. With the forts and large parts of the barracks in ruins; the elaborate harbor works destroyed by the enemy or blown up by the garrison; roads, bridges, and official buildings everywhere entirely out of commission, the best part of fifteen years of bold initiative and painstaking perseverance in empire-building had been ripped up and smashed to pieces in less than three months.

Was it worth all this?

Undoubtedly the Japanese think it was. Though the losses may seem large by comparison with the troops engaged, more men have fallen on the battlefields of Europe in a day's fight for a single line of trenches. And they hold the city which carries with it a vital part of the balance of power in eastern Asia. From now on this city will become more and more a pivot from which the whole Far Eastern situation will swing.

And the Japanese, it is as well to note, are rebuilding its fortifications.

The best place to see Tsing-tao first, like all seaports with any character to them, is from a ship in the harbor. I had a chance, some months before the typhoon of war swooped down upon her, to see her as she used to be in all her glory.

On the morning of the second day out from Tientsin your steamer swerves in suddenly toward a jagged coast where, until you are almost up to it, the long, irregular cliff-line seems unbroken. Then a bright red and white lighthouse gleams in the sun, and through a winding passage between two headlands there opens out a great, clam-shaped, landlocked bay stretching west and north as far as the eye can see. You go up and up through the widening stretch of water, between unpromising shores of mud, flanked all about by great, sullen, scrubby hills. But as your steamer makes the last turn in the twisting channel, into the midst of this dull and heavy Chinese landscape there comes a vision.

EUROPE IN CHINA

It is Tsing-tao, rising from these incongruous shores a city wholly and defiantly European. Tier on tier of houses rise in gleaming white, set off everywhere with gay red and green roofs and built in all the bold, whimsical angles of one of the dream-towns of Maxfield Parrish. Broad white roads lined with young trees cut clean lines along the harbor and over the hills. Here and there the sturdy big houses of the masters of this marvelous colony stick forth, dominated by the huge brick residence of the governor as by the palace of some mogul of old. Farther on there is a stretch of clean sand, dotted with a perfect harlequinade of bathing-houses in every conceivable hue, and back of them a splendid casino which might have come straight out of Nice or Monte Carlo.

The commercial uniqueness of the port is no less apparent. Your trim little Hamburg-American steamer skirts long lines of shipping in the outer and inner harbor, some in the roadstead, but most of them tied up along the fine stretches of stone pier where they load from great cranes straight off the harbor branch of the railway. Here is a floating dock with a capacity of sixteen thousand tons; there is the new steel-graving dock that will take on the biggest dreadnoughts or merchant ships afloat; visible evidences are all around of the harbor works, especially the ceaseless cutting and reclaiming and dredging on which the Germans have sunk more than thirty million dollars in the past ten years.

The great burst of German energy and initiative which first created Tsing-tao is

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THE Y. M. C. A. DAY SCHOOL AT OSAKA. STUDENTS OF THIS TYPE ARE VERY OFTEN EMPLOYED AS SPIES.

something altogether memorable and irreplaceable. With the Germans gone, the city can never recover its atmosphere. The Chinese under German discipline, for instance — there alone was something worth a trip to Tsing-tao. I don't believe they ever had the Chinese doing the goose-step, but the Germans have experimented marvelously with "native regiments," and with results never twice the same. The classic case of all is the troop which they had on their hands during the Boxer troubles. While the British-trained regiment from Wei-hai-wei, a few hours up the Shantung coast, went up to Peking with the allied armies and performed gallant service there, the chafing of Prussian discipline got on the nerves of the Kiao-chow contingent and they were never allowed to leave their barracks.

Finally, after being paraded once or twice in a hollow square to watch executions, they nailed their grievances in a long list to the barracks door,

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and unceremoniously deserted in a body.

To this day there is something suppressed and subdued about the Chinese around the Kiaochow territory. The rickshaw coolies who met the trains at the trim Teutonic terminus at Tsing-tao seemed to be the shyest and mildest of that wild-eyed brotherhood in all China. Herded back at a safe distance by Germanized policemen with the ever-present truncheon of authority, they waited with resigned patience till *der Herr Passagier* should designate the head of the line, which stern system decreed should be the favored one. There was, too, a hushed silence on the streets, even on Schantung-strasse, the principal Chinese thoroughfare of the town, while along Bismarck-strasse and before the tourist-consecrated pile of the Prinz Heinrich Hotel the silence, to any one accustomed to the usual raucous and free-and-easy city in the East, was positively uncanny.

But for all the heaviness of the occasional touch, you could see on every hand how thoroughly the Germans had gone about their work. Up on the hills back of the city four thousand acres of stout little pine-trees, laid out by the forestry experts of the Berlin Government, brought home to the Chinese mind the central need of this whole denuded countryside. They have helped the farmers for miles around to make sure of the fruit crops that ought to abound in the region, and to-day the apples, pears, and cherries which come from Kiao-chow are the best that can be found on the coast of China. In the educational field the Germans adorned Tsing-tao with a Technical College which has set the highest standard in China, and they staked their steadily growing prestige in the field of general education on a system which has already founded four hundred and forty German schools, with over eleven thousand pupils.

The government of Tsing-tao was not only unique among the Chinese treaty ports: it was unique in the history of colonization. Nowhere in the East was there efficiency and honesty in city planning and administration to compare with the German record here during their fifteen years of occupation. Nowhere was sanitation more rigorously enforced, nowhere were the decencies of life more strictly upheld, and nowhere, on the whole, could you have a better time than under the thoroughgoing Prussian satraps the Kaiser sent out to rule in Tsing-tao. They provided for everything; they brewed the best beer in the Far East there, and they put up a casino on the beach which can not be matched north of Singapore to-day.

And by way of dealing out justice equally to all, they adopted a system of land taxation with which Henry George himself would have been tolerably well pleased. Indeed, Tsing-tao was not improperly called the world's model single-tax colony. Even now, amid its smashed-up forts and burnt-out streets, there remains the sturdy background of a campaign for commercial power which already has half-succeeded.

GERMANY'S SCHEMES IN CHINA

Step by step the Germans have built up connections and possibilities which make Tsing-tao to-day a key to illimitable commercial empire. They have linked this port, to-day one of the finest harbors on the coast of China, with Peking and with the Trans-Siberian on the north, and with the heart of the Yang-tse valley on the south; and they have worked their way through a maze of agreements with the Chinese Government, which, if they had been left to carry them out, would have concentrated the railways of north and central China on an outlet to the sea at Tsing-tao. They signed up loans amounting to over eleven million dollars only last year which would ultimately have diverted into their territory the greatest railway scheme in China, the great trunk-line, already completed to within a few hundred miles of the German connections, which will one day connect the Trans-Caspian system of Russia with the Yellow Sea and provide a trans-continental thoroughfare rivaling the Trans-Siberian.

What will become of schemes such as these? What will become of the mines also dominated by Tsing-tao, which produced half a million tons of coal last year in the midst of great valleys of coal and iron ore yet untouched? With the fall of the German power in China these things have been thrown bodily on the delicate scales which hold the balance of power in Asia—and there is no wonder that these scales are rocking violently with the shifted equilibrium.

There is only one way to answer questions like these—go to the people who raised them. It was the Japanese who precipitated the chaos at Tsing-tao; and in that

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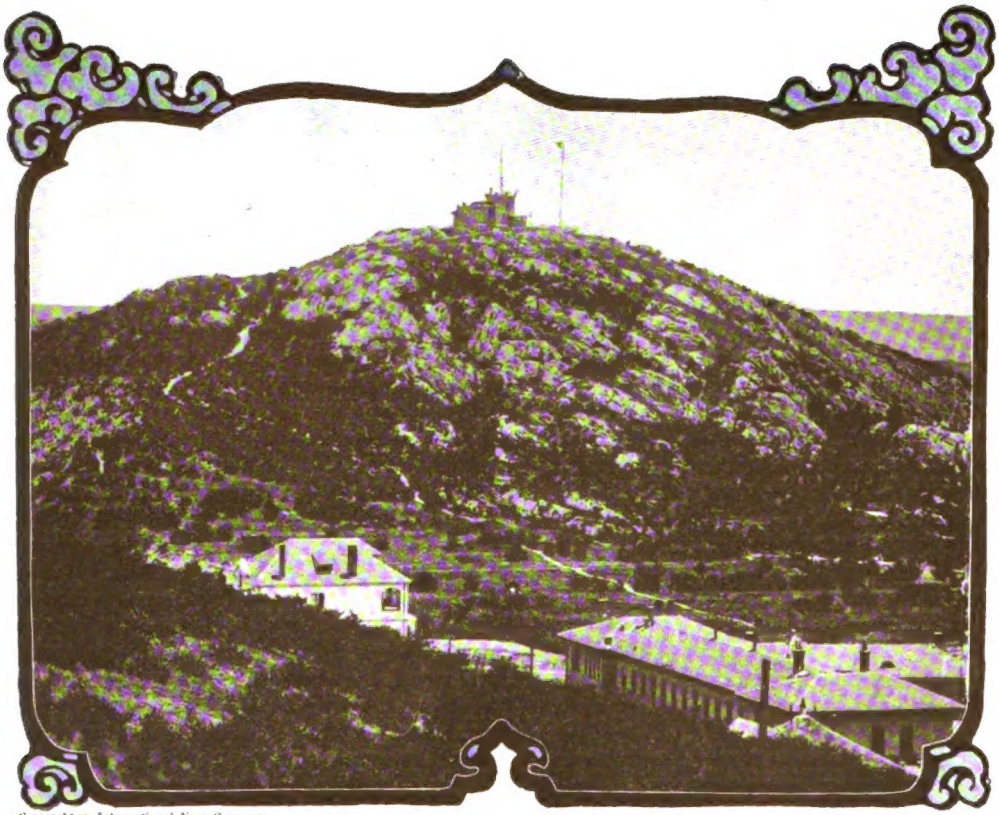

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THE PRINCIPAL FORT AT TSING-TAO—SHATTERED BY JAPANESE GUNS.

chaos it is the Japanese alone who hold the key. What, then, are the motives, and what is the power behind these motives whereby the strategy of Japan becomes the most formidable factor in the Far Eastern crisis?

The Japanese advance on the continent of Asia has a momentum behind it wholly outside the range of conventional politics. The Germans took Kiaochow according to the direct and brutal traditions of Bismarck, but at the worst it was a blow in the open. At the best, it was a magnificent imperial experiment, boldly planted in an absolutely alien soil, which has taught the world, if nothing else, that the Germans have a genius for colonizing that is all their own. But the Japanese program in the Far East is not based on a succession of brilliant strokes of diplomacy. It is based on the steady and almost fanatical support of a whole people, on a common mystic faith in the destiny of the Japanese race in that particular sphere. To understand this extraordinary popular consciousness is to get the one clue to the crisis in the Far East.

I was visiting last winter, during a trip to Japan, the crowded and insufficient little building which does duty as a Y. M. C. A. in the great industrial city of Osaka. The main hall had been hired for the evening by a well-known patriotic society, and when I came in after a long day in the factories their meeting had already commenced. Owing to the cramped equipment of the association the audience had to put up, however, with an extra attraction not on the program of the evening.

In a little anteroom which opened directly on the main hall a large crowd of Japanese boys were hard at their evening's exercise in *kek-kan*, a traditional Japanese combination of single-sticks and fencing.

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The boys fought in pairs, heavily armored over the head, shoulders, and elbows with cotton wool, and with their faces guarded by a thick wire mask. Thus protected, they attacked each other with absolute recklessness, swinging their stout bamboo weapons with both hands and bringing them down on their opponents' head and body with all their might. They snorted and grunted and wheezed like little Samurai at mortal combat, and sometimes one of the stronger ones would follow every step and lunge of his adversary with a perfectly maddening flow of shrills and squeals of contempt and defiance.

With every blow the crowd gasped and cheered and crowded closer, and between the rounds they talked in great excitement at the top of their voices.

Will you believe it when I tell you that through all this uproar that audience never even turned a head? On the platform a little man sat on a slightly raised dais, and as he twanged the strings of a *samsan*, a sweet little instrument like a fine zither, he half sang, half chanted a series of verses which went on and on. It was a song about the Russian war, and it told how the Japanese people had risen in their power and had driven the proud European invaders from the lands needful for Japan's great destiny. And as he dwelt on the names which have made the Japanese advance a part of the world's history—Nogi, and Ito, and Oyama, and Katsura—and sang of the Greater Japan they were building, seeking new strength and new conquests farther and farther south, that simple audience of the common people sat in the noisy little room, entirely rapt and spellbound with his message. Sometimes the shouting fencers almost drowned his voice, but they never dulled for a moment the tense attention of every person in that room until the song was finished. Then such a clapping and shouting and stamping ensued as made the fickle fencers' crowd turn and stare in wonderment.

The Harvard-trained secretary of the Y. M. C. A. stood by my side. "Can you imagine an American audience taking politics so seriously as that?" I asked. "No," he replied, "I guess they don't. But these people—*Biwa* singers they call them—are a sort of national institution in Japan. Troupes of them go about the country all the time under a regular government subsidy, and they're tremendously popular everywhere. But you couldn't call this politics—it makes the word look feeble. It's mysticism—it's their religion. It's the Japanese people."

To understand the steady forward march of Japan on the Asiatic continent you must keep in mind that little hall in Osaka. There you will find symbolized the passionate, uncritical, unconquerable common people who have made Japanese progress possible from the first gun in the war against China in 1895 to this latest attempt to accelerate destiny at Tsing-tao only yesterday.

JAPAN'S AMBITIONS

The starting-point in the Japanese program and the constant fulcrum of the whole succeeding campaign is, of course, Korea. In 1895 Korea had to be "protected" against China; in 1904 she was "delivered" from Russia; but from that time forward Japan has thrown off all pretense and has aimed at nothing short of the complete extinction of Korean nationality. The final seal of Japanese domination was set with the formal annexation of 1910, and to-day the very name of this unhappy country is obliterated in the Japanese subject-province of Chosen.

The Japanese record in Korea has been one of enormous energy and efficiency, but to any one gaging her vast opportunities in the immediate future by her performance in the immediate past, there are grim lessons in the misgovernment of Korea closer at hand than is convenient. The completeness with which Korean liberty has been crushed was only fully revealed in that bizarre and discreditable "Christian conspiracy" which dragged through the Japanese courts during the greater part of 1912 and 1913. A hundred and ten native Christians, many of them ministers and lay preachers, were accused of being implicated in an elaborate and seditious plot to murder Count Terauchi, the Japanese Governor-General of Korea.

The conspiracy was based on unanimous and damning confessions which seriously compromised the American missionary church, but the storm of foreign protest which ensued forced the Japanese authorities to retry the case; whereupon it very shortly came out that these alleged confessions had been obtained by the prearranged

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MEYER WALDECK, COMMANDER OF THE GERMAN GARRISON AT TSING-TAO, WHICH SURRENDERED TO THE JAPANESE ON NOVEMBER TENTH.

imposition of savage tortures on a selected list of the most prominent Korean Christians the Japanese police could get their hands on. As soon after these facts became known as was consistent with Japanese dignity one hundred and five of these unfortunate men were unconditionally released; but not until the world had had a most unpleasant revelation of the colonial policy of the nation which had fought back Russia in the name of Liberalism.

Japan's position in Manchuria is more ambiguous, but her tendency is just as unmistakable. It must be remembered in her defense that China voluntarily ceded a considerable part of this province to her as part of the war indemnity of 1895, and that Japan was only obliged to relinquish her claim to this clear conquest, which included the fortress of Port Arthur, by the *force majeure* of Europe. It was a bitter

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YUAN SHI KAI, CHINA'S REPUBLICAN DICTATOR: LONG AN ANTI-JAPANESE INFLUENCE IN CHINA BUT NOW COURTING, AND RECEIVING, JAPANESE OFFICIAL FAVORS.

experience of European diplomacy for the Japanese to see the same "integrity of China" she had been commanded to respect savagely violated by the whole concert of powers when Port Arthur, Kiaochow, Wei-hai-wei, and Kwang-chow were successively seized in 1898 by Russia, Germany, England, and France respectively. Europe, at any rate, can call the Japanese "unscrupulous" only with her tongue most perceptibly in her cheek.

Armed with these precedents and inspired with these reminders, the Japanese have gone into Manchuria prepared to take anything in sight. It is not too much to say that Manchuria is just a shade less Japan's absolute possession than is Korea. TheJapanese consuls over the whole area of Southern Manchuria, an area greater than that of the Atlantic states as far south as North Carolina, report their routine work direct to the Governor-General of Port Arthur; and he governs this territory

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through their agency almost as autocratically as Count Terauchi handles Korea from Seoul. The press is Japanese; the bank through which every foreigner must do his business is Japanese—it is quite naïvely called the Colonial Bank; the railway connections—seven hundred and eighty miles of them constructed and twelve hundred more under way—the network of shipping lines, and all the big industrial enterprises are as Japanese as twenty years of unremitting and absolutely successful monopolizing have been able to make them. And, finally, round every city in Southern Manchuria, the Japanese have bought up more or less openly the belt of land which commands its future growth.

In Manchuria things have now come to such a pass that Japan can press forward openly; she may refuse America the right to help China build a railway there, as she did in 1910, on the ground that it poaches on the preserve of her own South Manchurian. And on her own account she may demand and secure, as she did last year, nearly fifteen hundred miles of additional railway jurisdiction which push her schemes far up into Eastern Mongolia and away down to the very gates of Peking.

"OBSERVING" IN FUKIEN PROVINCE

None the less important is her wider campaign throughout the eighteen provinces of China proper. Down in Fukien province, for instance, opposite the Japanese island of Formosa taken from the Chinese in 1895, the ground is being rapidly cleared for another sphere of interest hardly less formidable than that in Manchuria. A Japanese railway line has already started from the Yang-tse port of Kiukiang and is headed directly across this province toward the famous Fukienese ports of Swatow and Amoy. And what the Japanese do not know already about the whole hinterland of this marvelous rice country is simply not worth the trouble to discover.

The secret of her ambitions here as for the most part elsewhere is economic, for at present Japan's short rice crops put her at the mercy of anybody, particularly India and South China, who will export to her. And there is rice in Fukien.

But the great interest to Westerners of Japan's covetous designs on Fukien is the elaborate spy and information bureau which is perpetually at work in this area, "fishing," "shooting," "tramping," and "observing the people." On my first day in Shanghai I lost my way and wandered into a little mission station in the poorer quarter of the city, run by two dear old ladies who had come out from some small town in England. A Japanese Sunday-school class was just adjourning, a class of exceptionally sharp-looking boys from the local Japanese high school. Over the tea we fell to talking of holidays, and I was surprised even then to hear how many of these youngsters were going on walking or botanical or sociological trips in this singularly restricted direction. Later, I not only saw them come back with copy-books bulging with notes and sketches, but I heard from one of them that they were examined on their work at school, and that the results were presumably sent on to the argus-eyed foreign bureau at Tokio for future political, commercial, and military reference.

Meanwhile Japanese merchants are steadily pouring into Fukien, armed with digests of this information proper to their calling, which give them an incalculable pull over everybody else in the field. The railway goes steadily forward, and the drift of other affairs constantly shapes itself toward the familiar process of absorption which has reached its maturity in Manchuria and Korea.

Observe the drift of Japanese policy in one last instance—that of the famous Hanyehping Coal and Iron Corporation of Central China. This is the name of the semi-official Chinese firm which operates coal and iron mines in the great ore belt south of the Yang-tse in Hupeh province, and smelts the iron into steel at the great foundries at Hanyang. The famous Tayeh iron mine, on which its exploitation has so far been concentrated, has 500,000,000 tons of the best quality of ore exposed at the surface,which does not even have to be dug for, but can be blasted down interminably from a vast cliff.

Now, Japan's lack of workable iron is one of the fundamental weaknesses of her industrial position. So it is not surprising to learn that Japanese business men have from time to time succeeded in becoming the mortgagors to this company to the tune of over $20,000,000. Their method of exacting interest for these loans is extremely suggestive. The Chinese pay, not in

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HOMES OF THE FOREIGN RESIDENTS AT TSING-TAO, WHICH WAS A STARTLINGLY EUROPEAN CITY IN A CHINESE SETTING.

money, but in pig-iron. According to the latest figures, the Hanyang foundries were sending 58,000 tons annually out of a total foreign export of 68,000 tons to Japanese markets. In rails, too—and the Hanyang foundries put out rails of Pittsburgh quality at about one-third the price—the Japanese received about the same proportion.

In the spring of 1914 matters went a long step forward with the rumor, which was soon verified, that the Japanese were on the point of lending the company $10,000,000 more; and the Chinese directors, under the influence of the pro-Japanese president, Sheng Hsuan-huai, wavered perceptibly before the universal inquiry as to whether the control still remained in their hands. The controversy which then arose has not been settled yet, but the drift of Japan is too perceptible—especially in her steadfast refusal ever to allow the Chinese to redeem their mortgages of the past; in the new barracks she is building in her concession in sight of Hanyang; and in her repeated occupation of Tayeh at the slightest sign of local disturbance—for impartial observers to count on any drawing back now.

That Japan is going to take advantage of these vast opportunities no one can doubt.

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She has become a full-fledged combatant in the present war with practically no risk to herself, yet she has become the absolute arbiter in her own theatre of operations. Certainly England, France, and Russia have very quickly discovered one sober reality—and that is, that every ship and every soldier they can possibly spare from their own desperate battle-lines would not be sufficient to challenge the decisive margin by which their ally now controls the situation in the Far East. Consequently, the pressure of Japan's forward campaign in China is subject to no restraint save her own moderation.

JAPAN'S PROMISE

That campaign has already begun with the capture of Tsing-tao, and the exceedingly vague and ambiguous promise on the part of Japan to return that port to China at the close of the war. The possession of Tsing-tao is worth a quibble, at any rate, and there are a dozen quibbles by which its recent conquerors may hand over the city to China in form and keep it in body and soul. They have not yet said that it would be handed over *unconditionally*, for instance, nor have they explained why they had to wait till the war was over before doing so.

Meanwhile, powerful semi-official journals in Japan are boldly hinting at the very desirable advantage of a fortified city to play the same part to the southern entrance of the Yellow Sea that Port Arthur renders to the northern gate.

Last and strangest of all the factors in this Far Eastern chaos is the famous Anglo-Japanese alliance. An English friend of mine had an experience in a little town in Manchuria which illustrates, in a rather impressionistic vein, the spirit of that alliance as it prevails to-day among the Japanese. He was set on by some Japanese clerks in a store, where they claimed they had been insulted by his Chinese servant. A vigilant Japanese policeman discovered him rolling in the road with the biggest of his assailants, while the Chinese and two other clerks reposed on the sidewalk *hors de combat*. The party were escorted after some discussion to the office of the local Japanese consul.

That official tried the case with anxious care in Japanese, of which my friend understood not a word. But he protested in all the languages at his command when he saw his four assailants, in response to a pleasant nod from the judge, gravely rise and leave the court. He protested angrily that he had not even been heard, and that his baggage had been stolen meanwhile on the street. The honorable consul bowed smilingly. Then he said in excellent English; "Japan and England should not fight: they are allies"—and called another case.

Many Englishmen in the Far East, with the case of Tsing-tao before them, are feeling about the Japanese alliance in much the same state of mind as my unfortunate friend; namely, that it excuses in platitudes a policy of pointed self-interest. You will find this in such powerful and intelligent British Liberal journals as the *National Review* of Shanghai, for instance, which declared in its issue of August 22:

"The position now is that Japan (in besieging Tsing-tao) has practically forced the hand of Great Britain. It is the beginning of the end of British, if not of European, influence in the Far East." And elsewhere in its columns you may read that "from the first this alliance has wrought serious damage to British prestige in the Far East," and that "England has suffered a severer blow in this disgraceful episode than anywhere else in the Far East during the past hundred years."

THE HELPFUL ENGLISH ALLIANCE

The truth is that England did everything she could with dignity—and her hands tied—to prevent the Japanese attack on Tsing-tao and the consequent irruption of the whole Far Eastern situation into the chaos of the war. The quasi-official British organ, the *North China Daily News*, says quite plainly from genuine knowledge:

"It is not easy to believe that Japan acted in the final stage with the full consent of England; . . . it seems impossible."

The Japanese forced the pace, and so added one more score to the diplomatic victories of which the English alliance has been the instrument ever since it pulled Japan through the Russian war with a high quotation on the world's stock exchanges.

To them Tsing-tao, whether they keep it or not, means an enormous momentum of opportunity in a field they have coveted for a generation.

Their strategic advantage is as decisive as their diplomacy has been far-seeing.

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As a Potsdam of the China Seas, Tsing-tao is no more, and unless the trebly unexpected happens, the great glory that it suddenly built up has, in its own peculiar character, as suddenly passed away. But the destiny of this marvelous city is none the less a spur to the imagination. It may see the tragedy of the world's great racial conflicts recommence around its strategic foothold on the San Francisco Bay of the Chinese coast. It may be the pivot on which a new and humaner England, and a Japan in which the rule of the people shall have succeeded the military oligarchy of to-day, shall agree to undertake a new understanding between the East and the West.

Or perhaps it may fulfil the fittest and most honorable destiny of all, and give to China the key to her own commercial empire. If Christian nations come out of the present inferno of fratricidal strife with any conception whatsoever how to build a better world, that should be the destiny of Tsing-tao. More than any other single factor, it would ensure peace for the Far East and the real liberation of Asia.

THE HOLD-UP.

A CARTOON FROM THE *NATIONAL REVIEW*, PUBLISHED IN SHANGHAI, JUNE, 1912, REPRESENTING ENCROACHMENTS ON CHINESE TERRITORY BY RUSSIA AND JAPAN. REPRINTED BY PERMISSION.

"THE CHINESE COACH MEETS WITH A PAIR OF HIGHWAYMEN. LONG YEARS HENCE, WHEN THE CHINESE DEMOCRACY HAS MADE ITSELF STRONG, ITS SONS MAY PERHAPS ASK FOR AN EXPLANATION OF THIS UNNEIGHBORLY CONDUCT AT A TIME OF SORE TRIAL."

中途截劫

此圖爲俄日合
時宜之劇作
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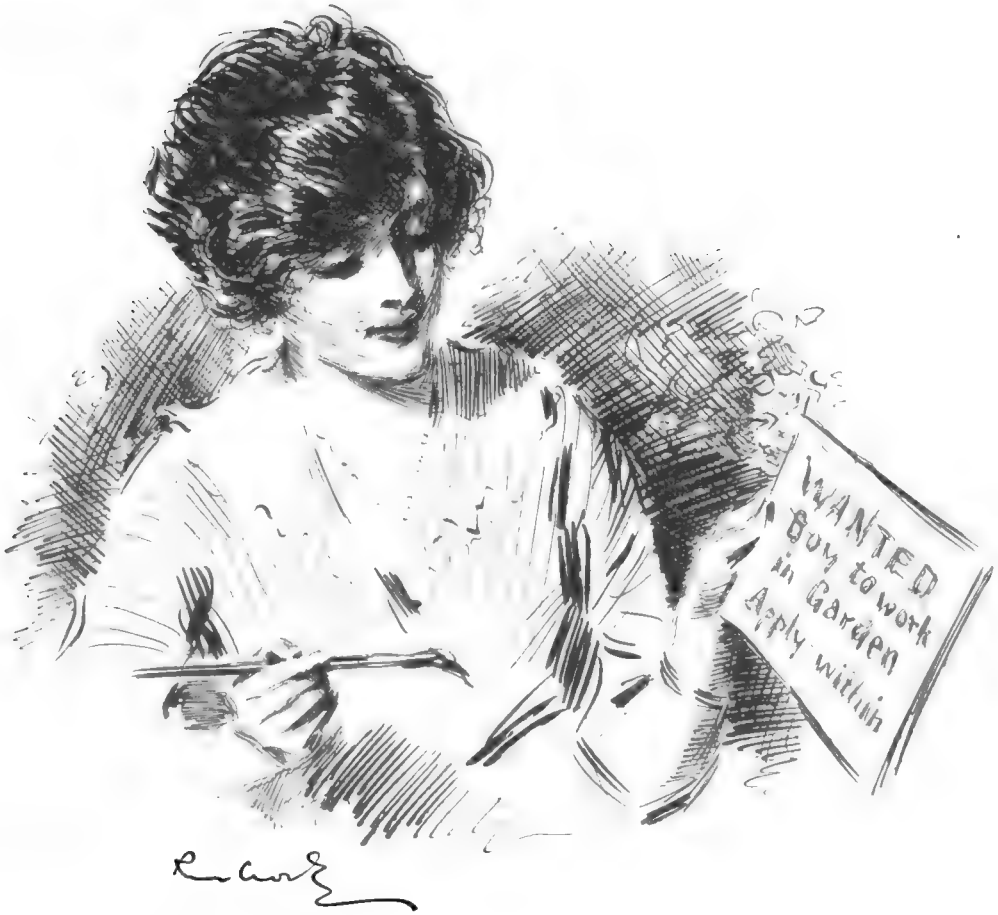
Artichokes to Herbs

by

Ralph Henry Barbour

AUTHOR OF "LADY LAUGHTER," "KITTY OF THE ROSES," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY R. M. CROSBY

WANTED!
BOY TO WORK IN GARDEN. APPLY WITHIN.

THAT was the legend that stared at me that May morning as I returned from the post-office. The ink was, I think, scarcely dry on the fresh new shingle, and, "It is probable," I reflected, looking up and down the empty village street, "that I am the first to see it." I studied it and pondered.

Some years before, I had amused myself with the science of determining character by handwriting. It was at a time when the thing was something of a fad, and I had attained to a degree of proficiency that had

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placed me in demand at social affairs. I had only to frown for a moment over the merest scrap of writing in order to describe with startling accuracy the character and even the outward appearance of the writer—providing only that I knew the person. And so this morning, tucking two magazines, a bundle of proof, and yesterday's *New York Times* under one elbow, I concentrated on that sign.

The fact that the letters had evidently been made with a paint-brush dipped in writing-ink, and that the ink had spread and trickled, might have dismayed a less adept student. But despite this handicap, and despite the fact that printed letters are less characteristic than written ones, I was speedily able to evolve a very correct impression of the person who had made the inscription.

I shall not weary you by following all the clever mental processes by which I arrived at my results, although, not to astound you too greatly, I will explain that the sex of the person was determined by noting that, while most of the letters conformed more or less closely to the accepted styles of printed characters, others, notably the N's and Y's, were traced in script. Consequently the person was a female, and, judging by a certain impetuosity discernible in the performance, young; I placed the age at twenty.

The lower hooks of the Y's told me that she was cheerful, energetic, generous, possibly quick-tempered, forgiving, fond of music, flowers, and out-of-doors, and had a passion for gardening. The capital W—always an eloquent letter—put her height at five feet and five inches, endowed her with slenderness and grace, and gave her hair that was red copper in the sunlight, warm brown eyes, a mouth that was like the folded petals of a deeply pink rose, and a fascinating dimple in her chin.

I think it was the shape of the N's—or it may have been the way in which the P's were carried below the line—that told me her voice was crisp and sweet and her laugh for all the world like the gurgle of water over golden pebbles. And, finally, it was the exclamation point which informed me that she was partial to blue and frequently appeared in a wide-brimmed straw hat which had a most annoying way of flopping over her face just when I—that is, when one didn't want it to.

It took less time to make these discoveries than it has taken to recount them, and long before I had arrived at the last of them I had made up my mind. Here, I told myself, was an opportunity not to be neglected. I was, for the time, out of employment, so to speak, and, while I had never helped in a garden, I could, I firmly believed, soon make myself quite invaluable to my employer. Besides, the sign made no request for skilled labor. At least, I could apply.

The small white gate swung creakingly between the greening lilac bushes, and I strode valiantly up the red brick walk. Beside me pink and white and yellow tulips still flamed. The breeze rustled the *Times* under my arm with an agitation which, I confess, threatened to communicate itself to me. I had never before applied for employment, and, had the distance between gate and front door been greater, I am convinced that I should have turned back. But I didn't. I pulled an old-fashioned crockery knob, and somewhere inside the little white house a bell jangle-jingled. Footsteps neared the door. I composed my features and propped my courage.

"Well?" It was an angular woman with wispy gray hair and steel-rimmed spectacles who opened the door and coldly interrogated me. As she spoke she wiped her knobby fingers on a faded blue apron. I smiled disarmingly.

"I would like to see Miss—er—the person who wants a boy."

"Oh," she said, and viewed me with distressing suspicion through the blurred lenses of those appalling spectacles. "Who'll I tell her wants to see her?"

"She—er—she wouldn't know my name," I replied with one of my best bows. "Just tell her I came about the advertisement."

"Humph!" she said. She drew aside as if granting me admittance, but in the next instant barred my way with a thin but capable arm. "That's all very well," she went on, "but if you've got anything to sell, we don't want any, young man!"

"I am offering only my services, madam," I replied, and slipped under the arm.

"Well, you can go in there." She pointed doubtfully toward an open door, viewed me askance, and went muttering away. I found myself in twilight, alone with a marble-topped table and horsehair furniture and the family Bible. I wished for an instant that I had not decided to seek

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employment. There was something about that room——

"You wanted to see me?"

She had entered while I was returning the accusing frown of the family Bible. In the hallowed twilight she failed for a moment to see me clearly, I think, for it was not until I had replied that the color stole into her cheeks.

"If you please," I said. "I was passing and happened to see your sign, Miss—er——"

She refused my invitation. "Won't you sit down?" she asked just a trifle breathlessly. I seated myself fearfully on a slippery mound of horsehair. "You know of a boy who would perhaps like to come here?" she went on.

"Yes. Or, that is to say, possibly not exactly a *boy*. Not a boy in the generally accepted meaning. Of course the term boy is—er—relative. What I mean to say is that—er—" My words trailed away into silence. Applying for a position was much more difficult than I had realized. I smiled what I hoped was an easy and confident smile. I don't believe now that it was.

"Perhaps," said she, "you had better tell me who he is. Probably I know him." She seemed quite self-possessed now and easily attained the smile I had failed at. I had meant to work up to the revelation of the identity of my candidate by easy stages, to prepare her for it, but instead I found myself replying baldly:

"I am."

She did not appear in the least surprised. "I'm afraid," she continued, smiling politely, "you didn't read the sign very attentively. I advertised for a boy."

"Oh, yes," I said, throwing one knee nonchalantly across the other to show her that I was quite at ease, and narrowly escaping sliding to the floor; "but I can do anything that a boy can. In fact, as I was explaining, the term boy is capable of—er—a wide range of meaning. In spite of the fact that I am twenty-eight, I still look on myself as a boy. I——"

"Can you weed?"

"Oh, yes! That is, I see no reason why I shouldn't be able to. As I understand it, weeding consists of chopping the soil up with a hoe. I'm sure I could do that as well as a younger—boy."

"The sort of weeding I want performed is done with the hands and not with the hoe. Have you ever worked in a garden?"

"I once assisted at the transplanting of a purple clematis. The lamentable fact that the clematis afterward died is not to be attributed to any lack of skill on my part. It was a most anemic-looking vine in the first place. Then I have occasionally helped my mother cut flowers. I usually held the basket." I smiled hopefully.

She shook her head. "I'm afraid," she said, "that you aren't sufficiently experienced."

"But I am very quick to learn. You'd only have to show me what you wanted done——"

"I'd be afraid you would pull up the vegetables with the weeds," she replied. "Besides"—and a ghost of a smile flitted across her face—"I don't believe the wages would be large enough to tempt you."

"But you don't know," I said eagerly. "I—I'd work for very little—a mere pittance; only enough to keep soul and body together. I think that is the correct expression."

"I pay only fifteen cents an hour, and that, I fear——"

"But that is a dollar and twenty cents a day; eight—er—eight dollars and forty cents a week——"

"You're counting Sundays," she interrupted. "I shouldn't want you Sundays."

"Then seven-twenty a week, or twenty-eight dollars a month. Twenty-eight dollars a month is not so bad. I—I'll take it."

But she shook her head again. "I don't think you'd do," she said. "I'm very sorry." She smiled quite kindly.

"You're making a great mistake," I warned her. "I am positive that I have in me the making of a fine gardener. I have always been extremely fond of flowers and vegetables. I have a genuine passion for artichokes."

"I don't raise artichokes," she replied. She stood up and I was forced to conclude that the interview was at an end. I also arose—very carefully.

"Perhaps," I ventured, "you wouldn't mind taking my name and address in case—er—you were unable to find any one else." Maybe my very evident disappointment touched her. At all events she nodded. "William Hodge, lady, and I live——"

"Hodge?" she asked a trifle skeptically.

"Well, it's not my real name, but in all the books I have read the—the farmers are

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called William — or Bill — Hodge, and I thought——"

"It will do very well," she said gravely. "And the address?"

"In care of Mrs. Saunders."

"Then," she said without a flicker of a lash, "you live quite close by, don't you?"

"Er—just across the fence. That would be an advantage, don't you think?"

"Possibly. It would make it easy for you to get to work early. Say by half-past six."

"Half-pa— Oh, yes, certainly!"

"Then I will let you know if I should require you," she said. "Good morning."

"Good morning." I managed a very passable bow as I stepped through the door. "In regard to references——"

"Yes?" she asked, pausing in the act of closing the portal.

"I can show you an excellent letter of recommendation from my last employer."

"The lady you helped to transplant the unfortunate clematis?"

"Oh, no, I was not—er—regularly employed on that occasion. My last place——"

"I shall be very glad to read your letter in case I—decide to employ you."

The door closed slowly but irrevocably. On the way down the path I congratulated myself on the success with which I had predicted at least her outward appearance by my almost marvelous gift. I had been absolutely correct even to the dimple!

II

"Good morning. I trust the—er—cabbages are doing well?"

"The cabbages are not yet planted," she replied, acknowledging my greeting with a sober inclination of her head. She wore blue, just as I had foretold she would, and that disagreeable but entirely becoming floppy hat did not wholly hide from me the knowledge that her brown eyes held in them a gleam that was not merely sunlight. She dusted her gloved hands lightly together and observed me gravely across the picket fence. "I wonder," she said after a moment, "if you are aware that you are standing in Mrs. Saunders's rhubarb bed."

I looked down. "Are those funny greeny-pinky knobs that I see rhubarb?" I asked interestedly. She nodded. I moved my feet cautiously. I had demolished only one. "It will probably recover," I murmured. She moved nearer and viewed it through the pickets.

"You have killed at least two pies and a quart of sauce," she said severely.

"I am sorry about the pies and tickled to death about the sauce. You haven't filled that position yet?"

"Not yet. In fact, you are so far the only applicant, Mister——"

"Hodge," I prompted. "Then I may still hope?"

She frowned. "Do you think that walking on the rhubarb recommends you for the position?"

"But how was I to know that Mrs. Saunders had rhubarb planted here? It is a very poor location for rhubarb, which demands a great deal of sun." I examined her face anxiously. Evidently I had scored. I went on with added assurance: "Yes, a great deal of sun and moisture and—er—humus."

She laughed. "What a lot you know!" she said. "Have you been studying?"

"A little," I owned. "Mrs. Saunders loaned me a seed catalogue. I found it quite rich in information. Now, for instance, take beets—you see, I've only got as far as the B's—beets should be sown very early in the spring, in drills fifteen inches apart. Cover the seed to the depth of one inch and later thin out to—er—twelve inches— No, that's asparagus. Let me see now. Beets—beets——"

"I thin mine out to six inches apart."

"Correct! Six inches is right. The soil should be deeply fertilized and well cultivated."

"Admirable!" she applauded.

"It's really nothing," I murmured modestly. "Ask me about anything as far as cabbage except broccoli. My book was singularly silent on the subject of broccoli. It informed me that the vegetable resembled the cauliflower, but was hardier, and as I haven't got as far as cauliflower yet——"

"But of course you are up on beans?"

"Yes, I flatter myself that I know beans, although I'll acknowledge that the subject is a confusing one. There are so many varieties, you see: dwarf and pole and—and English and green-podded and wax-podded —oh, a most confusing array of beans. I'd much rather you examined me on artichokes. I am thoroughly prepared on artichokes."

"But I am not. I've never grown them."

"'The artichoke,' I began glibly, 'is a

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"ARE THOSE TOMATOES HE'S PLANTING?" I ASKED. "I WOULDN'T TRUST HIM NOT TO SUBSTITUTE THISTLES."

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"YOU'RE DREADFULLY SILLY," SHE SAID.

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most delicious vegetable, rapidly gaining in popularity. The heads are usually boiled, and the bottom of each scale eaten with salt and butter. In France they are frequently baked with a dressing of fresh butter, forming a most savory delicacy. The seeds should be sown in April or May, and——' "

"One hundred," she interrupted.

"Thanks. And don't you think that my knowledge of vegetables as far as cabbage is enough to warrant a trial? Suppose you set me to weeding the A's and B's to-day. To-night I have no doubt I could progress as far as—as— What comes after cabbage?"

"The cabbage worm," she replied.

"Cauliflower and carrot!" I said triumphantly. "And celery. To-morrow you'll find me half-way through the C's! What do you say?"

"Book-learning is all very well, sir, but practical knowledge is better. Suppose you look over there and tell me what you see growing."

"Are they—are they all A's and B's?" I faltered.

"Four of them are. Which, Mister—Hodge, are the beans?"

"Well, of course, beans," I muttered, "are difficult. But let me see." I viewed the neat rows of green sprouts and leaves attentively. "The beans," I decided finally, "are those things with the arrow-shaped leaves."

"Right. And next to the beans?"

"Beets," I hazarded.

"Lettuce, silly!"

"But I haven't got to lettuce yet. That wasn't fair!"

"Then tell me which the beets are."

"I—I don't see any. Besides, beets grow underground. If you'll let me come over there and pull up some of those things I'll tell you in a minute. And, anyway, I don't see that the ability to distinguish a beet from a—a broccoli is a necessary attribute of the skilled weeder. Every man to his trade, say I. I'm a weeder, not a horticultural detective. It doesn't make a particle of difference to me whether I'm weeding beets or cabbages. Show me a weed and I know it instantly, and it were better for that weed that it had never been born!"

"We-ll," she said, "perhaps—if I can find no one else——"

"And then there's that letter of recommendation," I reminded. "When you've read that you won't hesitate a minute."

"You have it with you?" she asked.

"I'm sorry to say I haven't. But it will take me only a few minutes to—I mean I can soon find it."

"Bring it to-morrow," she said, "and I'll read it. But I won't promise more."

"But you're not going now!" I protested. "Why, there's lots of work to be done yet. Just look at the lettuce. It needs cultivation badly. And the—those other things over there are simply choked with weeds! You haven't the heart to leave them like that!"

"I shall have to, I fear. It must be nearly eleven, isn't it?"

I lied a half-hour, but accomplished nothing. She disappeared into the house. The garden seemed strangely dull and uninteresting. I felt sorry for the poor, neglected little lettuces and peas and other things whose names I didn't know. The sunlight, which had been radiantly bright, paled perceptibly, and the little easterly breeze suddenly grew chill and unsympathetic. I, too, went indoors, to sit at the window of my room, which overlooked the next-door garden, and consume much tobacco and watch the gate between the lilacs. After a long time she passed through and went from sight up the quiet street. With a sigh I pulled a half-written sheet from the typewriter, introduced a clean one, and wrote myself a glowing letter of recommendation.

That evening I went back to the seed catalogue and got as far as chervil. Chervil was like broccoli—and, later, sea-kale—inasmuch as my authority was strangely silent as to all except the price. But I got on excellently with cabbage, cauliflower, and carrots.

That night I awoke to hear the rain pattering softly on the tin roof outside my south window. It was a pleasant sound, for it reminded me of the dear little lettuces and beets, which, I reflected sleepily, must be enjoying the shower, and the dear little lettuces and beets reminded me of my charming neighbor. And, thinking of her, I went to sleep again, and dreamed.

III

"The reference is most enthusiastic," said she.

"But quite deserved," I assured her.

"The only objection seems to be that it

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fails to indicate what the—the occupation was in which you were—let me see—'intelligent, industrious, and trustworthy.' "

"Oh, does it?" I leaned across the pickets to cast my eyes over the document she held. "Um, so it does. I—I must have forgotten that."

"You must have," she agreed gravely.

"But what does it matter? I have acknowledged my ignorance of gardening and of vegetables—that is, beyond chervil. I make no false pretenses, you see. But as the letter emphasizes the fact that I am apt and quick to learn, besides being sober and respectful and—and the other things you just read, it seems to me that you can't do better than to take me on trial."

"If you had only showed me this yesterday!" she sighed.

"Why yesterday? Yesterday wasn't half the day to-day is."

"But yesterday the position was still open. To-day——"

"You don't mean that you have hired some one?" I asked, dismayed.

She nodded. "And he hasn't any references at all!"

I observed her gloomily. "You'll be sorry," I said finally. "He will probably be addicted to the use of liquor and go to sleep on the leeks and the—the cardoons. And he will probably pull up the beets in mistake for weeds. It is tempting Providence to employ any one without references."

"I don't think he drinks," she said doubtfully. "You see, he is only fourteen."

"Then he will be much too frail for the work. I don't approve of child-labor." After a moment of reflection I cheered up. "Anyway," I said, "he won't last."

"You're not very encouraging," she charged. "And I had such hard work getting him, too."

"When does he come?"

"He promised to be here this morning," she faltered.

"There it is, you see!" I said triumphantly. "He is not to be depended on. I marvel at your trusting the precious lives of the poor little lettuces and beetses to one who——"

"Oh, there he is now!" she exclaimed. "Here I am, Arthur!"

"Arthur!" I muttered disagreeably. "I ask you if that is a proper name for a gardener. And—and what is the matter with his face?"

"Freckles," she whispered hurriedly. "Not so loud or he will hear you! I must set him to work. Good—good morning."

"It isn't a good morning," I protested moodily. "It's a miserable morning. I shall stay here and watch him fall asleep in the onions. Besides, I don't believe he's fourteen. He doesn't look a day over twelve. He's a mere infant. I'd be ashamed to ask him to work out there in the hot sun. His death will be at your door and——"

But she only nodded brightly and hurried toward Arthur.

"You—you're coming back?" I asked anxiously. She paused and shook her head.

"No, I shall be very busy this morning. There's *so* much to be done!"

"But my examination!" I protested. "Cabbage! Cauliflower! Carrot! Corn Salad! Chicory!"

She only laughed.

For some time I leaned over the fence and watched them gloomily. Arthur displayed a knack with the hoe that no one would have suspected him of. I determined to purchase a hoe and practise with it in the seclusion of my room. Neither of them took any notice of me and after a while I left them haughtily. Departing, I discovered with satisfaction that several more rhubarb pies and much sauce had been nipped in the bud.

I did quite a deal of work that morning, hoping that the clatter of my typewriter would annoy them. It didn't seem to. Together they finished with the peas and hand-weeded the beets and something else which, by referring to my catalogue—it was entertainingly illustrated—I concluded to be carrots. After that Arthur proceeded alone, and the steady chop-chop of his hoe kept time to the vicious click of my machine.

The next morning when I took up my position among the rhubarb-tips I found Arthur alone in the garden. He was planting some small, spindly, discouraged-looking things which he had kidnapped from a box with a trowel. I watched him in silence for a while and then asked what he was doing. He said he was transplanting tomatoes. It was just like him to call them something I hadn't got to! I viewed him sarcastically, just to let him know that he wasn't fooling me a bit, and made a mental note to study up on tomatoes at once, no matter if they were out of turn.

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Arthur was not a conversationalist and my suggestive remarks anent the weather and the appearance of the beans—I was sure about the beans—elicited only grins or muttered words. I was very glad when the Gardener-in-Chief emerged from the white door in the house. It seemed to me that she remained an unnecessarily long time with Arthur. I think she tried to make me believe she didn't see me, but I was not deceived. When she did finally come across the strawberry bed and say "Good morning," I felt wounded and let her know it.

"Good morning," I replied stiffly. "'German, Welschkorn; Spanish, Maize. Culture: Select a warm soil if possible, especially for the earlier varieties, which should not be planted before the tenth of May. Successive plantings should be made every fortnight until July. Plant in——'"

"What on earth are you talking about?" she asked.

"Corn. If you want to hear me on celery first, all right. For that matter," I added plaintively, "we've skipped cabbage and cauliflower and cardoon and——"

"What's cardoon?" she asked.

"Search me. It's in the catalogue, though. You blanch it by tying the leaves together and then you cook the midribs, whatever those are, just like asparagus."

"It seems to me, Mister——"

"Hodge, Bill Hodge, ma'am, at your service."

"—that you are far more interested in the cooking of vegetables than the growing of them," she said with a laugh.

I refused to be placated. "Are those tomatoes he's planting?" I asked. She nodded. "He said they were, but he looks untruthful. You'd better be quite certain. I wouldn't trust him not to substitute thistles or—or dandelions."

"Don't you love dandelions?" she exclaimed.

"I haven't got to them yet," I replied cautiously. "I'm only as far as cucumber."

"You're dreadfully silly," she said. "I wish—I wish you'd tell me something."

"I will if it's not beyond page 19."

"It hasn't anything to do with vegetables. What are you doing here?"

"Doing here? Why, helping you garden, of course!"

"I mean in Lindenville. How did you happen to come here and—and why?"

"Oh, that? Well, it was an accident. I started from New York with a friend in his car. We were going to a place called Samoset. It's somewhere on the coast. We broke down three times. The third time was in front of the post-office here. By then my patience was exhausted. 'You may,' I told him, 'ultimately reach Samoset, but I don't think you will. Or if you do, it will be with this car on your back. I shall leave you here.' And I did."

"How funny," she murmured. "Had you ever been here before?"

"Never. It didn't matter. I only wanted peace and quiet and I thought I'd find them here. And I have. At least, quiet."

"And—and what do you do up there?" She nodded toward my window.

"Write," I said distastefully.

"Oh! Are you—an author?"

"I suppose so. At least, I write books."

"And you are writing one now?" she demanded eagerly.

"I am trying to in the intervals of learning horticulture or agriculture or whatever it is. I don't have much time. If I were properly encouraged in my studies——"

"It must be splendid to write things! What sort of things do you do?"

"Novels," I said dejectedly.

"I don't think I've ever read any," she replied thoughtfully.

"They're not frowned on as they used to be."

"I mean any of yours."

"Oh! That doesn't surprise me. I'm constantly meeting persons who haven't. In fact I almost never meet any one who has. I sometimes wonder who buys them—and what for."

"I shall, though."

"Thanks. I'll send for one."

"Oh, I didn't mean——"

"Neither do I. We'll trade: a novel for a mess of peas."

"But the peas won't be ready for a long time. They're quite late this year."

"They wouldn't be if they were properly looked after."

"Then perhaps I'd better go and—look after them," she murmured.

"If you had a good assistant——"

"With references?"

"With references, he could ripen those peas in no time. Have you noticed this picket?"

"No. What about it?"

"It's loose."

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"WHAT SORT OF THINGS DO YOU DO?"
"NOVELS," I SAID DEJECTEDLY.

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"Oh." She examined it interestedly. "So it is. It only needs a nail, though."

"If it came off there'd be space for one to crawl through," I said musingly.

"I must go and look after Arthur," she said hurriedly.

IV

"For spring use, sow in September, and cover lightly with litter in November. One ounce will sow one hundred feet of drill. Ten to twelve pounds will sow an acre."

"Fancy an acre of spinach," murmured Joan.

"I'd rather fancy an acre of artichoke," I replied.

"I believe," she remarked a bit contemptuously, "you'd rather eat artichokes than—than——"

"Onions? I should. Even considered esthetically——"

"I didn't say onions."

"You looked them."

"How does one 'look onions'? No, don't try to explain, please. It's much too warm. And if we're going to pick the peas——"

"We are—presently. Let us rest first. My examination in Rhubarb, Salsify, and Spinach has quite exhausted me."

Joan sniffed. "You've been very slow with your lessons of late. Here it is the middle of June and you're not through yet."

"But what I have learned I've learned thoroughly. It is all here." I tapped my forehead. "Artichokes, Asparagus, Cucumber—er—Leek——"

"Especially artichoke! And even yet you can't tell radishes from turnips."

"I can by the taste," I defended. "When growing, and in the immature stage, they are confusingly similar in appearance and almost any one might mistake one for t'other. You must acknowledge, however, that it took me scarcely a minute yesterday to say which were eggplants and which were cabbages!"

We were sitting under the apple-tree. There was only one apple-tree. The others were pear and peach. They are quite different. An empty basket reposed between us, and at a little distance Arthur Junior swayed lazily in the warm breeze. I had named him Arthur Junior because he looked very much like the original Arthur. We had had a great deal of fun making Arthur Junior. Joan's father's wardrobe had supplied everything but the stuffing and the brilliant scarlet four-in-hand tie. The tie was a happy thought of mine, and I have always maintained that the fact that Joan's young corn was unmolested by crows was entirely due to the tie. No crow with an ounce of caution would have approached within fifty yards of that tie.

The original Arthur was not with us this morning. He came now only in the late afternoon, for his almost uncanny ability with a hoe had long since discouraged the weeds.

"I finished your book," said Joan presently. "And I——"

"I know: you liked it immensely. Thank you."

"But I didn't," said Joan calmly. "I thought it rather disagreeable and—and unnecessary."

"Bless you!"

"I don't see why you need to—to write such horrid, pessimistic things. You're not that way yourself."

"You can't tell. Who knows whether the real me is the frivolous, light-hearted person the world sees or the dejected, blighted soul reflected in my novels? Perhaps I am a dual personality. That would be rather interesting, wouldn't it?"

"Don't be absurd. Is the story you are writing now like the other?"

"Much more so," I replied. "It is one long streak of blue-black gloom from first chapter to last. It is a strange fact that the happier I feel the more hopelessly I can write."

"Is it nearly done?"

"Far from it. I've had to rewrite several chapters of late. I found that my heroine was becoming quite bright and contented. That's the worst of heroines. You have to watch them all the time. You simply can't trust them. Now a hero you can depend on to go right through the story as you start him."

"But didn't you say that you had promised to have it done by the first of July?"

"Oh, yes, but publishers never expect authors to keep promises. I fancy they'd resent it horribly if I delivered the manuscript to them by the first. At least it would quite destroy their confidence in me."

"Then you are going to stay here into the summer?" asked Joan uninterestedly.

"Perhaps through it. Perhaps forever. I dislike moving about."

"I've noticed that," she murmured. I

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glanced at her sharply. She was seemingly absorbed in Arthur Junior.

"Besides," I added, "there's your garden. Heaven knows what would happen to it if I deserted you in the middle of the season. Without my advice and assistance——"

"Papa," said Joan, "asked me the other day where I had met you."

"And you told him?"

"I said you had called. I suppose he thought some one had introduced you. I dare say he would be terribly alarmed if he knew that—that——"

"I had introduced myself?"

"—that you never had been. Why did you do that? You didn't have to. Mrs. Saunders would have introduced us if you'd asked her."

"I acted on impulse, Joan. You may not have observed it, perhaps, but I am frightfully impulsive. Besides, my way was much more romantic; and there is so little romance in life that we should take all we can find. Of course, if you insist on an introduction in proper style, it isn't too late even now. Mrs. Saunders is washing blankets or something over there, and I need only call to her. Or, for that matter, there's Arthur."

"It's too late now," said Joan. "There's only one thing to be done."

"And that?" I asked anxiously.

"Pick peas," said Joan.

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"Ten pounds will sow an acre in drills and three pounds will sow an acre broadcast," I ended. "There! That's the last! Unless," I added, "you think I ought to go into Sweet, Pot, and Medicinal Herbs, or Farm and Field Grasses?"

"Those would be advanced courses, wouldn't they?" asked Joan doubtfully. "No, I don't think you need to learn any more. Stop at Turnip."

I sighed relievedly. The weather was warm, even for early July, and the prospect of further study was not appealing. It was afternoon, golden, languorous. From the direction of the garden, around the corner of the little white house, came the *tick-tick-tick* of Arthur's busy hoe. Through the broad leaves of the—the *Aristolochia sipho* the sunlight stole in dazzling rays. The village street was quiet and deserted. The house was also quiet, but not deserted. Somewhere in its cool, dim depths Nancy, she of the steel-rimmed spectacles, was lurking. From far away came the faint screech of a locomotive. It reminded me disagreeably of something.

"In a way," I said presently, "I feel that you have kept me here under false pretenses, Joan." She looked a question. "You didn't tell me," I went on, "that you'd be going off the middle of this month."

"I don't think you asked me, sir."

"Possibly not. It necessitates a violent upheaval, however, in my placid existence. I—I have always hated to break camp."

"Need my departure alter your plans?" asked Joan.

"It must," I replied emphatically. "I couldn't bear to stay here and meet daily the accusing looks of the corn and onions. How you have the heart to leave them I don't see. If you are, in a measure, betraying my trust, Joan, imagine what the vegetables must think of your defection! You are morally responsible for their welfare. You can't deny it. You are——"

"Arthur—" she began.

"Even Arthur," I interrupted sternly, "can't take your place with them. At the best Arthur is only a foster-parent. Who, I ask you, is to eat that early corn?"

"You, if you stay."

"I shall not stay."

"Then Mrs. Saunders and Arthur and the Williamses."

"Good Lord! To think that I have slaved and toiled over that corn to tickle the palate of Arthur!"

"And, anyhow," said Joan, "the corn won't be really fit to eat before the first of August, and we'll be back soon after that."

"Much may happen to your garden in three weeks," I said gloomily. "The onions may have rust, and one of those awful fungus diseases will probably attack the tomatoes. And I'm almost certain I saw a cutworm looking covetously at the cucumbers this morning. Of course I know what you thought. You thought I would stay on here and pluck the pretty little Nile-green cabbage-worms from their leafy, dew-spangled nooks each morning while you were away."

"I thought nothing of the sort," replied Joan calmly.

"And chase cucumber beetles out of the blossoms and scrunch them to death. I refuse to do it. When I contemplate the

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innocent lives I have destroyed this summer, my soul is filled with loathing."

"Have you finished your book yet?" asked Joan unfeelingly.

"I have not. It may never be finished. I told you that I had to be perfectly happy in order to write my novels. I am not perfectly happy. Your treachery has made me most miserable."

"I'm very sorry," said Joan brightly. "Are you really going away?"

"I am. Which means that I must pack a steamer trunk and a bag. And that means that I shall arrive at—at my destination minus 'most everything I possess. I never pack up and move without leaving half my things behind. With me moving is a most costly proceeding. Besides, I'm not at all sure I shall approve of this place."

"What place?" asked Joan.

"Well, whatever it is. You haven't told me yet. I hope, though, it is not fashionable."

"Do you mean where papa and I are going?" asked Joan in some surprise.

"Naturally."

"Oh!" Joan looked blank. "But—but—you mustn't! I mean—papa——"

"I don't see that papa need bother his dear old head about it," I answered.

"But—I don't think you ought to," murmured Joan. "It would look—funny, wouldn't it?"

"Then it *is* fashionable!"

"It isn't, really! It's just—just a queer, out-of-the-way little place called Squaw Point. You wouldn't like it, I know."

"Possibly not, but duty is duty, Joan. And my duty is to look after you. Your treatment of the poor little vegetables shows that you are not to be trusted. You observe that I say nothing of your treatment of me, which——"

"Are you quite in earnest?" Joan turned and viewed me very gravely.

"Terribly in earnest," I answered just as soberly.

Joan's brown eyes dropped and Joan's red lips parted. "Do you mind — very much, Joan?" I asked softly.

"If you go—to Squaw Point?" she asked tremulously.

"If I love you, Joan?"

She didn't answer at once. A black velvet bee buzzed indignantly through the vine, took in the situation, and trailed apologetically off again. Finally:

"Do you?" asked Joan doubtfully.

"Very, very much," I said.

"More than—artichokes?"

"More than everything from artichokes to herbs! More than——"

"Sure?" asked Joan, blushing and smiling.

"Oh, so very sure, Joan!" I whispered. A chair was pushed back. A board squeaked. "Very, very certain, Joan!"

"Mrs. Saunders—" murmured Joan.

"Let her!" I said superbly.

And just a moment afterward, when the sun was an hour lower, "Joan," I asked, "when did you begin to—to care, dear?"

Joan looked thoughtful and creased her forehead prettily. "I think," she said finally, "it was about the time we picked the first lettuce."

"Really? It began with me long before that! Why, I was lost the very first day I walked on the rhubarb!"

"I think," said Joan presently, "it would be nice to go and tell them about—us."

"Them?"

"The corn and the cucumbers and—and everything, I mean."

"And Arthur?"

"And Arthur," she agreed with a little laugh.

"Do you know," I said as we went toward the garden hand in hand, "I fancy they've known it quite a while?"

Joan smiled secretively at Arthur; or perhaps at Arthur Junior; it was difficult to tell them apart at a little distance.

"I am quite sure they have," she answered softly, "because—because I told them!"

A New Serial

"MAKING MONEY"

by

OWEN JOHNSON

Begins in March

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TOM ROCKETT'S BOY

by JAMES B CONNOLLY

AUTHOR OF "THE DEEP SEA'S TOLL," "WIDE COURSES," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY PERCY E. COWEN

'TWAS a sad sight, I thought, when ten years ago I first saw him as the owner he was to be of twoscore coasting schooners—from the little two-master freighting her fifty tons of potatoes and hay, or her sixty or seventy it might be, from down-East way, to the great long four and five masted black-and-white painted ones with their three or four or five thousand tons 'twixt deck and keel, the same rolling grandly up

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the southern coast. A lad of riches they had made of him, and down he comes to the wharf, a boy of thirteen years at the time, with furs to his neck and bells jingling to his span of horses and a big strong man to open the door for him when out of his fine carriage he steps. And when he said to one, "Do you do that," that one did it; and to another, "Do you do this," this one did it.

Whether 'twas right or wrong no matter, they did it, for he was the master. And heart o' God! I mind the night when first I saw him a babe just weaned of his mother's breast, and she and him and the father coming over the side in Newport News, the father being Tom Rockett, who'd given up being mate of the *Mabel Walker* to be master of the *Henry Wing*.

"Master I'd rather be of the little *Henry Wing*," says Tom Rockett, "than mate of a hundred great *Mabel Walkers*. I'm head of my own home now," says Tom, "with my own wife and my own son growing up beside me, and if God is good, maybe more sons and daughters in time, and 'tis fitting," says Tom, "that a man full-grown should be setting his own watches when he can."

A man, Tom Rockett, with great, careless ways to him, though maybe as to that not so careless now as in the days when no wife and baby he was looking forward to; and his wife that fond of him she couldn't bear to be parted from him, and the baby too that couldn't bear to be parted from him or her, she said. And so to sea trip after trip she would go with him, herself and the little boy baby.

"A sailor of mark he'll be if he so wishes," Tom would say. " 'Twill be in his blood, for soaking in the brine and the breeze he is with his mother's milk—a great, brave man when he grows up, that men and women will be proud to do the will of."

And 'twas not so hard a life of it they had while Tom was mate of the great *Mabel Walker* that had for master Wat Mason, the easy-going old bachelor that liked as well as the next to see young folks happy, and for first mate Jack Warren that had a baby boy of his own to home, though without a mother that same boy was. But on the little *Henry Wing* 'twas less comfortable, and Tom was minded, lonesome as he knew he would be, not to let his wife and baby be coming aboard so often; but once more he let them, the baby being now three years old.

"Not long now," says Mr. Wing, the junior owner, "before the new big one will be ready for sea, and that big one will be for you, Captain Rockett, to go master of."

But Tom was still in the little three-master, himself and his wife and Henry Wing Rockett, his little boy, that some wondered did he name after the man that had married Mabel Walker or after his vessel, so fond was he of his vessel. And a fine little vessel she was of her tonnage, a good one to sail, and sailing out past the Capes she came with us, myself this time second mate of the *Mabel Walker*. And Tom breasted the little *Henry* up to the great *Mabel*, and there they stayed, the pair of them, Tom driving the *Henry* powerfully to hold his own, and Wat Mason jogging along with no mind to hinder his worst enemy, let alone Tom Rockett that he was friendly to.

And up the coast we came together, past Nantucket and over the shoals and up to Cape Cod of a winter's day, but no rounding the Cape that day, but glad to anchor in the lee of it when the wind hauled to the nor'west. And there we lay, a fleet of us, waiting for it to moderate; but no moderating to it that day—nor that night. Into the east it jumped, and with it a thick o' snow; and it snowed and snowed, great flakes and wind making always. And on our vessel we gave her more chain, and from others to wind'ard we could hear them paying out more chain; but from those to loo'ard no sound, because 'twas more than a hatful o' wind by now was blowing to smother all save the roar of the gale itself.

And the snow passed and the wind backed into the nor'west, and now 'twas cold as frozen ice, and a gale behind to drive that cold into the bones of the best of us. And standing watch, long hours of that night, we wondered how the little *Henry Wing* fared, she lying inshore of us when the snow set in, and we hoping nothing was happening her; hoping so, but fearful inside of us, for coming down on the wings of the nor'-wester to us was the roar of the surf booming up on to the sands; and long and low, with a wonderful reach for a sea to run, is the shore of Cape Cod lying thereaway.

Terrible things do happen in the night, and no soul but God to know of it. "Look!" calls out the watch before yet the half of us were awake below, and there was that in his voice made those of us but half-awake to

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jump flying from our bunks to the deck.

'Twasn't yet the clear light o' morning, but even so we knew her—the little *Henry Wing* fast in the shoal water and the green-white surf breaking over her. And when the full light of sunrise came and we looked for sign of life on her, no life could we see, unless the figures lashed fast and high in her rigging could be alive. And small hope had any of us of that, for stiff and straight

AND TOM BREASTED THE LITTLE *HENRY* UP TO THE GREAT *MABEL* AND THERE THEY STAYED, THE PAIR OF THEM, TOM DRIVING THE *HENRY* POWERFULLY.

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BUT THERE WAS ONE WITH CLOTHES ENOUGH—THE LITTLE BOY WITH HIS MOTHER'S WRAPS, AND AROUND THEM AGAIN HIS FATHER'S GREATCOAT. ALIVE HE WAS, AND HIM I PASSED DOWN FIRST.

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in the shrouds they hung, swinging this way and that as the shrouds would give to the wind, but on their own account no lift of arm or leg to show were they alive. And tossing this way and that in the surf, a capsized boat told us what had happened to the others of them.

"They're dead," says old man Mason—"frozen stiff, as they'd have to be after last night. And no good can we do 'em."

But Jack Warren and myself had other thoughts while we studied together on what had happened aboard the vessel. "It was a sea boarded her and washed her cabin-house and all on deck away, and they had to hurry into the rigging," says Jack.

"And a hard thing," I says, "that we must look on while Tom Rockett and his wife do swing to every puff o' wicked wind in the toe of a winter's morning!"

"Aye, Captain Mason," says Jack to the skipper, he listening to the pair of us, "Tom and his wife and whoever else it might be hangin' between 'em, and we look on and not try to cut 'em down."

"Are you sure it's them?" asks Captain Mason.

"Leave it to me and Dan that ought by now to know—them and the little lad it might be hangin' between them," says Jack, and passes the long glass to the Captain.

"It's hard," says our captain when by 'n' by he puts down the glass. "I know it's hard, and you three, you Jack and Dan and Tom Rockett such great friends, and of the rest of us none but what liked him. But I can't order men to go into a boat a day like this."

"There were never twenty men gathered together in one ship," says Jack Warren, "but enough were standing by to man a boat." He turns to me. "You'll go with me, Dan?"

"I'll go with you, boy, to the lid o' hell," I says.

Three more came, and Jack Warren to steer her, and we made our way, the devil hindering but God helping, till in time we laid the boat into the lee of the *Henry Wing*.

'Twas me climbed to where the frozen bodies were lashed in the iced-up rigging, and first I looked to the wife of Tom Rockett, and a night half as cold would have been enough, what with the poor bit o' clothes was wrapped around her. And Tom Rockett with not even his greatcoat to his back through the cold of that winter night! But there was one with clothes enough—the little boy with his mother's wraps, and around them again his father's greatcoat—clothes enough to smother him but for the holes they'd cut to let in and out his breath.

Alive he was, and him I passed down first, and then his father and mother, and we laid them in our boat and put back to our own vessel. And if I haven't said before it was a bad day, I'll say it now. It was a wicked day, with a tide that was racing black, like a belching of smoke through an ocean of milk between the two vessels. And coming alongside the vessel, me with the little boy in the bow watching my chance to leap aboard the big schooner, over went our boat and into the sea all of us. And when from out of the sea they hauled us, gone was Jack Warren that had clung to his steering-oar to the last to hold the boat's bow against the vessel; and with him went the frozen bodies of the baby's father and mother. It is so the sea claims its own, sometimes when there seems small need of it. Twenty years past and gone it is now, and praying won't bring him back, but a fine man was lost the morning Jack Warren set out to save Tom Rockett's baby.

I laid the baby in my bunk in the cabin of the *Mabel Walker*, and the two lonely eyes of him was drowned in tears for sight of the father and mother that he couldn't understand was gone. And 'twas me was nurse to him on that road to Boston, and 'twas me was for taking the poor child home to my wife, knowing how she would say, even as she did say when I brought Jack Warren's little fellow home to her later—"Will you take him in, Annie Donlin?" I said, and "That I will!" she says—"and our own maybe will make him forget, poor heart, the father and mother that he'll never in this world see again."

But 'twas Mr. Wing's wife, Mabel Walker that was, that is at the dock to meet me when ashore from the *Mabel Walker* I stepped with Tom Rockett's boy. 'Twas in love she'd been, if ever a woman was in love, with Tom Rockett before she married Wing. 'Twas a long time before I thought it; but one thing and another—me sailing mate with Tom Rockett—never a day our vessel made Boston but Mabel Walker would be to the office; and all the while the *Mabel* lay in port, 'twas in the office she'd be. And when 'twould be

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me and not Tom Rockett would come to the office to report the vessel, 'twould be asking after my wife and the children the poor girl would be to get me talking, for 'tis the foolish tongue I have of Annie Donlin and the young ones, when themselves are not by to grow over-proud with hearing it. And from that 'twould be easy to ask how the vessel was making out, and Captain Rockett, how was he? But from the day Tom Rockett married she never came near the office, and by and by she married Wing, that all along her people had been wishful for her to marry.

And now I came ashore from the wreck of the *Henry Wing* with Tom Rockett's baby in my arms, and what with the newsboys in the street selling the accounts of the wreck, all was known before us. "What will you do with the child, Mr. Donlin?" says Mrs. Wing.

And I told her how 'twas the great friends Tom Rockett and myself were, and how I knew 'twould be to me he would be turning his eyes from the other world to see that his baby should be beholden to no charity institution for his bringing up.

"Let me have him, Mr. Donlin," she says, "and no charity institution will he go to. Let me have him!" she says, and the fright was in her eyes that I would not.

"But Annie my wife," I says, "and Tom Rockett's wife that's dead—'tis great friends they were."

"Tell your wife," she says, "that none of my own have I, and God knows my soul and body have hungered for one. Let me have him, Mr. Donlin, and it's never he will want in this world for what a child should have. A great man I'll make of him and a great business he will fall into, with thousands to jump to his nod when a man he's grown to be."

And I let her have him, and, true to her word, a great business he did fall into, and thousands there are to jump to his nod at this very moment. Of something of that I took to thinking when to-day I saw him, myself on my way home from the vessel and him looking out through his office window; but of what he was thinking never a notion had I when he called me in.

"Captain Donlin," says he, "have you an hour to spare—for Tom Rockett's boy?"

"That and more," I says—"for Tom Rockett's boy."

"Do you know," he says, "you never told me of how you found me twenty years ago in the rigging of the *Henry Wing?* Others have told me, but never you."

And I told him, him sitting by the window with the darkness falling and the pair of us looking down the gray harbor the while I talked. And when I'd done he bowed his head, and bowed his head again, more like an old man than a young one, and said: "Now and again I've heard those that said, meaning it not for my ears, that 'twas a lucky day for Tom Rockett's son when the *Henry Wing* went ashore on the sands o' Cape Cod. And they doubtless meant no harm in saying it, and, Captain Donlin, no harm in my hearing it, till the day came when I began to think myself that it *was* a lucky day for me the night the *Henry Wing* went ashore."

He sat there, his face like ice that's been frozen black in the winter nor'west wind, and I wondered what was he thinking. Twenty-three years you are, I thought to myself, the same age as our Jackie, thick-set as ever your father was, maybe thicker, and softer too, for more o' good living you've seen than had ever your father; but a lot of your father's looks in you yet—a strong-looking man that many would call handsome.

"And you no longer think it's a lucky day, Mr. Rockett?" I asked him, when I saw that 'twas helping out he wanted, he a young, masterful man so looked up to all his life that he'd never learned what it was to talk his heart out to a friend.

"No longer do I think so," he says, and then, quick-like: "You have a son?"

"I have six," I says, "by nature, and one by adoption."

"It's your adopted son, Jack Warren, I have in mind," he says—"my boss stevedore, Jack Warren."

"And a good stevedore I'm told he is," I said, "by those that stay ashore."

"I'm saying nothing against him, Captain. But I'm thinking that if my foster father taught me one thing, it was to sit down and think things out. Jack Warren's wages in the whole year are maybe equal to my income for one short week, and me like to be making more, many times more, some day. But he's had in his life, Captain, what I never had."

"And what is that?" I asked—"and him a poor boy."

"I'm not sure I know," he said. "But

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I've walked home with him evenings to see what it was. Women would pass us, old and young, lovely and otherwise, and some would look at me, but all would look at him—and he no taller, nor broader, nor, as most people would have it, any better to look at than I, for in all justice I'm not repulsive to look at, Captain Donlin."

"You're far from that," I said.

"And my manners and dress are equal to the next man's. And if 'twas the two of us going into a club, Captain, or private house, and our names sent in before us, 'tis jumping down to look after me the servants—yes, and masters too—would come, leaving your adopted son to shift for himself. I mean no harm by that, Captain, but so it is."

"I know nothing of club life or grand homes," I said, "but I can well believe it."

"But the two of us, Captain, walking through the crowded streets with none to know which is the ship-owner and which his stevodore, 'tis to him they would look. Women sometimes are pleasant to me, but when they look at him their eyes grow lightsome. I call to children and perhaps they will come to me, and perhaps they won't; but he has but to beckon his finger and they come like leaping lambs to his side. No gifts have we that we can't account for. How comes he by that, Captain Donlin?"

"You've your gift, Mr. Rockett."

"What is it?" he asks.

"You've a wonderful head for business, all men say, and like to be a great captain of industry before you die."

"It may be I am like to be so," he says. "But if so, why is it? Isn't it because I have been trained to it? My foster-father saw to that, Captain, before he died. But I might have had a head for something else—something not to be measured by freightage, or tonnage, or dollars. I might, I say, but I haven't. Do you know what I mean now, Captain Donlin?"

'Tis not always wise to agree with a man when he's cursing the luck life's brought him. I held my peace.

"And I'm thinking to-night, Captain, that perhaps those were mistaken who used to say that 'twas a lucky day for me when the *Henry Wing* went ashore."

"'Twas a good woman brought you up, Mr. Rockett," I said then.

"No doubt of that. But a fond and foolish woman, too, and fond and foolish women are more like to train those they love in the way to give them the least pain than to do them the most good."

"'Twas an honest man, her husband, who saw to your education, Mr. Rockett," I said.

"Yes," he said—"an honest man, but a cold one. Maybe if I were some other than Tom Rockett's son I wouldn't say that; but you're not the first man to tell me that Tom Rockett, my father, was something of a man."

"He was that," I said—"a full man."

"And I should have been a full man to-day, Captain Donlin. The little spark o' Tom Rockett that's left in me knows that to-night. It's you should have taken me home, Captain Donlin, as you took Jack Warren's boy home. And on your knee that's danced a half-dozen of your own, and in the bosom o' that wife of yours that's mothered them, there I'd learned without knowing I was learning what it is that means most in life. 'Twas I, too, should 'a' known what a pinched belly was and bare feet to cold flagging, for 'twas in my nature to suffer and no harm in the withstanding of it, me that was Tom Rockett's son. But it was not for me, and so to-day there's little besides the bossing of two thousand men that I have to show for my rating. Jack Warren's father and Jack Warren's mother, good as they were, were no better than the father and mother that died that I might live. But to-day Jack Warren stands a better man than I."

"I'm his father, like, Mr. Rockett," I said to that, "and so no fair judge. Who is it tells you so?"

"A girl—and only this very day. 'I want no tale of your fleets and your millions,' she said. 'When a woman's lost her youth and her hope of love from the man she wants, maybe then 'tis fleets and millions she'll be ready to look at. And if the women you've known heretofore haven't told you as much, it's either fearing or jeering you they were,' she said."

"The poor lad!" I thinks to myself. "Young women over-happy in love are sometimes over-proud, too, when least they think it. But maybe, too, you that is Henry Wing's adopted son to-day and trained to his way of thinking, didn't think to forget, for the moment, that you were boss of two thousand men."

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And so of a winter's night did Dan Donlin tell me the story of the wreck of the *Henry Wing*, the pair of us at the time sitting before the hot fire in his kitchen, while Mrs. Donlin sat over by the kitchen table and mended the children's clothes.

And while she sewed we puffed and puffed on our pipes, until by and by she stood up to make the pot of tea that he never a night of his life at home went without.

"And where is Jackie to-night, Mrs. Donlin?" I asked then.

"Where would he be?" she answered—"and he now a great strong man of twenty-three and wishful to marry. Where but calling on the girl that chose him before Henry Wing's adopted son?"

"It is great news," I said. "But besides knowing her own mind, which it is plain she does, I'm curious to know what kind is she elsewise, Mrs. Donlin."

And Mrs. Donlin said: "Rare and lovely she is, sir, and 'tis Jackie's children will never want for a mother's love an he marries her."

And Dan Donlin puffed on that, till by and by he said: "I'm thinking, Annie Donlin, that 'tis more than lovely and rare she must be, when one woman can speak so of another that's about to take him that's good as her eldest son from her."

" 'Tis time you had your cuppeen o' tea against your going to bed," said Annie Donlin, and poured it and sugared and milked it, and stirred and tasted it, and, handing it to him, said: "God save you and us, Dan, against the day you'll go as they went!"

"God save us against it too!" said Dan Donlin. "But which of us is it can choose his own way of going at the last?"

And hearing him say that, and more perhaps in the way he said it, little Dannie that slept with his brother Owen in the little room off the kitchen began to cry; and his mother heard him, and, pretending to great wrath, "The little torment!" she said—"awake at this hour of night!"

"Whisht!" said Dan Donlin. "Let be the poor lad!" and went in and bent over the little bed. "Who is it," he said, "that's sobbing here like wee little waves crying up through her scuppers in the dark night? Not Owenie, I know. Four thousand tons o' coal loading into the three great hatches all to once wouldn't stir my brave Owenie. Oh-h, oh-h, here he is! Come here, avick!" And he took Dannie up and carried him out by the stove and danced him, Dannie sitting atop of one of his Christmas slippers, to the tune of "Three Score and Ten, Sir." A jog of his foot and a yard into the air Dannie would go, while his father sang:

> The *Jennie Green* has put to sea
> With the swash a-floodin' her rail, sir.
> What kind is she when runnin' free?
> Oh, the divil 'n' all to sail, sir!
>
> Then drive the *Jennie* around the Cape
> And whistle her down the coast, sir!
> And back she'll come four thousand tons
> O' coal for the Christmas roast, sir!

And when he had had enough of that his father put him back in bed, and his mother tucked him snug in again, scolding and kissing him together, and his father left the room door wide open for the heat of the kitchen the better to go in to him; and opened up, too, the kitchen stove so Dannie might look out from his bed and see the red of the kitchen fire shining out through the grate.

"The foolish whims of you!" said Mrs. Donlin. "The fire will be out before you get up in the cold winter morning."

"And let it be ten times out! Fast enough the cold will go when above the blue sea the bright sun will come lepping. This time to-morrow night it's maybe over Nantucket shoals I'll be thrashin' that long brute of a five-master, and then 'tis the picture of him I want to have before me—him lookin' out at the warm, rosy coals, the while I do be lookin' out on the cold, black waters."

He was standing before the sink as he said it, a tall, broad man reaching to the faucet for the long dipper of running water that, tea or no tea, he always took before turning in of a night.

Midway of his drink, he lifted his head to say: "Poor boy! A pity it is when the wreck of a vessel isn't always ended with the men that's lost with her!"

"And yet that same Tom Rockett's son—he must be something of a man for all that, Dan?" I said.

"Make no mistake, he is that, lad. But as my old mother, that lived and died a saint in heaven, used to say: 'The full o' grace an' the height o' place, 'tis too much to be asking for at the one time.' "

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PRESIDENT SCHURMAN

OF CORNELL BELIEVES EVERY COLLEGE SHOULD INTRODUCE MILITARY TRAINING

"It would be self-deception of the grossest character if Americans made their love of peace the criterion of the military policy and preparedness of their country. It would be madness to enfeeble and imperil the United States because we believe peace the chief blessing of the nations."

AMERICA will never equip herself for aggressive wars. She will never set up a large standing army or require military service of all the young men of the country. Historic policy and the abiding sentiments of her people forbid.

We are concerned, therefore, only with national *defense*. And, considering our separation from all the other great powers of the world and our location between two oceans, a navy is our natural, our principal means of defense. We need a navy large enough and strong enough to defend us against any navy that is likely to attack us.

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We need impregnable coast defenses. Yet, in the chances of war, any navy, no matter how brave and strong, may be overcome; any coast defenses may fail. Hence we need an army strong enough to prevent our territory from falling into the hands of an enemy who may have succeeded in destroying or at least paralyzing our navy.

These indispensable requisites of defense have nothing to do with the colossal war which is now devastating half the world. They might have been formulated in the same terms nine months ago, or nine years ago. And whether war continues or peace comes in Europe, these requisites of our national safety remain the same.

Now, even if our army and navy, on their present footing, were entirely satisfactory, we should still in case of attack be in an entirely different position from any other great nation in the world. All other nations have to-day for their armies not only a war footing much larger than their peace footing, but also reserves who have all been thoroughly trained, generally from four to five times as many in number as the nation's regular army even on its war footing.

But the United States has no reserves whatever.

In 1913, when the war strength of the United States army was 62,000, that of Great Britain (excluding India, etc.) was 224,000, of Japan 264,000, of Italy 371,000, of Austria 530,000, of France 700,000, of Germany 845,000, of Russia 1,079,000. But superior as these countries are to ours in their war strength, the real measure of our military inferiority is given in the figures indicating the strength of their reserves.

OUR NEED OF RESERVES

In 1913 the reserves of Japan were 1,000,000, of Italy 1,500,000, of Austria 2,500,000, of France 3,000,000, of Germany 4,700,000, and of Russia 5,400,000. The reserves of England numbered only 215,000; and hence when the war broke out in August, 1914, Lord Kitchener's first task was to get together a million or two of civilians and give them a military training such as the reserves of the other belligerents had (in larger measure) already received; and for that training he stipulated a minimum period of six months.

The United States has *no* reserves.

If an invading power succeeded in breaking through the line of our navy and coast defenses, there would be nothing to prevent its landing on our shores as many soldiers as it had transports to carry. For we have a standing army so small that it would be overcome by sheer force of numbers unless it were reinforced by armies of trained civilians.

Our regular army now consists of 4,701 officers and 87,781 enlisted men; the number of them that can be moved from place to place—the mobile army—amounts to 2,935 officers and 51,446 men, of whom there are in continental United States only 1,495 officers and 29,405 men. The organized militia of the various states aggregates 8,323 officers and 119,087 men, of whom it is estimated by experts not more than fifty or sixty per cent. would prove effective military material in time of need.

But even if we make the inconceivable supposition that in the event of war they would all respond to the summons of the national government and that they would be efficient, we should have a force, regulars and militia together, to send against the enemy who had broken through our navy and coast defenses and had invaded our territory, of only 9,818 officers and 148,492 men.

Of course the *actual* numbers of our army of defense would be much less. When allowance is made for the inevitable shrinkage of our imaginary militia strength, General Wood estimates that our available mobile force to send against an invader would be less than 90,000 men, whereas 300,000, he declares, would be necessary at the outset to give us a reasonable chance of success.

The problem of reserves is, therefore, twofold. In the first place a reserve force of over 200,000 men would be absolutely essential for immediate cooperation with the regular army and the organized militia as soon as the invader should have overcome our naval and coast defenses. And, secondly, a volunteer army would have to be immediately got together and trained for the further prosecution of the war. And this army, if we may judge either from the experience of our Civil War or from the demonstration now afforded by the European belligerents, might in a great emergency have to be counted in terms of many hundreds of thousands, if not of a million or more.

Let us now consider the first of these problems—[illegible]st have a military force,

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ready for immediate service in time of war, of at least 300,000 men. At present we have, regulars and militia together, only about twenty-five per cent. of the required strength. How shall we get the remaining seventy-five per cent.?

It can only be by a new development and a fresh application of the voluntary principle which has built up both our regular army and our state militia: *We must create a reserve volunteer army.* The public must be acquainted with the facts, appeals must be made to patriotism, inducements must be offered to those who already have had some military training or experience and to those who are willing to begin it. Rifle clubs should be organized and target practise encouraged. The advantages of military training, intellectual and moral as well as physical, must be set forth with a view to enlisting the interest of educators and securing the establishment of this discipline at least on a footing with athletics in all schools and colleges attended by boys and young men who have attained an age qualifying them to undertake the prescribed exercises.

I am a firm believer in the intrinsic value of military training, even apart from its utility to the public in time of war. Cornell University is one of the sixty-five universities and colleges in the United States which prescribe military training for the students, and in 1914 it was included in the group of ten distinguished colleges selected by the War Department for excellence in military training, while at the same time it was first in the country in marksmanship. I have long felt that this military training is one of the best things the undergraduates receive at the University.

Military training teaches the young man how to stand and walk and hold himself; it gives him vigorous out-of-door exercise so that gradually his chest expands and his muscles grow firm; it inures him to physical hardships; it disciplines him in orderliness, punctuality, accuracy, and alertness; it endows the senses and the intellect with quickness, precision, and the habit of concentrated attention; it develops self-control as well as obedience to proper authority and resistance to improper; it accustoms the individual to cooperation and team-work, while fostering comradeship, thus facilitating community life and lubricating social intercourse; and it prepares youth for better citizenship by constantly emphasizing the conceptions of duty and service.

If wars were banished from our planet I would retain military training side by side with athletics as an instrument of physical education in our universities, and not only for its physical advantages, great as they are, but also for its moral, mental, social, and civic effects and reactions.

But war is still a part of any human life we see or can reasonably expect. The millennium of peace is a dream we do well to cherish; it is an ideal toward which civiliza-

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tion is conducting our race. But it would be foolish to treat it as a reality or a probable attainment within the short space of our own or our children's generation.

Now for the second problem: The organization of volunteers in war time. The regular army and the reserves, we have seen, should number at least 300,000 men. The volunteer army, in the case of a strong invader, might well run beyond a million men.

It is at this point that the military service which our colleges and universities may render to the country becomes apparent. I will assume that in case of an attack on the United States by a great power hundreds of thousands or even millions of men, animated by enthusiastic loyalty and patriotic devotion, would volunteer for service in defense of their country. Our own experience in the Civil War, as well as the lessons of history, past and present, seem to me adequately to justify this assumption. But even then our problem would only have begun. The difficulty would be the training of these volunteers.

Here are the men willing to fight for their country, but where are the officers competent to give them the requisite military training? For 450,000 men we should need 15,000 officers, and for 900,000 men 30,000 officers. Now a competent officer can not be improvised. It takes four or five years of training to produce him. Given the requisite officers, the raw recruits can in six months be developed into an effective military force. But where are the officers to come from?

THE COLLEGE RESERVOIR

Now since the great Federal land-grant act of 1862 in the interest of agriculture and the mechanic arts, there has been one college or university (often the state university) in each state of the Union which prescribes for its students a certain amount of military training. This at the present time extends over two years and occupies three separate periods a week of not less than an hour each period; and this military training, which is prescribed for freshmen and sophomores, may be continued as an elective by the upper classmen for two years longer.

Counting Hawaii and Porto Rico, there are now fifty-two land-grant colleges and universities, and in 1913 they had enrolled in their military departments 23,864 students. Besides these there must be added sixteen similar institutions for the colored race, in which in 1913 there were 2,426 students enrolled for military drill. And in all these institutions the military training is in charge of an officer of the regular army; and in detailing him the War Department instructs him that it is his duty to qualify students who enter the military department to be company officers of infantry, volunteers or militia.

Here, then, under the auspices of the national Government we have our colleges and universities already engaged in the military education of young men with a view to qualifying them to become company officers of infantry, volunteers or militia. And this is a reservoir from which the nation might draw, almost indefinitely, officers to train our reserve army of volunteers.

Hitherto the Government has paid little attention to the military work done in these colleges and universities. Yet there is no other way in which officers for reserves can be secured so easily and so economically—officers, too, of superior mental endowments and scholastic and scientific attainments. All that is needed is that the Government shall adopt the policy of utilizing them.

In his report as chief of staff in 1913 General Wood made one recommendation which, if acted on, would constitute an important first step in this direction. He recommended that there be selected from the graduating classes of the institutions at which officers of the army are detailed as military instructors 400 men each year who should be commissioned as provisional second lieutenants in the regular army for a period of one year with full pay and allowances, to be discharged at the end of the year with a certificate of proficiency, if they merit it, as company, troop, or battery officers of militia, volunteers, and the regular establishment in war.

Let the Government then offer such commissions in the regular army to the best trained men in the military departments of our colleges and universities, on the understanding that after a year they may return to civil life, retaining their commissions as officers of the reserve.

I believe the young men would generously respond to the offer. And in my belief there is no better general qualification for success in civil life than a college education

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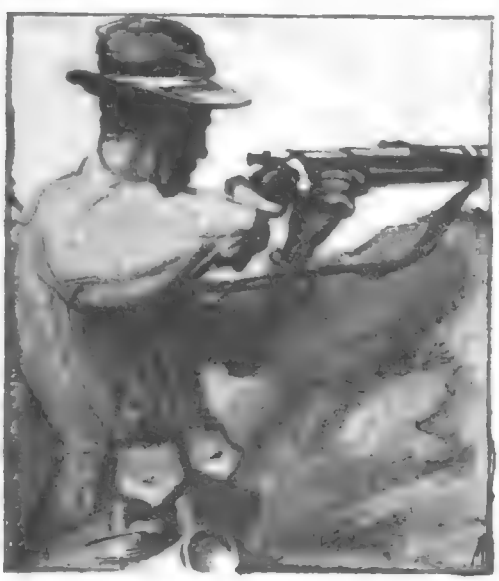
with four years of incidental military training, followed by a year of service as an officer in the regular army.

But it is possible for the land-grant universities (if not the colleges) to go further in this matter. Just as they now have departments of agriculture, civil and mechanical and electrical engineering, architecture, and, in many cases, law and medicine, which train men for definite vocations and professions—so they might establish military departments, or colleges, in which those desiring to fit themselves for the military profession might study the theoretical branches underlying that profession, as is now done at West Point, while at the same time undergoing a more extensive and intensive practical military training than that now required of other students.

This would not involve any considerable addition to the existing departments of the large land-grant universities. When one compares their announcements of courses with that of West Point, it appears that most of them already have all the subjects covered by the latter except military engineering, ordnance and gunnery, and military hygiene. Special Federal appropriations to establish these departments would be necessary, but the cost should not exceed $15,000 or $20,000 a year for each fully organized and equipped military college of a land-grant university. And probably less than a score of institutions could undertake the establishment of such a military college.



If such a course is to furnish officers for the reserve, it would entail some military obligations later—say, camp service for a week or two annually for a limited number of years; and therefore some financial recognition should be given to under-graduates, not, however, for the whole course, but only during the last two years, when the study of the specific military subjects had begun.

The pay of a cadet at West Point is $600 per year for four years and one ration per day, or $709.50 if commutation be allowed therefor. If a student in the system of military colleges which I am imagining were to receive that amount during his entire course, I should consider it sufficient. The expense to the Government would be slight, a little over $700,000 a year for every thousand students.

Nor does this exhaust the possibilities of cooperation between our universities and the Government in this great cause of national defense. I have spoken so far only of that group of colleges and universities which have received Federal aid and which are under legal obligation to maintain military tactics in their curriculum. But the privately endowed universities and larger colleges—or many of them—would, I believe, if the Government authorized the necessary detail of officers, be quite willing to organize voluntary classes for military training. This is a resource which the Government should by all means utilize and develop. The system of military training now in operation in the land-grant colleges and universities might be at once extended to these sister institutions; and as new experiments were tried out in the former they could be established in the latter.

It is quite conceivable that we may see the athletic excesses from which American colleges and universities still suffer find an effective corrective in military drill, with results highly beneficial to the individual and immensely serviceable and helpful to the Republic. Such students, if our Government only has the wit to utilize existing institutions and develop well-established practises, could be prepared before graduation to qualify as military officers competent to train in time of war our volunteer armies, which in a last resort form the military bulwark of the Republic.

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SIR ROBERT BADEN-POWELL, FOUNDER OF THE BOY SCOUTS AND GENERAL IN THE BRITISH ARMY.

Sir ROBERT BADEN-POWELL'S ADVENTURES AS A SPY

Told by Himself

***Editor's Note:*—This remarkable story is fact, not fiction, and it is the first authoritative description of the work of a European military spy that has been published.**

Sir Robert Baden-Powell, a Lieutenant-General in the British Army, is well known here as the founder of the Boy Scouts. He has a long record of distinguished service as an army officer—in India, Afghanistan, and in South Africa, where his heroic defense of Mafeking for seven months during the Boer War made history. And now it is disclosed that all during these years he has served frequently, in disguise, as a spy. Here are his own experiences.

SO LONG as we put up with war, apparently we must put up with spying as a necessary and legitimate part of warfare. We have to expect it in our own country, and to provide against it; as Lord Beresford has recently said, "Precaution, but not necessarily persecution" against the stranger within our gates is essential. And we have to carry on our own aggressive system of espionage.

But though the general value of the service is readily acknowledged, the spy himself is regarded as necessarily base and despicable. The very word has come to be a term of contempt; and a curious distinction is made between the "scout" and the "spy." The scout is looked up to as a brave man, and his expedients for gaining information are thought wonderfully clever, so long as he remains in uniform. If he goes a bit further, and finds that he can get his information better *by adopting a disguise*—even at greater risk to himself through the certainty of being shot if he is found out—then he is looked down upon as a "despicable spy." I don't see the justice of it myself.

Except in the case of the traitor, I do not understand

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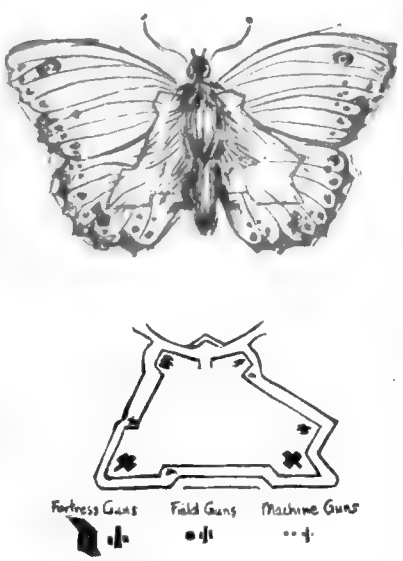
why a spy's occupation should be considered more contemptible than any combatant's; for, whether in peace or war, his work is of a very exacting and dangerous kind. Though it may be cunning and deceitful, at the same time it demands the greatest personal courage. The pluck of the man who goes out alone, unobserved and unapplauded, and at the imminent risk of his life, is surely equal to any soldier's going out to fight, among his fellows, with the heartenment of flags and music. And though in some cases the work brings a big reward, the best spies are unpaid men, who are doing it for the love of the thing and to serve their country.

In the matter of spying, on the whole, Great Britain is behind other nations; while the espionage system of the Germans far exceeds that of any other country in its extent, cost, and organization. Germany's tactical spying *in the field* during the present war seems, by all accounts, to have been pluckily and efficiently done. But in the work of her strategical and diplomatic agents, working in peace time, she was not very well prepared. One minor proof that her system was not operating effectively at the outbreak of war was her ignorance of the transfer of the British expeditionary force to France till many days after it had been accomplished. On August fourth, the day before the declaration of war, the twenty leading spies in England were arrested, and over two hundred of their minor agents were also taken in hand. Steps were taken to prevent any substitutes being appointed in their places; private wireless stations were dismantled, and by means of traps those were discovered which had not been voluntarily reported and registered. Thus their organization failed at the moment when it was most wanted.

In our own army we do not make a very wide use of field spies in service, though their partial use at maneuvers has shown what they can do. My own work has been largely that of a tactical or military agent, whose business is to study details of armament and equipment in peace-time. Now that the war is in progress and many of the methods of spies have been disclosed, there is no harm in going more fully into the subject and in relating some of my own personal experiences.

It was once my business to investigate the forts commanding Cattaro, capital of Dalmatia—their positions, strength, and armaments. The city lies at the head of a narrow loch some fifteen miles long, in a deep trough between mountains. High above, the mountaintops are studded with batteries—from which, during the present war, Cattaro has been repeatedly bombarded.

I went armed with most effective weapons for the purpose, which have served me well in many a similar campaign. They were a sketch-book, with numerous pictures—some finished, others only partly done—of butterflies of every degree and rank, from a "Red Admiral" to a "Painted Lady;" a color box, and a butterfly net. I was "hunting butterflies," and thus equipped I was ready to meet any one on the lonely mountainside, even in the neighborhood of the forts. Quite innocently, with my sketch-book in hand, I would ask whether he had seen such-and-such a butterfly in the neighborhood, as I was anxious to catch one. Ninety-nine out of a hundred did not know one butterfly from another—any more than I do—so I was on fairly safe ground, and they thoroughly sympathized with the mad Englishman who was hunting these curious insects.



THIS SKETCH OF A BUTTERFLY CONTAINS THE OUTLINE (CF. LOWER DRAWING) OF A FORTRESS ON WHICH BADEN-POWELL WAS SPYING, AND BY THE SPOTS AND CERTAIN OF THE LINES SHOWS THE POSITION AND POWER OF THE GUNS.

They did not look sufficiently closely into the sketches to notice that the *delicately drawn veins of the butterflies' wings were exact representations, in plan, of their own fort, and that the spots on the wings denoted the number and position of the guns and their different calibers.*

These are usual enough tactics for an English spy. Sometimes, instead of a

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butterfly, it is the veining of a leaf in a botanist's note-book that hides the important military details, sometimes the convolutions of a stained-glass window. In any case, the reputation of being a "mad Englishman" is a genuine asset in spying.

On another occasion I wanted to ascertain what value there was in the musketry training of the German infantry. Also, it had been reported that they had recently acquired a new form of machine-gun which was a particularly rapid firer and very accurate in its effects. Its caliber was known, and its general pattern (from photographs), but its actual capabilities were still a matter of conjecture.

I thought the simplest way would be to go undisguised. Without any concealment I went to stay in garrison towns where I happened to know one or two officers, apparently just to enjoy myself and to look around—generally from the tourist point of view. I obtained introductions to other officers, and gradually became their companion at meals and at their evening entertainments. They mounted me on their horses, I rode with them on their rounds of duty, and I came to be an attendant at their field days and maneuvers; but whenever we approached the rifle-ranges I was always politely but firmly requested to go no further, since the practise was absolutely confidential.

Two of my English friends one day incautiously stopped at the entrance-gate to one of the ranges, and were promptly arrested and kept in the guard-room for some hours, and finally requested to leave the place. So I saw that caution was necessary. I therefore moved on to another military station, where as a stranger I tried another tack. The rifle-ranges were surrounded by a belt of trees, outside of which was an unclimbable fence guarded by two sentries.

One day I sauntered carelessly down in the direction of the range at a point far away from the entrance-gate, and here I lay down on the grass as if to sleep, but really to listen and take the rate of the shooting from the sound, and also the amount of success by the sound of the hits on the iron target. Presently I went nearer in the hope of getting a sight inside. While the sentry's back was turned I made a rush for the fence, and though I could not get over, I found a loose plank through which I was able to get a good view.

While I was engaged at this, to my horror the sentry suddenly turned on his tracks and came back toward me. But I was prepared, and jamming back the plank into its place I produced from my pocket a bottle of brandy which I had brought for the purpose. Half of it had been already sprinkled over my clothes, so that when the man approached he found me in a state of drunkenness, smelling vilely of spirit, and profuse in my offers to him to share the bottle.

He could make nothing of me, and therefore gently but firmly conducted me to the end of his beat, thrust me forth, and advised me to go home, which I did in great content.

"DAWN"—AND TROOPS—"AMONG THE MOUNTAINS"

In addition to courage, coolness, nerve, and resourcefulness, a certain amount of scientific training is sometimes a necessary part of a spy's equipment; for instance, if he has to take the angles of a fort or to study unusual maneuvers. It is for this reason that officers are often employed to obtain such information.

One of my most exciting experiences in getting such information was in a country where the mountain troops on the frontier were said to be of a wonderfully efficient kind. Nobody knew much about their organization or equipment or their methods of working, so I was sent to see if I could find out anything about them. I got in among the mountains when their annual maneuvers were going on, and I found numbers of troops quartered in the valleys and billeted in all the villages. But these all appeared to be the ordinary type of troops. For some days I watched the maneuvers, but saw nothing very striking to report.

Then one evening, in passing through a village, I saw a new kind of soldier coming along with three pack-mules. He evidently belonged to those mountain forces of which, so far, I had seen nothing. I got into conversation with him, and found that he had come down from the higher ranges in order to get supplies for his company, which was high up among the snow-peaks, and entirely out of reach of the troops maneuvering on the lower slopes.

He incidentally told me that the force to which he belonged was a very large one, composed of artillery and infantry, and that they were searching among the glaciers and the snows for another force which was

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coming as an enemy against them, and they hoped to get into contact with them the very next day. He then roughly indicated to me the position in which his own force was bivouacking that night, on the side of a high peak called the "Wolf's Tooth," and finally let out to me exactly the line which the path took.

So after dark, when the innkeeper thought I was safely in bed, I quietly made my way up the mountainside to where the Wolf's Tooth stood up against the starry sky as a splendid landmark to guide me. There was no difficulty in passing through the village with its groups of soldiers strolling about off duty, but on the roads leading out of it many sentries were posted, and I feared that they would not let me pass without inquiring who I was and where I was going. So I spent a considerable time in trying to evade them, and was at last fortunate in discovering a storm drain leading between high walls up a steep bank into an orchard, through which I was able to slip away unseen.

It was a long, hard climb, but just as dawn began to light up the eastern sky I found myself safely on the top, and the twinkling of numerous camp-fires showed me where the force which I had come to see was bivouacked. As the daylight came on the troops began to get on the move, so I hastened to find for myself a comfortable knoll, from which I hoped to see all that went on without myself being seen; and for a time all went well.

But gradually a group of officers came directly toward the mound on which I was lying. And presently some of them began to ascend my stronghold!

I at once stood up and made no further efforts at concealment, but got out my sketch-book and started to make a drawing of "Dawn Among the Mountains." I was very soon noticed, and one or two officers walked over to me and entered into conversation, evidently anxious to find out who I was and what was my business there.

A SIMPLE DISGUISE EFFECTED IN A FEW MINUTES IN A RAILWAY WAITING-ROOM BY REMOVAL OF COAT, CHANGE OF HAT, AND COMPLETE ALTERATION OF BEARING.

My motto is that a smile and a stick will carry you through any difficulty. The stick was obviously not politic on this occasion; I therefore put on a double-extra smile and showed them my sketch-book, explaining that my one ambition was to make a drawing of the Wolf's Tooth by sunrise.

They expressed a respectful interest, and then explained that their object in being there was to make an attack from the Wolf's Tooth on the neighboring mountain, provided that the enemy were actually in possession of it.

I showed a mild but tactful interest in their proceedings. The less interest I showed, the more keen they seemed to be to explain matters to me, until eventually I had the whole of their scheme exposed before me, illustrated by their own sketch-maps of the district, which were far more complete than anything of the kind I had seen before.

In a short time we were on the best of terms: they had coffee going, which they shared with me, while I distributed my cigarettes and chocolates among them. They expressed surprise at my having climbed up there at that early hour, but were quite satisfied when I explained that I came from Wales, and at once jumped to the conclusion that I was a Highlander, and asked whether I wore a kilt at home!

In the middle of our exchange of civilities

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the alarm was given that the enemy was in sight, and presently we saw through our glasses long strings of men coming from all directions toward us over the snows. Between us and the enemy lay a vast, deep ravine with almost perpendicular sides, traversed here and there by zigzag goat tracks. In a few minutes the battalion and company commanders were scattered about, studying with their glasses the opposite mountain, each picking out for his men a line for ascending to the attack. Then the word was given for the advance, and the infantry went off in long strings of men armed with alpenstocks and ropes. The ropes were used for lowering them down bad places, and for stringing them together when they got on to the snows, to save them from falling into crevasses.

But the exciting point of the day was when the artillery proceeded to move down into the ravine. The guns were all carried in sections on the backs of mules, as were also the ammunition and spare parts. Then tripods were erected, the mules were put into slings, and guns and animals were lowered one by one into the depths below until landed on practicable ground. Here they were loaded up again and got into their strings for climbing up the opposite mountains, and in an incredibly short space of time both mules and infantry were visible, like little lines of ants, climbing toward the ice-fields above.

The actual results of the field-day no longer interested me; I had seen what I had come for—the special troops, their guns, their methods of moving in this apparently impassable country, and their maps and ways of signaling.

THE SUSPICIOUS SPY

Undoubtedly spying would be an intensely interesting sport even if it yielded no great results. There is a fascination about it that gets hold of any one who tries it. Each day brings fresh situations and conditions demanding quick change of action to meet them.

But the work of a military investigator has one unfortunate tendency: it teaches him to trust no one.

A foreign country had recently manufactured a new form of field-gun that was undergoing extensive secret trials which were being conducted in one of her colonies in order to avoid observation. I was sent to find out particulars of this gun. On arrival in the colony I found that a battery of new guns was carrying out experiments at a distant point along the railway.

The place was by all description merely a roadside station, with not even a village near it, so it would be difficult to go and stay there without being noticed at once. The time-table, however, showed that the ordinary day train stopped there for half an hour for change of engines, so I resolved to see what I could do in that time.

We jogged along in the local train happily enough, stopping at every little station as we went. At one of these a colonial farmer entered my carriage and, though he was ill and doleful, we got into conversation on the subject of the country and the crops.

At length we drew up at the station where the guns were said to be. Eagerly looking from the window, I was delighted to see immediately outside the station-yard the whole battery of guns standing parked. All the passengers left the train to stretch their legs, and I did not lose a moment in hurrying through the station to get a closer view. The sentry on the guns was on the farther side from me, and therefore I was able to have a pretty good look at the breech-action and various other items before he could come round to my side. But he very quickly noticed my presence, and not only came himself, but shouted to another man whom I had not seen.

This was the corporal of the guard, who rushed at me and began abusing me with every name he could lay his tongue to for being here without a permit. I tried to explain that I was merely a harmless passenger coming out to stretch my legs, and had never noticed his rotten old guns! But he quickly shooed me back into the station.

I betook myself once more to the carriage, got out my field-glasses, and continued my investigations, noting various details painted on the guns as to weight, caliber, etc. Suddenly in the midst of my observations I found the view was obscured, and, looking up, I found the face of the corporal peering in at me: he had caught me in the act. But nothing more came of it at the moment.

My farmer friend presently returned to his place, the whistle sounded, and the train lumbered on. When I resumed conversation with the colonist I remarked on his

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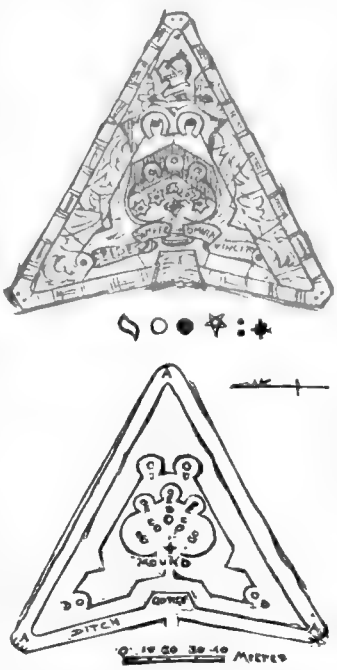
invalid appearance and inquired about his health. The poor man, with tears running down his cheeks, then confessed to me it was not illness but worry that was preying upon him. He had utterly failed in his attempt at making a successful farm, and had entered the train with the idea of cutting his throat, and would have done so had I not been there to prevent him. I got him to talk about his losses, and offered suggestions to him based on the experiences of a friend of mine who was a successful farmer in that country.

This put hope at once into my volatile companion. He bucked up and became cheerful and confidential. Finally he said:

"You have done me a good turn. I will do something for you. You were spotted by a non-commissioned officer at the last station, and while I was in the telegraph-office he came in and sent a telegram to the commandant of the terminal station, reporting that a German spy had been examining the guns and was traveling by this train in this carriage."

I at once laughed genially at the mistake, and explained to him that I was not a German at all. He replied that that would not avail me—I should be arrested all the same.

"But," he suggested, "I shall be getting out myself at the very next station to go back to my farm, and my advice to you is to get out there also. You will find a good inn where you can put up for the night, and to-morrow morning the early train will take you on clear through that station where the military commandant will be on the look-out for you to-night."



THE PLAN OF A FORT (LOWER DRAWING) CONCEALED IN A SKETCH OF A STAINED-GLASS WINDOW (UPPER). CERTAIN OF THE SIGNS AND DECORATIONS SIGNIFY THE SIZES AND POSITIONS OF THE GUNS.

I replied that, as an Englishman, I had nothing to fear and I should go on. At the next station he got out, and I went on. But there was yet another station between this and the last stop, and on arrival there I took the hint of my friend and got out and spent the night at the little inn of the place. Following his advice still further, I took the early train next morning and ran through the station where they had been looking out for me.

I had not got out when he advised it, lest his suggestion might merely have been a trap to test whether I was a spy; had I accepted it, he might have had friends to arrange my arrest.

Spying, of course, involves a constant wearing strain of nerves and mind, since a false step means certain death in war or imprisonment in peace. The Government promises to give no help whatever to its servant if caught. He is warned to keep no notes, to confide in no one, to shift for himself entirely. Seldom does it happen that a spy can have any kind of fellowship with any other spy. And it is nervous business at the best.

Once, when I had been sent to get some idea of the plan and construction of a big new Turkish fort, I sauntered out early before sunrise, hoping to find no sentries awake, so that I could plot in a fairly accurate plan of the fort.

To some extent I had succeeded when I noticed among the sand-hills another fellow looking about, and, it seemed to me, trying to dodge me. This was rather ominous, and I spent some time trying to evade the "dodger," supposing that he was one of the guard attempting my capture. In evading him, unfortunately, I exposed myself rather more to view from the fort, and presently was challenged by one of the sentries. I did not understand his language, but I could understand his gesture well enough when he presented his rifle and deliberately aimed at me. I took cover as quickly as might be behind a sand-hill, where I sat down and waited for a considerable time to allow the excitement to cool down.

Presently whom should I see creeping round the corner of a neighboring sand-hill but my friend the "dodger"! It was too late to avoid him, and the moment he saw me he appeared to wish to go away rather than to arrest me. We then realized that

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we were mutually afraid of each other, and we got into conversation, in French. I very soon found that, although representatives of different nationalities, we were at the same game of making a plan of the fort. We therefore joined forces, and behind a sand-hill we compared notes on the information already gained, and devised a plan by which to complete the whole scheme.

My friend took his place in a prominent position with his back to the fort and commenced to smoke, with every appearance of indifference to the defense work behind him. This was meant to catch the sentry's eye and attract his attention while I did some creeping and crawling and got around on the other side of the work, where I was able to complete our survey in all its details.

It was late that night when we met in the "dodger's" bedroom, and we made complete tracings and finished drawings, each of us taking his own copy for his own headquarters.

It was my good fortune to meet him a few years later, when he was in charge of a large arsenal in one of the colonies of his country. This was situated in a citadel perched on a high ridge with a rapid river flowing around the base. My orders at that time were to try to ascertain whether any organization existed in this colony for mobilizing the natives as a reserve, if the regular troops should be called away for action elsewhere. Also, whether there was any means arranged for arming these natives.

Knowing that the "dodger" was quartered in the place, I called upon him, without any definite plan in my mind as to how I was to set about getting the information. He was kind enough to take me for a tour of inspection round the town, down to the river, and up in the citadel.

By a lucky chance I got on to the idea that the citadel ought to be lit with electric light, since the water-power produced by the torrent below could work a dynamo at very low cost if properly engineered. This was so much in my thoughts that as we went through the barracks and buildings in the fort I kept pointing out how easily and inexpensively places might be wired. And I gradually persuaded him that it was a matter that he should suggest to his superior.

Finally, when we had seen almost everything, my friend remarked: "I don't suppose you would care to see inside the arsenal—it is so much like many others you must have seen before." But I assured him that it would interest me very much; in fact, that it was rather essential to forming any approximate estimate for the lighting; and so he took me in.

There was gallery after gallery filled with racks of arms, all beautifully kept, and over the door of each room was the name of the tribe and the number of men who could be mobilized in the event of their being required, and the number of arms and the amount of ammunition available for each.

After taking me through two or three rooms he said: "There are many more like this, but you have probably seen enough." But I eagerly exclaimed that I must see the others in order to judge of this electric-lighting scheme. If there were many more rooms it might necessitate an extra-sized dynamo, therefore a greater expense.

So we went steadily through all the rooms, looking at the places where lamps might be most economically established, and I made calculations with pencil and paper, which I showed him, while I jotted on my shirt-cuff the names of the tribes and the other information required by my superiors at home—which I did not show him.

"HIDE-AND-SEEK" FOR SCOUTS

The childhood game of hide-and-seek, elaborated, becomes scouting in the field. And the craft I learned in that innocent sport as a boy has stood me in good stead in many a critical time since. I used to lie flat in a furrow among the currant bushes when I had not time to reach the neighboring box-bushes before the pursuer came in sight; and this taught me the value of not using the most obvious cover, since it would at once be searched. For the hunters went at once to the box-bushes as the most likely spot.

This I found of value when I came to be pursued by mounted military police, who suspected me of being a spy at some maneuvers abroad. After a rare chase I scrambled over a wall and dropped into an orchard of low fruit-trees. Here, squatting in a ditch, I watched the legs of the gendarmes' horses while they quartered the plantation, and when they drew away from me I crept to the bank of a deep-water channel which formed one of the boundaries of the enclosure. Here I found a small plank bridge by which I could cross, but before doing so I

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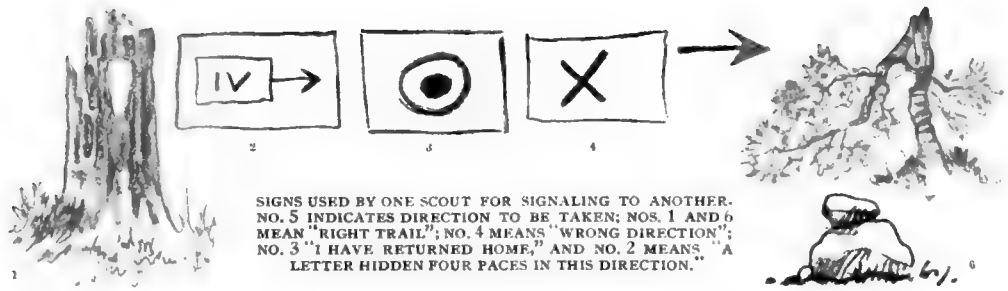

SIGNS USED BY ONE SCOUT FOR SIGNALING TO ANOTHER. NO. 5 INDICATES DIRECTION TO BE TAKEN; NOS. 1 AND 6 MEAN "RIGHT TRAIL"; NO. 4 MEANS "WRONG DIRECTION"; NO. 3 "I HAVE RETURNED HOME," AND NO. 2 MEANS "A LETTER HIDDEN FOUR PACES IN THIS DIRECTION."

loosened the near end, and then passed over, dragging the plank after me.

On the far side the country was open, and before I had gone far the gendarmes spied me, and after a hurried consultation dashed off at a gallop for the nearest bridge, half a mile away. I promptly turned back, replaced my bridge, and recrossed the stream, throwing the plank into the river, and made my way past the village to the next station down the line, while the horsemen were still hunting for me in the wrong place.

Another secret picked up at the game of hide-and-seek was to get above the level of the hunter's eye and to "freeze"—that is, sit tight without a movement: although not in actual concealment, one is very likely to escape notice.

The knowledge of this fact was very useful on one of my investigating tours. Inside a great high wall lay a dockyard in which, it was rumored, a new power-house was being erected and possibly a dry dock was in course of preparation.

It was early morning; the gates were just opened; the workmen were beginning to arrive, and several carts of materials were waiting to come in. Seizing the opportunity, I gave a hurried glance in, as any ordinary passer-by might do. I was promptly chased off by the policeman on duty in the lodge.

I did not go far. I watched the first of the carts go in, and noticed that the policeman was busily engaged in talking to the leading wagoner while the second began to pass through the gate. In a moment I jumped alongside it on the opposite side from the guard, and so passed in and continued to walk with the vehicle as it turned to the right and wound its way round the new building.

I then noticed another policeman ahead of me, and so I kept my position by the cart, readapting its cover in order to avoid him. Unfortunately, in rounding the corner I was spied by the first policeman, and he immediately began to shout to me. I walked on as unconcernedly as a guilty being could till I had placed the corner of the new building between him and me. Then I fairly hooked it along the back of the building and rounded the far corner of it. As I did so I saw out of the tail of my eye that he was coming at full speed after me and was calling policeman No. 2 to his aid. I darted like a red shank around the next corner, out of sight of both policemen, and looked for an escape.

The scaffolding of the new house towered above me, and a ladder led upward on to it. Up this I went like a lamplighter, keeping one eye on the corner of the building lest I should be followed.

I was half-way up when round the corner came one of the policemen. I at once "froze." I was about fifteen feet above sea-level and not twenty yards from him. He stood undecided, with his legs well apart, peering from side to side in every direction to see where I had gone, very anxious and shifty. I was equally anxious but immovable.

Presently he drew nearer to the ladder and passed almost under me, looking in at the doorways of the unfinished building. Then he doubtfully turned and looked back at a shed behind him, thinking I might have gone in there, and finally started off and ran on round the next corner of the building. The moment he disappeared I finished the rest of my run up the ladder and safely reached the platform of the scaffolding.

The workmen were not yet upon the building, so I had the whole place to myself. My first act was to look for another ladder as a line of escape in case of being chased. It is always well to have a back door to your hiding-place.

Presently I found a short ladder leading from my platform to the stage below, but it did not go to the ground. Peering quietly

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over the scaffolding, I saw my friend the policeman below, still at fault. I blessed my stars that he was no tracker and therefore had not seen my footmarks leading to the bottom of the ladder.

Then I proceeded to take note of my surroundings and to gather information. Judging from the design of the building, its great chimneys, etc., I was actually on the new power-house. From my post I had an excellent view over the dockyard, and within a hundred feet of me were the excavation works of the new dock, whose dimensions I could easily estimate. I whipped out my prismatic compass and quickly took the bearings of two conspicuous points on the neighboring hills, and so fixed the position which could be marked on a large scale map for purposes of shelling the place, if desired.

Meantime my pursuer had called the other policeman to him, and they were in close confabulation immediately below me, where I could watch them through a crack between the foot-boards. They had evidently come to the conclusion that I was not in the power-house, as the interior was fully open to view and they had had a good look into it. Their next step was to examine the goods-shed close by. One man went into it while the other remained outside on the line that I would probably take for escaping, that is, between it and the boundary wall leading to the gateway.

By accident rather than by design he stood close to the foot of my ladder, and thus cut off my retreat in that direction. While they were thus busy they were leaving the gate unguarded, and I thought it was too good a chance to be missed, so, returning along the scaffolding until I reached the small ladder, I climbed down this on to the lower story, and, seeing no one about, I quickly swarmed down one of the scaffolding poles and landed safely on the ground close behind the big chimney of the building.

Here I was out of sight, although not far from the policeman guarding the ladder; and, taking care to keep the corner of the building between us, I worked round to the back of the lodge, and then, making a dash for it, slipped out of the gate without being seen.

Lieutenant Carl Lody, the German spy recently tried in London by court-martial and shot for "war treason," pretty well summed up the attitude of the average military "investigator." He declared that "he would not cringe for mercy, that he was not ashamed of anything he had done; he was in honor bound not to give away the names of those who had employed him on his mission; he was not paid for it, he did it for his country's good, and he knew that he carried his life in his hands in doing so. Many a Briton," he added, "was probably doing the same for his country." True enough; and in our House of Commons Lieutenant Lody was called "a patriot who had died for his country as much as any soldier who fell in battle."

Let us give even the devil his due, and admit that spying is not in all of its branches so mean and despicable a pursuit as it is painted.

MAKING MONEY

The new serial by

OWEN JOHNSON

begins in March

A story of Four Young Yale Men who go after money in Four Different Ways. A big, lively romance of New York.

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"IN CATHERINE'S REIGN, WHOM GLORY STILL ADORES." —*Byron*

GREAT CATHERINE*

by BERNARD SHAW

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HENRY RALEIGH

A Thumbnail Sketch of Court Life in St. Petersburg in the Eighteenth Century

THE AUTHOR'S APOLOGY FOR "GREAT CATHERINE"

EXCEPTION has been taken to the title of this harmless tomfoolery on the ground that the Catherine it represents is not Great Catherine, but the Catherine whose gallantries provide some of the lightest pages of modern history. Great Catherine, it is said, was the Catherine whose diplomacy, whose campaigns and conquests, whose plans of Liberal reform, whose correspondence with Grimm and Voltaire enabled her to cut such a magnificent figure in the eighteenth century. In reply, I can only confess that Catherine's diplomacy and her conquests do not interest me. It is clear to me that neither she nor the statesmen

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with whom she played this mischievous kind of political chess had any notion of the real history of their own times, or of the real forces that were molding Europe. The French Revolution, which made such short work of Catherine's Liberal principles, surprised and scandalized her as much as it surprised and scandalized any provincial governess in the French châteaux.

The main difference between her and our modern Liberal Governments was that whereas she talked and wrote quite intelligently about Liberal principles before she was frightened into making such talking and writing a flogging matter, our Liberal ministers take the name of Liberalism in vain without knowing or caring enough about its meaning even to talk and scribble about it, and pass their flogging bills, and institute their prosecutions for sedition and blasphemy and so forth, without the faintest suspicion that such proceedings need any apology from the Liberal point of view.

It was quite easy for Patiomkin to humbug Catherine as to the condition of Russia by conducting her through sham cities run up for the occasion by scenic artists; but in the little world of European court intrigue and dynastic diplomacy in which she really lived she was more than a match for him and for all the rest of her contemporaries. In such intrigue and diplomacy, however, there was no romance, no scientific political interest, nothing that a sane mind can now retain, even if it can be persuaded to waste time in reading it up. But Catherine as a woman, with plenty of character and (as we should say) no morals, still fascinates and amuses us as she fascinated and amused her contemporaries.

They were great sentimental comedians, these Peters, Elizabeths, and Catherines who played their Tsarships as eccentric character parts, and produced scene after scene of furious harlequinade with the monarch as clown, and of tragic relief in the torture-chamber with the monarch as pantomime demon committing real atrocities, not forgetting the indispensable love interest on an enormous and utterly indecorous scale. Catherine kept this vast Guignol Theatre open for nearly half a century, not as a Russian, but as a highly domesticated German lady whose household routine was not at all so unlike that of Queen Victoria as might be expected from the difference in their notions of propriety in sexual relations.

THE SERGEANT

In short, if Byron leaves you with an impression that he said very little about Catherine, and that little not what was best worth saying, I beg to correct your impression by assuring you that what Byron said was all there really is to say that is worth saying. His Catherine is my Catherine and everybody's Catherine. The young man who gains her favor is a Spanish nobleman in his version. I have made him an English country gentleman, who gets out of that rather serious scrape by simplicity, sincerity, and the courage of those qualities. By this I have given great offense to the many Britons who see themselves as heroes: what they mean by heroes being theatrical snobs of superhuman pretensions which, though quite groundless, are admitted with awe by the rest of the human race. They say I think an Englishman a fool. If I do, they have themselves to thank.

THE FIRST SCENE

1776. PATIOMKIN *in his bureau in the Winter Palace, Petrograd, or, as it was then called, St. Petersburg. Huge, palatial apartment:*

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style, Russia in the eighteenth century imitating Le Roi Soleil. Extravagant luxury. Also dirt and disorder.

PATIOMKIN, *gigantic in stature and build, his face marred by the loss of one eye and a marked squint in the other, sits at the end of a table littered with papers and the remains of three or four successive breakfasts. He has supplies of coffee and brandy at hand sufficient for a party of ten. His coat, encrusted with diamonds, is on the floor. It has fallen off a chair placed near the other end of the table for the convenience of visitors. His court sword, with its attachments, is on the chair. His three-cornered hat, also bejeweled, is on the table. He himself is half-dressed in an unfastened shirt and an immense dressing-gown, once gorgeous, now food-splashed and dirty, as it serves him for towel, handkerchief, duster, and everything else for which a textile fabric can be used by a slovenly man. It does not conceal his huge hairy chest, nor his half-buttoned knee-breeches, nor his legs, which are partly clad in silk stockings, which he occasionally hitches up to his knees, and presently shakes down to his shins, by his restless movements. His feet are thrust into enormous slippers, worth, with their crust of jewels, a thousand rubles apiece.*

Superficially PATIOMKIN *is a violent, brutal barbarian, an upstart despot of the most intolerable and dangerous type, ugly, lazy, and disgusting in his personal habits. Yet ambassadors report him the ablest man in Russia, and the one who can do most with the still abler* EMPRESS CATHERINE II., *who is not a Russian but a German, by no means barbarous or intemperate in her personal habits. She not only disputes with* FREDERICK THE GREAT *the reputation of being the cleverest monarch in Europe, but may even put in a very plausible claim to be the cleverest and most attractive individual alive.*

Now she not only tolerates PATIOMKIN *long after she has got over her first romantic attachment to him, but esteems him highly as a counselor and a good friend. His love-letters are among the best on record. He has a wild sense of humor, which enables him to laugh at himself as well as everybody else. In the eyes of the English visitor now about to be admitted to his presence he may be an outrageous ruffian. In fact he actually is an outrageous ruffian, in no matter whose eyes; but the visitor will find out, as every one else sooner or later finds out, that he is a man to be reckoned with even by those who are not intimidated by his temper, bodily strength, and exalted rank.*

A pretty young lady, VARINKA, *his favorite niece, is lounging on an ottoman between his end of the table and the door, very sulky and dissatisfied, perhaps because he is preoccupied with his papers and his brandy-bottle, and she can see nothing of him but his broad back.*

There is a screen behind the ottoman.

An old soldier, a Cossack sergeant, enters.

THE SERGEANT [*softly to the lady, holding the door-handle*] Little darling honey: is his Highness the prince very busy?

VARINKA: His Highness the prince is *very* busy. He is singing out of tune; he is biting his nails; he is scratching his head; he is hitching up his untidy stockings; he is making himself disgusting and odious to everybody; and he is pretending to read state papers that he does not understand because he is too lazy and selfish to talk and be companionable.

PATIOMKIN [*growls, then wipes his nose with his dressing-gown*]!!

VARINKA: Pig. Ugh! [*She curls herself up with a shiver of disgust and retires from the conversation.*]

THE SERGEANT [*stealing across to the coat, and picking it up to replace it on the back of the chair*] Little Father: the English captain, so highly recommended to you by old Fritz of Prussia, by the English ambassador, and by Monsieur Voltaire (whom [*crossing himself*] may God in His infinite mercy damn eternally!), is in the antechamber and desires audience.

PATIOMKIN [*deliberately*] To hell with the English captain; and to hell with old Fritz of Prussia; and to hell with the English ambassador; and to hell with Monsieur Voltaire; and to hell with you, too!

THE SERGEANT: Have mercy on me, Little Father. Your head is bad this morning. You drink too much French brandy and too little good Russian kvass.

PATIOMKIN [*with sudden fury*] Why are visitors of consequence announced by a sergeant? [*Springing at him and seizing him by the throat*] What do you mean by this, you hound? Do you want five thousand blows of the stick? Where is General Volkonsky?

THE SERGEANT [*on his knees*] Little Father, you kicked his Highness down-stairs.

PATIOMKIN [*flinging him down and kicking him*] You lie, you dog. You lie.

THE SERGEANT: Little Father: life is hard for the poor. If you say it is a lie, it is a lie. He *fell* down-stairs. I picked him up; and he kicked me. They all kick me when you kick them. God knows that is not just, Little Father!

PATIMOKIN [*laughs ogrishly: then returns to his place at the table, chuckling*] !!!

VARINKA: Savage! Boor! It is a disgrace.

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"HERE, HELP ME UP, WILL YOU?"

No wonder the French sneer at us as barbarians.

THE SERGEANT [*who has crept round the table to the screen, and insinuated himself between* PATIOMKIN'S *back and* VARINKA] Do you think the Prince will see the Captain, little darling?

PATIOMKIN: He will not see any captain. Go to the devil!

THE SERGEANT: Be merciful, Little Father. God knows it is your duty to see him. [*To* VARINKA] Intercede for him and for me, beautiful darling. He has given me a ruble.

PATIOMKIN: Oh, send him in, send him in; and stop pestering me. Am I never to have a moment's peace?

The SERGEANT *salutes joyfully and hurries out, divining that* PATIOMKIN *has intended to see the English captain all along, and has played this comedy of fury and exhausted impatience to conceal his interest in the visitor.*

VARINKA: Have you no shame? You refuse to see the most exalted persons. You kick princes and generals down-stairs. And then you see an English captain merely because he has given a ruble to that common soldier. It is scandalous.

PATIOMKIN: Darling beloved: I am drunk; but I know what I am doing. I wish to stand well with the English.

VARINKA: And you think you will impress an Englishman by receiving him as you are now, half drunk?

PATIOMKIN [*gravely*] It is true: the English despise men who cannot drink. I must make myself *wholly* drunk. [*He takes a huge draft of brandy.*]

VARINKA: Sot!

The SERGEANT *returns ushering a handsome, strongly built young English officer in the uniform*

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of a Light Dragoon. He is evidently on fairly good terms with himself, and very sure of his social position. He crosses the room to the end of the table opposite PATIOMKIN'S, *and awaits the civilities of that statesman with confidence. The* SERGEANT *remains prudently at the door.*

THE SERGEANT [*paternally*] Little Father: this is the English captain, so well recommended to her sacred Majesty the Empress. God knows he needs your countenance and protec— [*He vanishes precipitately, seeing that* PATIOMKIN *is about to throw a bottle at him. The Captain contemplates these preliminaries with astonishment and with some displeasure, which is not allayed when* PATIOMKIN, *hardly condescending to look at his visitor, of whom he nevertheless takes stock with the corner of his one eye, says gruffly*] Well?

EDSTASTON: My name is Edstaston: Captain Edstaston of the Light Dragoons. I have the honor to present to your Highness this letter from the British ambassador, which will give you all necessary particulars. [*He hands* PATIOMKIN *the letter.*]

PATIOMKIN [*tearing it open and glancing at it for about a second*] What do you want?

EDSTASTON: The letter will explain to your Highness who I am.

PATIOMKIN: I don't want to know who you are. What do you want?

EDSTASTON: An audience of the Empress. [PATIOMKIN *contemptuously throws the letter aside.* EDSTASTON *adds hotly*] Also some civility, if you please.

PATIOMKIN [*with derision*] Ho!

VARINKA: My uncle is receiving you with unusual civility, Captain. He has just kicked a general downstairs.

EDSTASTON: A Russian general, madam?

VARINKA: Of course.

EDSTASTON: I must allow myself to say, madam, that your uncle had better not attempt to kick an English officer downstairs.

PATIOMKIN: You want me to kick you upstairs, eh? You want an audience of the Empress.

EDSTASTON: I have said nothing about kicking, sir. If it comes to that, my boots shall speak for me. Her Majesty has signified a desire to have news of the rebellion in America. I have served against the rebels; and I am instructed to place myself at the disposal of her Majesty, and to describe the events of the war to her, as an eye-witness, in a discreet and agreeable manner.

PATIOMKIN: Psha! I know. You think if she once sets eyes on your face and your uniform your fortune is made. You think that if she could stand a man like me, with only one eye, and a cross eye at that, she must fall down at your feet at first sight, eh?

EDSTASTON [*shocked and indignant*] I think nothing of the sort; and I'll trouble you not to repeat it. If I were a Russian subject and you made such a boast about my queen, I'd strike you across the face with my sword. [PATIOMKIN, *with a yell of fury, rushes at him.*] Hands off, you swine! [*As* PATIOMKIN, *towering over him, attempts to seize him by the throat,* EDSTASTON, *who is a bit of a wrestler, adroitly backheels him. He falls, amazed, on his back.*]

VARINKA [*rushing out*] Help! Call the guard! The Englishman is murdering my uncle! Help! Help!

The guard and the SERGEANT *rush in.* EDSTASTON *draws a pair of small pistols from his boots, and points one at the* SERGEANT *and the other at* PATIOMKIN, *who is sitting on the floor, somewhat sobered. The soldiers stand irresolute.*

EDSTASTON: Stand off. [*To* PATIOMKIN] Order them off, if you don't want a bullet through your silly head.

THE SERGEANT: Little Father: tell us what to do. Our lives are yours; but God knows you are not fit to die.

PATIOMKIN [*absurdly self-possessed*] Get out.

THE SERGEANT: Little Father——

PATIOMKIN [*roaring*] Get out. Get out, all of you. [*They withdraw, much relieved at their escape from the pistol.* PATIOMKIN *attempts to rise and rolls over.*] Here! help me up, will you? Don't you see that I'm drunk and can't get up?

EDSTASTON [*suspiciously*] You want to get hold of me.

PATIOMKIN [*squatting resignedly against the chair on which his clothes hang*] Very well then: I shall stay where I am, because I'm drunk and you're afraid of me.

EDSTASTON: I'm not afraid of you, damn you!

PATIOMKIN [*ecstatically*] Darling: your lips are the gates of truth. Now listen to me. [*He marks off the items of his statement with ridiculous stiff gestures of his head and arms, imitating a puppet.*] You are Captain Whatshisname; and your uncle is the Earl of Whatdyecallum; and your father is Bishop of Thingummybob; and you are a young man of the highest spr-promise (I told you I was drunk), educated at Cambridge, and got your step as captain in the field at the GLORIOUS battle of Bunker Hill. Invalided home from America at the request of Aunt Fanny, Lady-in-Waiting to the Queen. All right, eh?

EDSTASTON [*astounded*] How do you know all this?

PATIOMKIN [*crowing fantastically*] In er lerrer, darling, darling, darling, darling. Lerrer you showed me.

EDSTASTON: But you didn't read it.

PATIOMKIN [*flapping his fingers at him grotesquely*] Only one eye, darling. Cross eye. Sees everything. Read lerrer ince-ince-istastaneously. Kindly give me vinegar borle. Green borle. On'y to sober me. Too drunk to

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speak prop'ly. If you would be so kind, darling. Green borle. [EDSTASTON, *still suspicious, shakes his head and keeps his pistols ready.*] Reach it myself. [*He reaches behind him up to the table, and snatches at the green bottle, from which he takes a copious draft. Its effect is appalling. His wry faces and agonized belchings are so heartrending that they almost upset* EDSTASTON. *When the victim at last staggers to his feet, he is a pale, fragile nobleman, aged and quite sober, extremely dignified in manner and address though shaken by his recent convulsions.*] Young man: it is not better to be drunk than sober; but it is happier. Goodness is not happiness. That is an epigram. But I have overdone this. I am too sober to be good company. Let me redress the balance. [*He takes a generous draft of brandy, and recovers his geniality.*] Aha! That's better. And now listen, darling. You must not come to Court with pistols in your boots.

EDSTASTON: I have found them useful.

PATIOMKIN: Nonsense. I'm your friend. You mistook my intention because I was drunk. Now that I am sober—in moderation—I will prove that I am your friend. Have some diamonds. [*Roaring*] Hullo there! Dogs, pigs: hullo!

The SERGEANT *comes in.*

THE SERGEANT: God be praised, Little Father: you are still spared to us.

PATIOMKIN: Tell them to bring some diamonds. Plenty of diamonds. And rubies. Get out. [*He aims a kick at the* SERGEANT, *who flees.*] Put up your pistols, darling. I'll give you a pair with gold handgrips. I am your friend.

EDSTASTON [*replacing the pistols in his boots rather unwillingly*] Your Highness understands that if I am missing, or if anything happens to me, there will be trouble.

PATIOMKIN [*enthusiastically*] Call me darling.

EDSTASTON: It is not the English custom.

PATIOMKIN: You have no hearts, you English! [*Slapping his right breast*] Heart! Heart!

EDSTASTON: Pardon, your Highness: your heart is on the other side.

PATIOMKIN [*surprised and impressed*] Is it? You are learned! You are a doctor! You English are wonderful! We are barbarians; drunken pigs. Catherine does not know it; but we are. Catherine's German. But I have given her a Russian heart. [*He is about to slap himself again.*]

EDSTASTON [*delicately*] The other side, your Highness.

PATIOMKIN [*maudlin*] Darling: a true Russian has a heart on both sides.

The SERGEANT *enters, carrying a goblet filled with precious stones.*

PATIOMKIN: Get out. [*He snatches the goblet and kicks the* SERGEANT *out, not maliciously, but from habit, indeed not noticing that he does it.*] Darling, have some diamonds. Have a fistful. [*He takes a handful and lets them slip back through his fingers into the goblet, which he then offers to* EDSTASTON.]

EDSTASTON: Thank you. I don't take presents.

PATIOMKIN [*amazed*] You refuse!

EDSTASTON: I thank your Highness; but it is not the custom for English gentlemen to take presents of that kind.

PATIOMKIN: Are you really an Englishman?

EDSTASTON [*bows*]!

PATIOMKIN: You are the first Englishman I ever saw refuse anything he could get. [*He puts the goblet on the table; then turns again to* EDSTASTON.] Listen, darling. You are a wrestler—a splendid wrestler. You threw me on my back like magic, though I could lift you with one hand. Darling: you are a giant, a paladin.

EDSTASTON [*complacently*] We wrestle rather well in my part of England.

PATIOMKIN: I have a Turk who is a wrestler: a prisoner of war. You shall wrestle with him for me. I'll stake a million rubles on you.

EDSTASTON [*incensed*] Damn you! do you take me for a prize-fighter? How dare you make me such a proposal?

PATIOMKIN [*with wounded feeling*] Darling: there is no pleasing you. Don't you like me?

EDSTASTON [*mollified*] Well, in a sort of way I do; though I don't know why I should. But my instructions are that I am to see the Empress; and——

PATIOMKIN: Darling: you *shall* see the Empress. A glorious woman; the greatest woman in the world. But lemme give you piece 'vice —pah! still drunk. They water my vinegar. [*He shakes himself; clears his throat; and resumes soberly*] If Catherine takes a fancy to you, you may ask for rubles, diamonds, palaces, titles, orders, anything! And you may aspire to everything: field-marshal, admiral, minister, what you please—except Tsar.

EDSTASTON: I tell you I don't want to ask for anything. Do you suppose I am an adventurer and a beggar?

PATIOMKIN [*plaintively*] Why not, darling? *I* was an adventurer. *I* was a beggar.

EDSTASTON: Oh, you!

PATIOMKIN: Well: what's wrong with *me?*

EDSTASTON: You are a Russian. That's different.

PATIOMKIN [*effusively*] Darling: I am a man; and you are a man; and Catherine is a woman. Woman reduces us all to the common denominator. [*Chuckling*] Again an epigram! [*Gravely*] You understand it, I hope. Have you had a college education, darling? *I* have.

EDSTASTON: Certainly. I am a Bachelor of Arts.

PATIOMKIN: It is enough that you are a bachelor, darling: Catherine will supply the

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arts. Aha! Another epigram! I am in the vein to-day.

EDSTASTON [*embarrassed and a little offended*] I must ask your Highness to change the subject. As a visitor of Russia, I am the guest of the Empress; and I must tell you plainly that I have neither the right nor the disposition to speak lightly of her Majesty.

PATIOMKIN: You have conscientious scruples?

EDSTASTON: I have the scruples of a gentleman.

PATIOMKIN: In Russia a gentleman has no scruples. In Russia we face facts.

EDSTASTON: In England, sir, a gentleman never faces any facts if they are unpleasant facts.

PATIOMKIN: In real life, darling, all facts are unpleasant. [*Greatly pleased with himself*] Another epigram! Where is my accursed chancellor? These gems should be written down and recorded for posterity. [*He rushes to the table; sits down; and snatches up a pen. Then, recollecting himself*] But I have not asked you to sit down. [*He rises and goes to the other chair.*] I am a savage; a barbarian. [*He throws the shirt and coat over the table on to the floor and puts his sword on the table.*] Be seated, Captain.

EDSTASTON: Thank you.

They bow to one another ceremoniously. PATIOMKIN'S *tendency to grotesque exaggeration costs him his balance; he nearly falls over* EDSTASTON, *who rescues him and takes the proffered chair.*

PATIOMKIN [*resuming his seat*] By the way, what was the piece of advice I was going to give you?

EDSTASTON: As you did not give it, I don't know. Allow me to add that I have not asked for your advice.

PATIOMKIN: I give it to you unasked, delightful Englishman. I remember it now. It was this: Don't try to become Tsar of Russia.

EDSTASTON [*in astonishment*] I haven't the slightest intention——

PATIOMKIN: Not now; but you will have: take my word for it. It will strike you as a splendid idea to have conscientious scruples—to desire the blessing of the Church on your union with Catherine.

EDSTASTON [*rising in utter amazement*] My union with Catherine! You're mad.

PATIOMKIN [*unmoved*] The day you hint at such a thing will be the day of your downfall. Besides, it is not lucky to be Catherine's husband. You know what happened to Peter?

EDSTASTON [*shortly; sitting down again*] I do not wish to discuss it.

PATIOMKIN: You think she murdered him?

EDSTASTON: I know that people have said so.

PATIOMKIN [*thunderously: springing to his feet*] It is a lie: Orloff murdered him. [*Subsiding a little*] He also knocked my eye out; but [*sitting down placidly*] I succeeded him for all that. And [*patting* EDSTASTON'S *hand very affectionately*] I'm sorry to say, darling, that if you become Tsar, *I* shall murder *you*.

EDSTASTON [*ironically returning the caress*] Thank you. The occasion will not arise. [*Rising*] I have the honor to wish your Highness good morning.

PATIOMKIN [*jumping up and stopping him on his way to the door*] Tut tut! I'm going to take you to the Empress *now*, this very instant.

EDSTASTON: In these boots? Impossible! I must change.

PATIOMKIN: Nonsense! You shall come just as you are. You shall show her your calves later on.

EDSTASTON: But it will take me only half an hour to——

PATIOMKIN: In half an hour it will be too late for the *petit lever*. Come along. Damn it, man, I must oblige the British ambassador, and the French ambassador, and old Fritz, and Monsieur Voltaire, and the rest of them. [*He shouts rudely to the door*] Varinka! [*To* EDSTASTON, *with tears in his voice*] Varinka shall persuade you: nobody can refuse Varinka anything. My niece. A treasure, I assure you. Beautiful! devoted! fascinating! [*Shouting again*] Varinka: where the devil are you?

VARINKA [*returning*] I'll not be shouted for. You have the voice of a bear, and the manners of a tinker.

PATIOMKIN: Tsh-sh-sh. Little angel Mother: you must behave yourself before the English captain. [*He takes off his dressing-gown and throws it over the papers and the breakfasts; picks up his coat; and disappears behind the screen to complete his toilette.*]

EDSTASTON: Madam! [*He bows.*]

VARINKA [*curtsying*] Monsieur le Capitaine!

EDSTASTON: I must apologize for the disturbance I made, madam.

PATIOMKIN [*behind the screen*] You must not call her madam. You must call her "Little Mother," and "beautiful darling."

EDSTASTON: My respect for the lady will not permit it.

VARINKA: Respect! How can you respect the niece of a savage?

EDSTASTON [*deprecating*] Oh, madam!

VARINKA: Heaven is my witness, Little English Father, we need some one who is not afraid of him. He is so strong! I hope you will throw him down on the floor many, many, many times.

PATIOMKIN [*behind the screen*] Varinka!

VARINKA: Yes?

PATIOMKIN: Go and look through the keyhole of the imperial bedchamber; and bring me word whether the Empress is awake yet.

VARINKA: *Fi donc!* I do not look through keyholes.

PATIOMKIN [*emerging, having arranged his*

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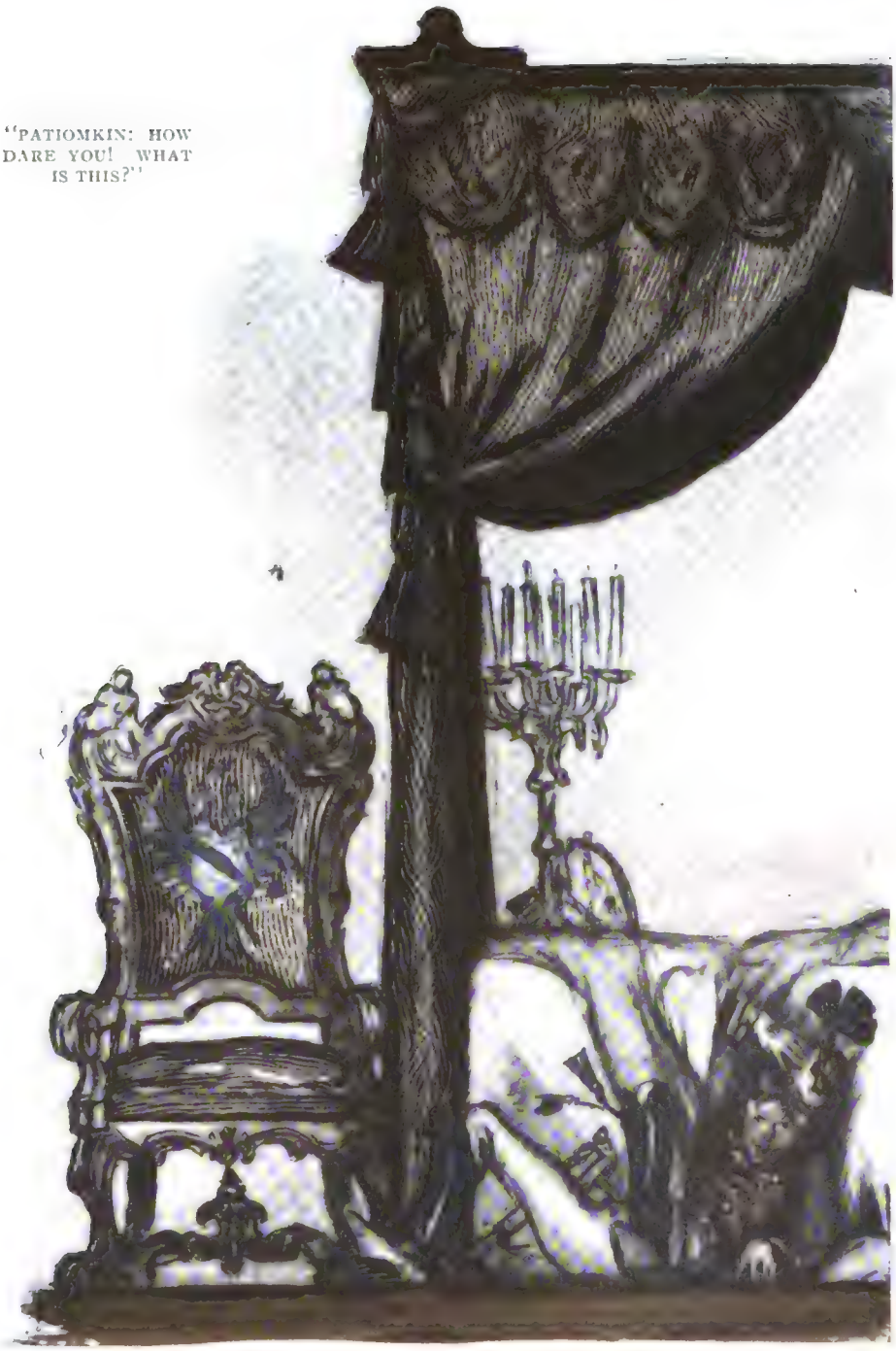

"PATIOMKIN: HOW DARE YOU! WHAT IS THIS?"

shirt and put on his diamonded coat] You have been badly brought up, little darling. Would any lady or gentleman walk unannounced into a room without first looking through the keyhole? [*Taking his sword from the table and putting it on*] The great thing in life is to be simple; and the perfectly simple thing is to look through keyholes. Another epigram: the fifth this morning. Where is my fool of a chancellor? Where is Popof?

EDSTASTON [*choking with suppressed laughter*] !!!!

PATIOMKIN [*gratified*] Darling: you appreciate my epigram.

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EDSTASTON: Excuse me. Pop off! Ha! Ha! I can't help laughing. What's his real name, by the way, in case I meet him?

VARINKA [*surprised*] His real name? Popof, of course. Why do you laugh, Little Father?

EDSTASTON: How can any one with a sense of humor help laughing? Pop off! [*He is convulsed.*]

VARINKA [*looking at her uncle, taps her forehead significantly*) !!

PATIOMKIN [*aside to* VARINKA] No: only English. He will amuse Catherine. [*To* EDSTASTON] Come! You shall tell the joke to

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the Empress: she is by way of being a humorist. [*He takes him by the arm, and leads him toward the door.*]

EDSTASTON [*resisting*] No, really. I am not fit——

PATIOMKIN: Persuade him, Little angel Mother.

VARINKA [*taking his other arm*] Yes, yes, yes, Little English Father: God knows it is your duty to be brave and wait on the Empress. Come.

EDSTASTON: No. I had rather——

PATIOMKIN [*hauling him along*] Come.

VARINKA [*pulling him and coaxing him*] Come, little love: you can't refuse me.

EDSTASTON: But how can I?

PATIOMKIN: Why not? She won't eat you.

VARINKA: She will; but you must come.

EDSTASTON: I assure you—it is quite out of the question—my clothes——

VARINKA: You look perfect.

PATIOMKIN: Come along, darling.

EDSTASTON [*struggling*] Impossible——

VARINKA: Come, come, come.

EDSTASTON: No. Believe me—I don't wish—I——

VARINKA: Carry him, uncle.

PATIOMKIN [*lifting him in his arms like a father carrying a little boy*] Yes, I'll carry you.

EDSTASTON: Dash it all, this is ridiculous!

VARINKA [*seizing his ankles and dancing as he is carried out*] You must come. If you kick you will blacken my eyes.

PATIOMKIN: Come, baby, come.

By this time they have made their way through the door and are out of hearing.

THE SECOND SCENE

The EMPRESS'S *petit lever. The central doors are closed. Those who enter through them find on their left, on a dais of two broad steps, a magnificent curtained bed. Beyond it a door in the paneling leads to the* EMPRESS'S *cabinet. Near the foot of the bed, in the middle of the room, stands a gilt chair, with the imperial arms carved and the imperial monogram embroidered.*

The Court is in attendance, standing in two melancholy rows down the side of the room opposite to the bed, solemn, bored, waiting for the EMPRESS *to awaken. The* PRINCESS DASHKOFF, *with two ladies, stands a little in front of the line of courtiers, by the imperial chair. Silence, broken only by the yawns and whispers of the courtiers.* NARYSHKIN, *the Chamberlain, stands by the head of the bed.*

A loud yawn is heard from behind the curtains.

NARYSHKIN [*holding up a warning hand*] Ssh!

The courtiers hastily cease whispering; dress up their lines; and stiffen. Dead silence. A bell tinkles within the curtains. NARYSHKIN *and the* PRINCESS *solemnly draw them and reveal the* EMPRESS.

CATHERINE *turns over on her back, and stretches herself.*

CATHERINE [*yawning*] Heigho—ah—yah—ah—ow— What o'clock is it? [*Her accent is German.*]

NARYSHKIN [*formally*] Her imperial Majesty is awake. [*The court falls on its knees.*]

ALL: Good morning to your Majesty.

NARYSHKIN: Half-past ten, Little Mother.

CATHERINE [*sitting up abruptly*] Potztausend! [*Contemplating the kneeling courtiers*] Oh, get up, get up. [*All rise.*] Your etiquette bores me. I am hardly awake in the morning before it begins. [*Yawning again, and relapsing sleepily against her pillows.*] Why do they do it, Naryshkin?

NARYSHKIN: God knows it is not for your sake, Little Mother. But you see if you were not a great queen they would all be nobodies.

CATHERINE [*sitting up*] They make me do it to keep up their own little dignities? So?

NARYSHKIN: Exactly. Also because if they didn't you might have them flogged, dear Little Mother.

CATHERINE [*springing energetically out of bed and seating herself on the edge of it*] Flogged! I! A Liberal Empress! A philosopher! You are a barbarian, Naryshkin. [*She rises and turns to the courtiers.*] And then, as if I cared! [*She turns again to* NARYSHKIN.] You should know by this time that I am frank and original in character, like an Englishman. [*She walks about restlessly.*] No: what maddens me about all this etiquette is that I am the only person in Russia who gets no fun out of my being Empress. You all glory in me; you bask in my smiles; you get titles and honors and favors from me; you are dazzled by my crown and my robes; you feel splendid when you have been admitted to my presence; and when I say a gracious word to you, you talk about it to every one you meet for a week afterward. But what do *I* get out of it? Nothing. [*She throws herself into the chair.* NARYSHKIN *deprecates with a gesture; she hurls an emphatic repetition at him.*] Nothing! I wear a crown until my neck aches; I stand looking majestic until I am ready to drop; I have to smile at ugly old ambassadors and frown and turn my back on young and handsome ones. Nobody gives me anything. When I was only an Archduchess, the English ambassador used to give me money whenever I wanted it—or rather whenever he wanted to get anything out of my sacred predecessor Elizabeth [*the court bows to the ground*]; but now that I am Empress he never gives me

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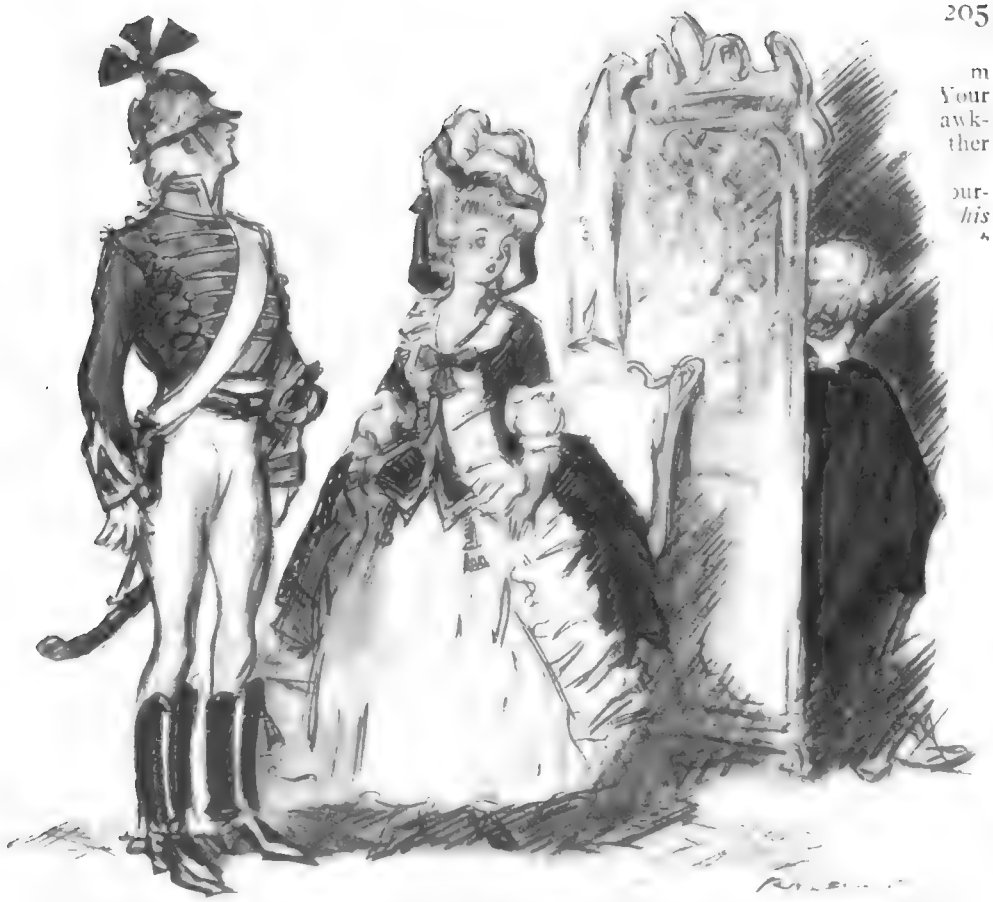

"VARINKA, GO AND LOOK THROUGH THE KEYHOLE OF THE IMPERIAL BEDCHAMBER; AND BRING ME WORD WHETHER THE EMPRESS IS AWAKE YET."

a kopek. When I have headaches and colics I envy the scullery-maids. And you are not a bit grateful to me for all my care of you: my work, my thought, my fatigue, my sufferings.

THE PRINCESS DASHKOFF: God knows, Little Mother, we all implore you to give your wonderful brain a rest. That is why you get headaches. Monsieur Voltaire also has headaches. His brain is just like yours.

CATHERINE: Dashkoff: what a liar you are! [DASHKOFF *curtsies with impressive dignity.*] And you think you are flattering me! Let me tell you I would not give a ruble to have the brains of all the philosophers in France. What is our business for to-day?

NARYSHKIN: The new museum, Little Mother. But the model will not be ready until to-night.

CATHERINE [*rising eagerly*] Yes: the museum. An enlightened capital should have a museum. [*She paces the chamber, with a deep sense of the importance of the museum.*] It shall be one of the wonders of the world. I must have specimens: specimens, specimens, specimens.

NARYSHKIN: You are in high spirits this morning, Little Mother.

CATHERINE [*with sudden levity*] I am always in high spirits, even when people do not bring me my slippers. [*She runs to the chair and sits down, thrusting her feet out.*]

The two ladies rush to her feet, each carrying a slipper. CATHERINE, *about to put her feet into them, is checked by a disturbance in the antechamber.*

PATIOMKIN [*carrying* EDSTASTON *through the antechamber*] Useless to struggle, beloved. Come along, beautiful baby darling. Come to Little Mother. [*He sings*]

March him, baby,
Baby, baby,
Lit-tle ba-by bumpkins.

VARINKA [*joining into the same doggerel in canon, a third above*] March him, baby, etc., etc.

EDSTASTON [*trying to make himself heard*] No, no. This is carrying a joke too far. I must insist. Let me down! Hang it, *will* you let me down! Confound it! No, no. Stop playing the fool, will you? We don't understand

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the F sort of thing in England. I shall be dis-
ist. ed. Let me down.
*towar*CATHERINE [*meanwhile*] What a horrible
Else! Naryshkin: see what it is.
not NARYSHKIN *goes to the door.*
P.CATHERINE [*listening*] That is Prince Pa-
Mo mkin.

NARYSHKIN [*calling from the door*] Little Mother: a stranger.

CATHERINE *plunges into bed again and covers herself up.* PATIOMKIN, *followed by* VARINKA, *carries* EDSTASTON *in; dumps him down on the foot of the bed, and staggers past it to the cabinet door.* VARINKA *joins the courtiers at the opposite side of the room.* CATHERINE, *blazing with wrath, pushes* EDSTASTON *off her bed on to the floor; gets out of bed; and turns on* PATIOMKIN *with so terrible an expression that all kneel down hastily except* EDSTASTON, *who is sprawling on the carpet in angry confusion.*

CATHERINE: Patiomkin: how dare you? [*Looking at* EDSTASTON.] What is this?

PATIOMKIN [*on his knees; tearfully*] I don't know. I am drunk. What is this, Varinka?

EDSTASTON [*scrambling to his feet*] Madam: this drunken ruffian——

PATIOMKIN: Tha's true. Drungn ruffian. Took 'dvantage of my being drunk. Said: "Take me to Lil angel Mother. Take me to beauf Empress." I took him. I was wrong. I am not sober.

CATHERINE: Men have grown sober in Siberia for less, Prince.

PATIOMKIN: Serve 'em right! 'Sgusting habit. Ask Varinka.

CATHERINE *turns her face from him to the Court. The courtiers see that she is trying not to laugh, and know by experience that she will not succeed. They rise, relieved and grinning.*

VARINKA: It is true. He drinks like a pig.

PATIOMKIN [*plaintively*] No: not like pig. Like prince. Lil Mother made poor Patiomkin prince. Wha's use being prince if I mayn't drink?

CATHERINE [*biting her lips*] Go. I am offended.

PATIOMKIN: Don't scold, Lil Mother.

CATHERINE [*imperiously*] Go.

PATIOMKIN [*rising unsteadily*] Yes: go. Go by-by. Very sleepy. Berrer go by-by than go Siberia. Go by-by in Lil Mother's bed. [*He pretends to make an attempt to get into the bed.*]

CATHERINE [*energetically pulling him back*] No, no! Patiomkin! What are you thinking of? [*He falls like a log on the floor, apparently dead drunk.*]

THE PRINCESS DASHKOFF: Scandalous! An insult to your imperial Majesty!

CATHERINE: Dashkoff: you have no sense of humor. [*She steps down to the floor level and looks indulgently at* PATIOMKIN. *He gurgles brutishly. She has an impulse of disgust.*] Hog. [*She kicks him as hard as she can.*] Oh! You have broken my toe. Brute! Beast! Dashkoff is quite right. Do you hear?

PATIOMKIN: If you ask my pi-pinion of Dashkoff, my pi-pinion is that Dashkoff is drunk. Scan'lous. Poor Patiomkin go by-by. [*He relapses into drunken slumbers.*]

Some of the courtiers move to carry him away.

CATHERINE [*stopping them*] Let him lie. Let him sleep it off. If he goes out it will be to a tavern and low company for the rest of the day. [*Indulgently*] There! [*She takes a pillow from the bed and puts it under his head; then turns to* EDSTASTON; *surveys him with perfect dignity; and asks, in her queenliest manner*] Varinka: who is this gentleman?

VARINKA: A foreign captain. I can not pronounce his name. I think he is mad. He came to the Prince and said he must see your Majesty. He can talk of nothing else. We could not prevent him.

EDSTASTON [*overwhelmed by this apparent betrayal*] Oh! Madam: I am perfectly sane: I am actually an Englishman. I should never have dreamt of approaching your Majesty without the fullest credentials. I have letters from the English ambassador, from the Prussian ambassador. [*Naively*] But everybody assured me that Prince Patiomkin is allpowerful with your Majesty; so I naturally applied to him.

PATIOMKIN *interrupts the conversation by an agonized wheezing groan, as of a donkey beginning to bray.*

CATHERINE [*like a fishfag*] Schweig, du Hund. [*Resuming her impressive royal manner.*] Have you never been taught, sir, how a gentleman should enter the presence of a sovereign?

EDSTASTON: Yes, Madam; but I did not enter your presence: I was carried.

CATHERINE: But you say you asked the Prince to carry you.

EDSTASTON: Certainly not, Madam. I protested against it with all my might. I appeal to this lady to confirm me.

VARINKA [*pretending to be indignant*] Yes: you protested. But, all the same, you were very, very, *very* anxious to see her Imperial Majesty. You blushed when the Prince spoke of her. You threatened to strike him across the face with your sword because you thought he did not speak enthusiastically enough of her. [*To* CATHERINE.] Trust me: he has seen your Imperial Majesty before.

CATHERINE [*to* EDSTASTON] You have seen us before?

EDSTASTON: At the review, Madam.

VARINKA [*triumphantly*] Aha! I knew it. Your Majesty wore the hussar uniform. He saw how radiant! how splendid! your Majesty looked. Oh! he has dared to admire your Majesty. Such insolence is not to be endured.

EDSTASTON: All Europe is a party to that insolence, Madam.

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THE PRINCESS DASHKOFF: All Europe is content to do so at a respectful distance. It is possible to admire her Majesty's policy and her eminence in literature and philosophy without performing acrobatic feats in the imperial bed.

EDSTASTON: I know nothing about her Majesty's eminence in policy or philosophy: I don't pretend to understand such things. I speak as a practical man. And I never knew that foreigners had any policy. I always thought that policy was Mr. Pitt's business.

CATHERINE [*lifting her eyebrows*] So?

VARINKA: What else did you presume to admire her Majesty for, pray?

EDSTASTON [*addled*] Well, I—I—I—that is, I— [*He stammers himself dumb.*]

CATHERINE [*after a pitiless silence*] We are waiting for your answer.

EDSTASTON: But I never said I admired your Majesty. The lady has twisted my words.

VARINKA: You don't admire her, then?

EDSTASTON: Well, I—naturally—of course, I can't deny that the uniform was very becoming—perhaps a little unfeminine—still——

Dead silence. CATHERINE *and the Court watch him stonily. He is wretchedly embarrassed.*

CATHERINE [*with cold majesty*] Well, sir: is that all you have to say?

EDSTASTON: Surely there is no harm in noticing that er—that er— [*He stops again.*]

CATHERINE: Noticing that er—? [*He gazes at her, speechless, like a fascinated rabbit. She repeats fiercely*] That er——?

EDSTASTON [*startled into speech*] Well, that your Majesty was—was— [*Soothingly*] Well, let me put it this way: that it was rather natural for a man to admire your Majesty without being a philosopher.

CATHERINE [*suddenly smiling and extending her hand to him to be kissed*] Courtier! m

EDSTASTON [*kissing it*] Not at all. Your Majesty is very good. I have been very awkward; but I did not intend it. I am rather stupid, I am afraid.

CATHERINE: Stupid! By no means. Courage, Captain: we are pleased. [*He falls on his knee. She takes his cheeks in her hands; turns up his face; and adds*] We are *greatly* pleased! [*She slaps his cheek coquettishly: he bows almost to his knee.*] The *petit lever* is over. [*She turns to go into the cabinet, and stumbles against the supine* PATIOMKIN.] Ach! [EDSTASTON *springs to her assistance, seizing* PATIOMKIN'S *heels and shifting him out of the Empress's path.*] We thank you, Captain.

CLAIRE.

He bows gallantly, and is rewarded by a very gracious smile. Then CATHERINE *goes into her cabinet, followed by the* PRINCESS DASHKOFF, *who turns at the door to make a deep curtsy to* EDSTASTON.

VARINKA: Happy Little Father! Remember: *I* did this for you. [*She runs out after the Empress*]

EDSTASTON, *somewhat dazed, crosses the room to the courtiers, and is received with marked deference, each courtier making him a profound bow or curtsy before withdrawing through the central doors. He returns each obeisance with a nervous jerk, and turns away from it, only to find another courtier bowing at the other side. The process finally reduces him to distraction, as he bumps into one in the act of bowing to another and then has to bow his apologies. But at last they are all gone except* NARYSHKIN.

EDSTASTON: Ouf!

PATIOMKIN [*jumping up vigorously*] You have done it, darling. Superbly! Beautifully!

EDSTASTON [*astonished*] Do you mean to say you are not drunk?

PATIOMKIN: Not dead drunk, darling. Only

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diplomatically drunk. As a drunken hog, I have done for you in five minutes what I could not have done in five months as a sober man. Your fortune is made. She likes you.

EDSTASTON: The devil she does!

PATIOMKIN: Why? Aren't you delighted?

EDSTASTON: Delighted! Gracious heavens, man, I am engaged to be married.

PATIOMKIN: What matter? She's in England, isn't she?

EDSTASTON: No. She has just arrived in St. Petersburg.

THE PRINCESS DASHKOFF [*returning*] Captain Edstaston: the Empress is robed, and commands your presence.

EDSTASTON: Say I was gone before you arrived with the message. [*He hurries out. The other three, too taken aback to stop him, stare after him in the utmost astonishment.*]

NARYSHKIN [*turning from the door*] She will have him knouted. He is a dead man.

THE PRINCESS DASHKOFF: But what am *I* to do? I can't take such an answer to the Empress.

PATIOMKIN: P-P-P-P-P-P-W-W-W-W-W-rrrrr! [*A long puff, turning into a growl. He spits.*] I must kick somebody.

NARYSHKIN [*flying precipitately through the central doors*] No, no. Please.

THE PRINCESS DASHKOFF [*throwing herself recklessly in front of* PATIOMKIN *as he starts in pursuit of the Chamberlain*] Kick *me*. Disable me. It will be an excuse for not going back to her. Kick me hard.

PATIOMKIN: Yah! [*He flings her on the bed and dashes after* NARYSHKIN.]

THE THIRD SCENE

In a terrace garden overlooking the Neva. CLAIRE, *a robust young English lady, is leaning on the river wall. She turns expectantly on hearing the garden gate opened and closed.* EDSTASTON *hurries in. With a cry of delight she throws her arms round his neck.*

CLAIRE: Darling!

EDSTASTON [*making a wry face*] Don't call me darling.

CLAIRE [*amazed and chilled*] Why?

EDSTASTON: I have been called darling all the morning.

CLAIRE [*with a flash of jealousy*] By whom?

EDSTASTON: By everybody. By the most unutterable swine. And if we don't leave this abominable city now—do you hear? *now*—I shall be called darling by the Empress.

CLAIRE [*with magnificent snobbery*] She would not dare. Did you tell her you were engaged to *me?*

EDSTASTON: Of course not.

CLAIRE: Why?

EDSTASTON: Because I didn't particularly want to have you knouted, and to be hanged or sent to Siberia myself.

CLAIRE: What on earth do you mean?

EDSTASTON: Well, the long and short of it is—don't think me a coxcomb, Claire: it is too serious to mince matters—I have seen the Empress; and——

CLAIRE: Well: you wanted to see her.

EDSTASTON: Yes; but the Empress has seen *me*.

CLAIRE: She has fallen in love with you!

EDSTASTON: How did you know?

CLAIRE: Dearest: as if any one could help it.

EDSTASTON: Oh, don't make me feel like a fool. But, though it does sound conceited to say it, I flatter myself I'm better-looking than Patiomkin and the other hogs she is accustomed to. Anyhow, I daren't risk staying.

CLAIRE: What a nuisance! Mama will be furious at having to pack, and at missing the Court ball this evening.

EDSTASTON: I can't help that. We haven't a moment to lose.

CLAIRE: May I tell her she will be knouted if we stay?

EDSTASTON: Do, dearest.

He kisses her and lets her go, expecting her to run into the house.

CLAIRE [*pausing thoughtfully*] Is she—is she good-looking when you see her close?

EDSTASTON: Not a patch on you, dearest.

CLAIRE [*jealous*] Then you *did* see her close?

EDSTASTON: Fairly close.

CLAIRE: Indeed! How close? No: that's silly of me. I will tell mama. [*She is going out when* NARYSHKIN *enters with the* SERGEANT *and a squad of soldiers.*] What do you want here?

The SERGEANT *goes to* EDSTASTON; *plumps down on his knees; and takes out a magnificent pair of pistols with gold grips. He proffers them to* EDSTASTON, *holding them by the barrels.*

NARYSHKIN: Captain Edstaston: his Highness Prince Patiomkin sends you the pistols he promised you.

THE SERGEANT: Take them, Little Father; and do not forget us poor soldiers who have brought them to you; for God knows we get but little to drink.

EDSTASTON [*irresolutely*] But I can't take these valuable things. By Jiminy, though, they're beautiful! Look at them, Claire.

As he is taking the pistols the kneeling SERGEANT *suddenly drops them; flings himself forward; and embraces* EDSTASTON'S *hips to prevent him from drawing his own pistols from his boots.*

THE SERGEANT: Lay hold of him there. Pin his arms. I have his pistols. [*The soldiers seize* EDSTASTON.]

EDSTASTON: Ah, would you, damn you! [*He drives his knee into the* SERGEANT'S *solar*

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"IF YOUR MAJESTY DOES THAT AGAIN I WILL WRITE TO THE LONDON GAZETTE."

plexus, and struggles furiously with his captors.]

THE SERGEANT [*rolling on the ground, gasping and groaning*] Owgh! Murder! Holy Nicholas! Owwwgh!

CLAIRE: Help! help! They are killing Charles. Help!

NARYSHKIN [*seizing her and clapping his hand over her mouth*] Tie him neck and crop. Ten thousand blows of the stick if you let him go. [CLAIRE *twists herself loose; turns on him; and cuffs him furiously.*] Yow—ow! Have mercy, Little Mother.

CLAIRE: You wretch! Help! Help! Police! We are being murdered. Help!

The SERGEANT, *who has risen, comes to* NARYSHKIN'S *rescue, and grasps* CLAIRE'S *hands, enabling* NARYSHKIN *to gag her again. By this time* EDSTASTON *and his captors are all rolling on the ground together. They get* EDSTASTON *on his back and fasten his wrists together behind his knees. Next they put a broad strap round his ribs. Finally they pass a pole through his breast strap and through the wrist strap and lift him by it, helplessly trussed up, to carry him off. Meanwhile he is by no means suffering in silence.*

EDSTASTON [*gasping*] You shall hear more of this. Damn you, will you untie me? I will complain to the ambassador. I will write to the Gazette. England will blow your trumpery little fleet out of the water and sweep your tinpot army into Siberia for this. Will you let me go? Damn you! Curse you! What the devil do you mean by it? I'll—I'll—I'll—[*He is carried out of hearing.*]

NARYSHKIN [*snatching his hands from* CLAIRE'S *face with a scream, and shaking his finger frantically*] Agh! [*The* SERGEANT, *amazed, lets go her hands.*] She has bitten me, the little vixen.

CLAIRE [*spitting and wiping her mouth*

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disgustedly] How dare you put your dirty paws on my mouth? Ugh! Psha!

THE SERGEANT: Be merciful, Little angel Mother.

CLAIRE: Do not presume to call me your little angel mother. Where are the police?

NARYSHKIN: We are the police in St. Petersburg, little spitfire.

THE SERGEANT: God knows we have no orders to harm you, Little Mother. Our duty is done. You are well and strong; but I shall never be the same man again. He is a mighty and terrible fighter, as stout as a bear. He has broken my sweetbread with his strong knees. God knows poor folk should not be set upon such dangerous adversaries!

CLAIRE: Serve you right! Where have they taken Captain Edstaston to?

NARYSHKIN [*spitefully*] To the Empress, little beauty. He has insulted the Empress. He will receive a hundred and one blows of the knout. [*He laughs and goes out, nursing his bitten finger.*]

THE SERGEANT: He will feel only the first twenty; and he will be mercifully dead long before the end, little darling.

CLAIRE [*sustained by an invincible snobbery*] They dare not touch an English officer. I will go to the Empress myself: she cannot know who Captain Edstaston is—who we are.

THE SERGEANT: Do so in the name of the Holy Nicholas, little beauty.

CLAIRE: Don't be impertinent. How can I get admission to the palace?

THE SERGEANT: Everybody goes in and out of the palace, little love.

CLAIRE: But I must get into the Empress's presence. I must speak to her.

THE SERGEANT: You shall, dear Little Mother. You shall give the poor old Sergeant a ruble; and the blessed Nicholas will make your salvation his charge.

CLAIRE [*impetuously*] I will give you [*she is about to say fifty rubles, but checks herself cautiously*]—well, I don't mind giving you two rubles if I can speak to the Empress.

THE SERGEANT [*joyfully*] I praise Heaven for you, Little Mother. Come. [*He leads the way out.*] It was the temptation of the devil that led your young man to bruise my vitals and deprive me of breath. We must be merciful to one another's faults.

THE FOURTH SCENE

A triangular recess communicating by a heavily curtained arch with the huge ballroom of the palace. The light is subdued by red shades on the candles. In the wall adjoining that pierced by the arch is a door. The only piece of furniture is a very handsome chair on the arch side. In the ballroom they are dancing a polonaise to the music of a brass band.

NARYSHKIN *enters through the door, followed by the soldiers carrying* EDSTASTON, *still trussed to the pole. Exhausted and dogged, he makes no sound.*

NARYSHKIN: Halt. Get that pole clear of the prisoner. [*They dump* EDSTASTON *on the floor, and detach the pole.* NARYSHKIN *stoops over him and addresses him insultingly.*] Well! are you ready to be tortured? This is the Empress's private torture-chamber. Can I do anything to make you quite comfortable?

EDSTASTON: Have you any back teeth?

NARYSHKIN [*surprised*] Why?

EDSTASTON: His Majesty King George the Third will send for six of them when the news of this reaches London; so look out, damn your eyes!

NARYSHKIN [*frightened*] Oh, I assure you I am only obeying my orders. Personally I abhor torture, and would save you if I could. But the Empress is proud; and what woman would forgive the slight put upon her?

EDSTASTON: As I said before: Damn your eyes!

NARYSHKIN [*almost in tears*] Well, it isn't my fault. [*To the soldiers, insolently*] You know your orders? You remember what you have to do when the Empress gives you the word? [*The soldiers salute in assent.*]

NARYSHKIN *passes through the curtains, admitting a blare of music and a strip of the brilliant white candle-light from the chandeliers in the ballroom as he does so. The white light vanishes and the music is muffled as the curtains fall together behind him. Presently the band stops abruptly; and* NARYSHKIN *comes back through the curtains. He makes a warning gesture to the soldiers, who stand at attention. Then he moves the curtain to allow* CATHERINE *to pass in. She is in full imperial regalia, and stops sternly just where she has entered. The soldiers fall on their knees.*

CATHERINE: Obey your orders.

The soldiers seize EDSTASTON, *and throw him roughly at the feet of the Empress; then retire and kneel as before.*

CATHERINE [*looking coldly on him*]: Also [*the German word*], you have put me to the trouble of sending for you twice. You had better have come the first time.

EDSTASTON [*exsupplicate, and pettishly angry*] I haven't come either time. I've been carried. I call it infernal impudence.

CATHERINE: Take care what you say.

EDSTASTON: No use. I dare say you look very majestic and very handsome; but I can't see you; and I am not intimidated. I am an Englishman: and you can kidnap me; but you can't bully me.

NARYSHKIN: Remember to whom you are speaking.

CATHERINE [*violently, furious at his intrusion*] Remember that dogs should be dumb.

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[*He shrivels.*] And do you, Captain, remember that, famous as I am for my clemency, there are limits to the patience even of an Empress.

EDSTASTON: How is a man to remember anything when he's trussed up in this ridiculous fashion? I can hardly breathe. [*He makes a futile struggle to free himself.*] Here: don't be unkind, your Majesty. Tell these fellows to unstrap me. You know you really owe me an apology.

CATHERINE: You think you can escape by appealing, like Prince Patiomkin, to my sense of humor?

EDSTASTON: Sense of humor! Ho! Ha, ha! I like that. Would anybody with a sense of humor make a guy of a man like this, and then expect him to take it seriously? I say: do tell them to loosen these straps.

CATHERINE [*seating herself*] Why should I, pray?

EDSTASTON: Why! Why!! Why, because they're hurting me.

CATHERINE: People sometimes learn through suffering. Manners, for instance.

EDSTASTON: Oh, well, of course, if you're an ill-natured woman, hurting me on purpose, I have nothing more to say.

CATHERINE: A monarch, sir, has sometimes to employ a necessary and salutary severity——

EDSTASTON [*interrupting her petulantly*] Quack! Quack! Quack!

CATHERINE: Donnerwetter!

EDSTASTON [*continuing recklessly*] This isn't severity: it's tomfoolery. And if you think it's reforming my character or teaching me anything, you're mistaken. It may be a satisfaction to you; but if it is, all I can say is it's not an amiable satisfaction.

CATHERINE [*turning suddenly and balefully on* NARYSHKIN] What are you grinning at?

NARYSHKIN [*falling on his knees in terror*] Be merciful, Little Mother. My heart is in my mouth.

CATHERINE: Your heart and your mouth will be in two separate parts of your body if you again forget in whose presence you stand. Go. And take your men with you. [NARYSHKIN *crawls to the door. The soldiers rise.*] Stop. Roll that [*indicating* EDSTASTON] nearer. [*The soldiers obey.*] Not so close. Did I ask for a footstool? [*She pushes* EDSTASTON *away with her foot.*]

EDSTASTON [*with a sudden squeal*] Agh!!! I must really ask your Majesty not to put the point of your imperial toe between my ribs. I am ticklesome.

CATHERINE: Indeed? All the more reason for you to treat me with respect, Captain. [*To the others.*] Begone. How many times must I give an order before it is obeyed?

NARYSHKIN: Little Mother: they have brought some instruments of torture. Will they be needed?

CATHERINE [*indignantly*] How dare you name such abominations to a Liberal Empress? You will always be a savage and a fool, Naryshkin. These relics of barbarism are buried, thank God, in the grave of Peter the Great. My methods are more civilized. [*She extends her toe toward* EDSTASTON'S *ribs.*]

EDSTASTON [*shrieking hysterically*] Yagh! Ah! [*Furiously*] If your Majesty does that again I will write to the London Gazette.

CATHERINE [*to the soldiers*] Leave us. Quick! do you hear? Five thousand blows of the stick for the soldier who is in the room when I speak next. [*The soldiers rush out.*] Naryshkin: are you waiting to be knouted? [NARYSHKIN *backs out hastily.*]

CATHERINE *and* EDSTASTON *are now alone.* CATHERINE *has in her hand a scepter or baton of gold. Wrapped round it is a new pamphlet in French, entitled* "L'Homme aux Quarante Ecus." *She calmly unrolls this and begins to read it at her ease as if she were quite alone. Several seconds lapse in dead silence. She becomes more and more absorbed in the pamphlet, and more and more amused by it.*

CATHERINE [*greatly pleased by a passage, and turning over the leaf*] Ausgezeichnet!

EDSTASTON: Ahem!

Silence. CATHERINE *reads on.*

CATHERINE: Wie komisch!

EDSTASTON: Ahem! Ahem!

Silence.

CATHERINE [*soliloquizing enthusiastically*] What a wonderful author is Monsieur Voltaire! How lucidly he exposes the folly of this crazy plan for raising the entire revenue of the country from a single tax on land! How he withers it with his irony! How he makes you laugh whilst he is convincing you! How sure one feels that the proposal is killed by his wit and economic penetration: killed never to be mentioned again among educated people!

EDSTASTON: For Heaven's sake, Madam, do you intend to leave me tied up like this while you discuss the blasphemies of that abominable infidel? Agh!! [*She has again applied her toe.*] Oh! Oo!

CATHERINE [*calmly*] Do I understand you to say that Monsieur Voltaire is a great philanthropist and a great philosopher as well as the wittiest man in Europe?

EDSTASTON: Certainly not. I say that his books ought to be burnt by the common hangman. [*Her toe touches his ribs.*] Yagh! Oh, don't. I shall faint: I can't bear it.

CATHERINE: Have you changed your opinion of Monsieur Voltaire?

EDSTASTON: But you can't expect me as a member of the Church of England [*she tickles him*]. Agh! Ow! Oh, Lord! he's anything you like. He's a philanthropist; he's a philosopher; he's a beauty; he ought to have a statue, curse him [*she tickles*]—No! bless him! Save him

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victorious, happy and glorious! Oh, let eternal honors crown his name: Voltaire, thrice worthy on the rolls of fame! [*Exhausted*] *Now* will you let me up? And look here! I can see your ankles when you tickle me. It's not ladylike.

CATHERINE [*sticking out her toe and admiring it critically*] Is the spectacle so disagreeable?

EDSTASTON: It's agreeable enough; only [*with intense expression*] for Heaven's sake don't touch me in the ribs.

CATHERINE [*putting aside the pamphlet*] Captain Edstaston: why did you refuse to come when I sent for you?

EDSTASTON: Madam: I cannot talk tied up like this.

CATHERINE: Do you still admire me as much as you did this morning?

EDSTASTON: How can I possibly tell when I can't see you? Let me get up and look. I can't see anything now except my toes and yours.

CATHERINE: Do you still intend to write to the London Gazette about me?

EDSTASTON: Not if you will loosen these straps. Quick: loosen me. I'm fainting.

CATHERINE: I don't think you are [*tickling him*].

EDSTASTON: Agh! Cat!

CATHERINE: What! [*She tickles him again.*]

EDSTASTON [*with a shriek*] No: angel, angel!

CATHERINE [*tenderly*] Geliebter!

EDSTASTON: I don't know a word of German; but that sounded kind. [*Becoming hysterical*] Little Mother, beautiful Little darling angel Mother: don't be cruel. Untie me. Oh, I beg and implore you. Don't be unkind. I shall go mad.

CATHERINE: You are expected to go mad with love when an Empress deigns to interest herself in you. When an Empress allows you to see her foot you should kiss it. Captain Edstaston: you are a booby.

EDSTASTON [*indignantly*] I am nothing of the kind. I have been mentioned in dispatches as a highly intelligent officer. And let me warn your Majesty that I am not so helpless as you think. The English ambassador is in that ballroom. A shout from me will bring him to my side; and then where will your Majesty be?

CATHERINE: I should like to see the English ambassador or any one else pass through that curtain against my orders. It might be a stone wall ten feet thick. Shout your loudest. Sob. Curse. Scream. Yell. [*She tickles him unmercifully.*]

EDSTASTON [*frantically*] Ahowyow!!!! Agh! Ooh! Stop! Oh, Lord! Ya-a-a-ah! [*A tumult in the ballroom responds to his cries.*]

VOICES FROM THE BALLROOM: Stand back. You cannot pass. Hold her back there. The Empress's orders. It is out of the question. No, little darling: not in there. Nobody is allowed in there. You will be sent to Siberia. Don't let her through there, on your life. Drag her back. You will be knouted. It is hopeless, mademoiselle: you must obey orders. Guard there! Send some men to hold her.

CLAIRE'S VOICE: Let me go. They are torturing Charles in there. I *will* go. How can you all dance as if nothing was happening? Let me go, I tell you. Let—me—go. [*She dashes through the curtain. No one dares follow her.*]

CATHERINE [*rising in wrath*] How dare you?

CLAIRE [*recklessly*] Oh, dare your grandmother! Where is my Charles? What are they doing to him?

EDSTASTON [*shouting*] Claire: loosen these straps, in Heaven's name. Quick.

CLAIRE [*seeing him and throwing herself on her knees at his side*] Oh, how dare they tie you up like that! [*To* CATHERINE] You wicked wretch! You Russian savage! [*She pounces on the straps and begins unbuckling them.*]

CATHERINE [*conquering herself with a mighty effort*] Now, self-control, self-control, Catherine. Philosophy. Europe is looking on. [*She forces herself to sit down.*]

EDSTASTON: Steady, dearest: it is the Empress. Call her your imperial Majesty. Call her Star of the North, Little Mother, Little Darling: that's what she likes; but get the straps off.

CLAIRE: Keep quiet, dear: I can't get them off if you move.

CATHERINE [*calmly*] Keep quite still, Captain. [*She tickles him.*]

EDSTASTON: Ow! Agh! Ahowyow!

CLAIRE [*stopping dead in the act of unbuckling the straps and turning sick with jealousy as she grasps the situation*] Was *that* what I thought was your being tortured?

CATHERINE [*urbanely*] That is the favorite torture of Catherine the Second, mademoiselle. I think the Captain enjoys it very much.

CLAIRE: Then he can have as much more of it as he wants. I am sorry I intruded. [*She rises to go.*]

EDSTASTON [*catching her train in his teeth and holding on like a bulldog*] Don't go. Don't leave me in this horrible state. Loosen me. [*This is what he is saying; but as he says it with the train in his mouth it is not very intelligible.*]

CLAIRE: Let go. You are undignified and ridiculous enough yourself without making me ridiculous. [*She snatches her train away.*]

EDSTASTON: Ow! You've nearly pulled my teeth out. You're worse than the Star of the North. [*To* CATHERINE] Darling Little Mother: you have a kind heart, the kindest in Europe. Have pity. Have mercy. I love you. [CLAIRE *bursts into tears.*] Release me.

CATHERINE: Well, just to show you how

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much kinder a Russian savage can be than an English one (though I am sorry to say I am a German), here goes! [*She stoops to loosen the straps.*]

CLAIRE [*jealously*] You needn't trouble, thank you. [*She pounces on the straps; and the two set* EDSTASTON *free between them.*] Now get up, please; and conduct yourself with some dignity if you are not utterly demoralized.

EDSTASTON: Dignity! Ow! I can't. I'm stiff all over. I shall never be able to stand up again. Oh, Lord! how it hurts! [*They seize him by the shoulders and drag him up.*] Yah! Agh! Wow! Oh! Mmmmmm! Oh, Little angel Mother, don't ever do this to a man again. Knout him; kill him; roast him; baste him; head, hang, and quarter him; but don't tie him up like that and tickle him.

CATHERINE: Your young lady still seems to think that you enjoyed it.

CLAIRE: I know what I think. I will never speak to him again. Your Majesty can keep him, as far as I am concerned.

CATHERINE: I would not deprive you of him for worlds; though really I think he's rather a darling. [*She pats his cheek.*]

CLAIRE [*snorting*] So I see, indeed.

EDSTASTON: Don't be angry, dearest: in this country everybody's a darling. I'll prove it to you. [*To* CATHERINE] Will your Majesty be good enough to call Prince Patiomkin?

CATHERINE [*surprised into haughtiness*] Why?

EDSTASTON: To oblige me.

CATHERINE *laughs good-humoredly. She goes to the curtains and opens them. The band strikes up a redowa.*

CATHERINE [*calling imperiously*] Patiomkin! [*The music stops suddenly.*] Here! To me! Go on with your music there, you fools. [*The redowa is resumed.*]

The SERGEANT *rushes from the ballroom to relieve the* EMPRESS *of the curtain.* PATIOMKIN *comes in dancing with* VARINKA.

CATHERINE [*to* PATIOMKIN] The English captain wants you, little darling.

CATHERINE *resumes her seat as* PATIOMKIN *intimates by a grotesque bow that he is at* EDSTASTON'S *service.* VARINKA *passes behind* EDSTASTON *and* CLAIRE, *and posts herself on* CLAIRE'S *right.*

EDSTASTON: Precisely. [*To* CLAIRE] You observe, my love. "Little darling." Well, if her Majesty calls *him* a darling, is it my fault that she calls me one, too?

CLAIRE: I don't care. I don't think you ought to have done it. I am very angry and offended.

EDSTASTON: They tied me up, dear. I couldn't help it. I fought for all I was worth.

THE SERGEANT [*at the curtains*] He fought with the strength of lions and bears. God knows I shall carry a broken sweetbread to my grave.

EDSTASTON: You can't mean to throw me over, Claire. [*Urgently*] Claire! Claire!

VARINKA [*in a transport of sympathetic emotion, pleading with clasped hands to* CLAIRE] Oh, sweet little angel lamb, he loves you: it shines in his darling eyes. Pardon him, pardon him!

PATIOMKIN [*rushing from the* EMPRESS'S *side to* CLAIRE *and falling on his knees to her*] Pardon him, pardon him, little cherub! little wild duck! little star! little glory! little jewel in the crown of heaven!

CLAIRE: This is perfectly ridiculous.

VARINKA [*kneeling to her*] Pardon him, pardon him, little delight, little sleeper in a rosy cradle.

CLAIRE: I'll do anything if you'll only let me alone.

THE SERGEANT [*kneeling to her*] Pardon him, pardon him, lest the mighty man bring his whip to you. God knows we all need pardon!

CLAIRE [*at the top of her voice*] I pardon him! I pardon him!

PATIOMKIN [*springing up joyfully and going behind* CLAIRE, *whom he raises in his arms*] Embrace her, victor of Bunker Hill. Kiss her 'til she swoons.

THE SERGEANT: Receive her in the name of the holy Nicholas.

VARINKA: She begs you for a thousand dear little kisses all over her body.

CLAIRE [*vehemently*] I do not. [PATIOMKIN *throws her into* EDSTASTON'S *arms.*] Oh! [*The pair, awkward and shamefaced, remain utterly inexpressive.*]

CATHERINE [*pushing* EDSTASTON *toward* CLAIRE] There is no help for it, Captain. This is Russia, not England.

EDSTASTON [*plucking up some geniality, and kissing* CLAIRE *ceremoniously on the brow*] I have no objection.

VARINKA [*disgusted*] Only one kiss! And on the forehead! Fish. See how I kiss, though it is only my horribly ugly old uncle. [*She throws her arms round* PATIOMKIN'S *neck and covers his face with kisses.*]

THE SERGEANT [*moved to tears*] Sainted Nicholas: bless your lambs!

CATHERINE: Do you wonder now that I love Russia as I love no other place on earth?

NARYSHKIN [*appearing at the door*] Majesty: the model for the new museum has arrived.

CATHERINE [*rising eagerly and making for the curtains*] Let us go. I can think of nothing but my museum. [*In the archway she stops and turns to* EDSTASTON, *who has hurried to lift the curtain for her.*] Captain: I wish you every happiness that your little angel can bring you. [*For his ear alone*] I could have brought you more; but you did not think so. Farewell.

EDSTASTON [*kissing her hand, which, instead*

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of releasing, he holds caressingly and rather patronizingly in his own] I feel your Majesty's kindness so much that I really can not leave you without a word of plain wholesome English advice.

CATHERINE [*snatching her hand away and bounding forward as if he had touched her with a spur*] Advice!!!

PATIOMKIN: Mad-man: take care!

NARYSHKIN: Advise the Empress!!

VARINKA: Hoo! hoo! [*A stifled splutter of laughter.*]

[*Exclaiming simultaneously.*]

EDSTASTON [*following the* EMPRESS *and resuming kindly but judicially*] After all, though your Majesty is of course a great queen, yet when all is said, I am a man; and your Majesty is only a woman.

CATHERINE: Only a wo— [*She chokes.*]

EDSTASTON [*continuing*] Believe me, this Russian extravagance will not do. I appreciate as much as any man the warmth of heart that prompts it; but it is overdone; it is hardly in the best taste; it is—really I must say it—it is not proper.

CATHERINE [*ironically*] So!

EDSTASTON: Not that I can not make allowances. Your Majesty has, I know, been unfortunate in your experience as a married woman——

CATHERINE [*furious*] Death and thunder!!!

EDSTASTON [*good-naturedly*] Don't say that. Don't think of him in that way. After all, he was your husband; and whatever his faults may have been, it is not for you to think unkindly of him.

CATHERINE [*almost bursting*] I shall forget myself.

EDSTASTON: Come! I am sure he really loved you; and you truly loved him.

CATHERINE [*controlling herself with a supreme effort*] No, Catherine. What would Voltaire say?

EDSTASTON: Oh, never mind that vile scoffer. Set an example to Europe, Madam, by doing what I am going to do. Marry again. Marry some good man who will be a strength and a support to your old age.

CATHERINE: My old — [*she again becomes speechless.*]

EDSTASTON: Yes: we must all grow old even the handsomest of us.

CATHERINE [*sinking into her chair with a gasp*] Thank you.

EDSTASTON: You will thank me more when you see your little ones round your knee, and your man there by the fireside in the winter evenings—by the way, I forgot that you have no firesides here in spite of the coldness of the climate; so shall I say by the stove?

CATHERINE: Certainly, if you wish. The stove, by all means.

EDSTASTON [*impulsively*] Ah, Madam, abolish the stove: believe me, there is nothing like the good old open grate. Home! Duty! Happiness! They all mean the same thing; and they all flourish best on the drawing-room hearthrug. [*Turning to* CLAIRE] And now, my love, we must not detain the Queen: she is anxious to inspect the model of her museum, to which we all wish every success.

CLAIRE [*coldly*] *I* am not detaining her.

EDSTASTON: Well, good-by [*wringing* PATIOMKIN'S *hand*], goo-oo-ood-by, Prince. Come and see us if ever you visit England. Spire View, Deepdene, Little Mugford, Devon, will always find me. [*To* VARINKA, *kissing her hand*] Good-by, mademoiselle; good-by, Little Mother, if I may call you that just once. [VARINKA *puts up her face to be kissed.*] Eh? No, no, no, no: you don't mean that, you know. Naughty! [*To the* SERGEANT] Good-by, my friend. You will drink our healths with this [*tipping him*].

THE SERGEANT: The blessed Nicholas will multiply your fruits, Little Father.

EDSTASTON: Good-by, good-by, good-by, good-by, good-by, good-by.

He goes out backward, bowing, with CLAIRE *curtsying, having been listened to in utter dumfoundedness by* PATIOMKIN *and* NARYSHKIN, *in childlike awe by* VARINKA, *and with quite inexpressible feelings by* CATHERINE. *When he is out of sight she rises with clinched fists and raises her arms and her closed eyes to heaven.* PATIOMKIN, *rousing himself from his stupor of amazement, springs to her like a tiger and throws himself at her feet.*

PATIOMKIN: What shall I do to him for you? Skin him alive? Cut off his eyelids and stand him in the sun? Tear his tongue out? What shall it be?

CATHERINE [*opening her eyes*] Nothing. But oh, if I could only have him for my—for my—for my——

PATIOMKIN [*in a growl of jealousy*] For your lover?

CATHERINE [*with an ineffable smile*] No: for my museum.

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Decorations by F. D. Skidmore

COLORADO
A Grin and a Grimace

by

GEORGE CREEL

REFORM'S fashionable nowadays. The whole United States and part of New England are awash in uplift, and, except during the baseball season, the spare moments of an enlightened citizenship are devoted to swatting Oligarchy. Every day hears fresh clatter outside, and the loud, cheery tones of some new courier telling how *his* imperial commonwealth is about to enter into the holy estate of matrimony with George W. Freedom, having just finished grinding Special Privilege to a pulp.

And yet the marriage never seems to take place. Or if the union is celebrated, the bridegroom is kidnapped before the house settles down for the night. And somehow the couriers never come posting back to tell us *why*. Yet the reason for this continuous performance of Parted at the Altar is what we most want to know.

It is in an attempt to bridge this chasm of silence that Colorado limps forward. In a way, the duty is peculiarly "up" to Colorado. It is a state that has done more good fighting than any other and won more

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victories, and, alas! a state that has sent more couriers forth into the world with tidings of "final triumph."

Colorado, however, isn't doing any Ancient Mariner act. No dead albatross hangs about her neck. It is not a story of failure by a long shot. All that is intended is an honest, unashamed confession of overconfidences and disappointments, and reverses doubly crushing because so unexpected, the hope being that the whole splendid forward movement may be given vigilance and understanding, and induced to safeguard results so that the people's victories will really *vic*.

There's small use of going back of "The Beast and the Jungle" with this confession. Judge Lindsey's story, told by Harvey J. O'Higgins and printed serially in EVERYBODY'S, ushered in Colorado's era of popular triumphs as far as decisive battles are concerned.

How we flamed with furious resolve as we read it! Not a soul but had been familiar with the facts, to be sure, but it took cold type to make people appreciate the full extent and danger of the cunning, far-flung plot against popular rights and equal justice. Right in the middle of the series revolt took shape and direction.

From coast to coast, cities and states are much alike. Change names, and the fights and problems are about the same. One of the things that jolts the average reformer most severely is to start out with his tale of hairbreadth escapes and find that other people in other places are undergoing identical experiences.

THE COLORADO MAN HUNT

Colorado doesn't claim exceptions, but it does claim exaggerations. Few states have wealth and working capital centered so absolutely in a few huge corporations, and corporations, mind you, that work in a unit. At the time of "The Beast and the Jungle," public utility monopolies, railroads, and fuel companies had the same political managers, contributed to a common slush fund, and shared amicably in the control of purchased legislators and party bosses. Republicans and Democrats fed at the same trough and served the one master.

So violent were our enthusiasms, however, that discouragement couldn't find standing-room, and from the start we borrowed Mr. Fitzsimmons's bland assertion that "the bigger they are the harder they fall." The first thing we did, as a matter of course, was to inaugurate a Man Hunt. No well-regulated reform movement thinks of commencing with anything but a hue and cry. As we saw it, all we had to do was to "crush" W. G. Evans, the corporation boss, and "kick out" Mayor Speer, the political boss, and then put our hand-picked good men in office.

Dear old dream! And instead of dying at once it lingered so horribly!

The time was rotten ripe. The Denver water monopoly, having failed to get in on the franchises that were bribed through by wholesale in 1906, was asking for a twenty-year grant, and there were a number of city and county officials to be elected. Rushing to meet the issue, we put a Citizens' ticket in the field, and presented a buy-or-build municipal-ownership plank.

The election was held on May 21, 1910, just three days after the last chapter of "The Beast and the Jungle," and resulted in the election of a majority of Citizen candidates and an overwhelming declaration in favor of municipal ownership of the water-plant.

What a gloat we had! Still there is this to say for us—we didn't let one victory paralyze us from the waist down. We kept the use of our legs, ran rings around placid Governor Shafroth, and eventually persuaded him to call an extra session of the Legislature for the purpose of submitting the Initiative and Referendum to the people as an amendment to the constitution.

The House passed the measure forthwith, but certain corporation senators blocked decisive action. Every one, by party pledge and personal declaration, had promised to vote for the submission of the amendment, yet the long summer through they proved themselves traitors at a daily expense of one thousand dollars. Our one gleam of humor, I remember, was President Taft's passionate praise of the beauties of *representative* government. The deadlock broke at last, however, and the amendment went on the ballot at the November election.

What a campaign it was! The corporations, as a matter of course, dragged out "the sacred ark of the covenant" and inquired piteously whether the memory of the "revered fathers" was to be profaned. Thomas Jefferson and Abraham Lincoln

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worked twelve-hour shifts, every franchise-grabber and side-whiskered lawyer constituted himself a liberty bell, and bill-boards screamed appeals not to "ruin dear old Colorado." The Initiative and Referendum was adopted by sixty thousand majority. *Some* victory!

Nor even then did we get satisfied and sedentary. In fact, wisps of battle-smoke still floated when a bunch of us gathered in Judge Lindsey's chambers: some lawyers animated by a praiseworthy desire to make their profession respectable, two or three newspaper men still in possession of ideals, and several business men with imagination enough to comprehend the vast spaces that lie beyond the rim of a till.

We talked magnificently of the "projectile force of certainty," opining that Peter the Hermit succeeded because *he* knew what he wanted; declared the value of "plans" and "program," and spoke largely of "group enthusiasm." Somebody suggested a club, but we vetoed that unanimously, having seen too many reform crafts go to pieces on Roberts's Rules of Order.

At last, after much praise of unity, we decided to make a sort of Three Musketeers affair of it, and I love to remember how we struck hands, pledged our lives, liberties, sacred honors, etc., etc. It sounds funny now, yet it *wasn't*.

We realized, of course, that Denver had to be "cleaned" before the state could be "saved," and our next step was a movement to get the commission form of government. Facts and figures were collected and discussed, and in the fall of 1911 we were able to present a well-considered plan to the people. In addition to the commission form, the proposed amendment also included the short ballot, the headless ballot, and the preferential system of voting. Under a constitutional guarantee that gave the citizens power to amend their charter whenever ten per cent. of the qualified electorate petitioned for a special election, we secured twenty thousand signatures and presented them to the city council.

Speer's sturdy henchmen threw them in the waste-basket. An honest judge mandamused the aldermen, but the Supreme Court granted a supersedeas, and took the matter under advisement for several months. Then, by way of supporting the theory of judicial infallibility, the court divided, three against three, each trio insisting that the others were absolutely wrong.

During this period, Mayor Speer, drunk with arrogance, ordered a midnight assault upon the court-house, and kicked out an assessor who had had the impudence to put a fair valuation upon "Boss Evans's" public utility corporations. It was the spark that kindled the piled-high resentment of a people!

In response to our call, thirty thousand men and women packed the state-house grounds on a snowy Sunday afternoon. We called it "assembling to consult for the common good," voiced "unbearable wrongs," and, baying square at the windows of the Supreme Court, demanded redress of "the high custodians of justice."

Ah, if Reform could only carry over its enthusiasm of *attack* into the task of *construction!* If it had been possible to collect some of the wonder of that mass-meeting in Mason fruit-jars!

A Citizens' ticket was put into the field, with Arnold, the ejected assessor, at its head. At the great meeting with which the campaign closed, the candidates raised hands to God, and took solemn oath that they regarded election as a mere expedient, and would bend instant energies to getting Commission Government at the earliest possible date.

May 21, 1912, was Denver's Fourth of July, as we fondly thought at the time. The Citizens received ten thousand more votes than the Republicans and Democrats put together, and Judge Lindsey, bitterly fought, was elected by a majority of 25,228. Absolutely confident that this marked the end of the "machine," we kissed the "good" men now in office a fond farewell for the time being, and turned our hob-nailed shoes in the direction of that holy of holies—*the Supreme Court.*

The Initiative and Referendum was our club. We thirsted for the Recall as

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desert-bound travelers long for water.

Perhaps the finest thing in connection with our whole movement was a perfect appreciation of the Initiative and Referendum as a *tool*—one that calls for heart and brain in the handling. Most reform groups regard it as a finished work—an automatic device for good government that takes care of itself.

We galvanized the Direct Legislation League into new life, formed branch leagues in every town and city for the nucleation of public sentiment, and started to work on the consideration of bills. It was a trying business, for, of course, everybody had a pet, and yet it was imperative that the first test of the tool should be *simple*.

SEVEN VICTORIES

We came through it very well, however, holding ourselves down to ten measures and the indorsement of two others—twelve in all. In addition, eight laws were proposed by other groups; six laws, passed by the Legislature, had been referred by petition of interested parties; and the Legislature, eager to make the test expensive and confusing, had referred six *utterly trivial* measures.

Of the thirty-two measures, only *seven* were approved by the people, and they were *ours*, namely, viz., and to wit:

1. The Recall of Officials, with emphasis on judges. 2. The Recall of Decisions, taking away the right of inferior courts to declare laws unconstitutional, vesting such power in the Supreme Court alone, and giving the people the right to reject the decision by process of petition and special election. 3. The Headless Ballot, doing away with emblems, party designations, and straight-ticket voting. 4. An Eight-Hour Law for women engaged in trades and industries. 5. A Mothers' Compensation Law permitting juvenile-court judges to award money to widowed and indigent mothers for the support of their children in the home. 6. Home Rule for Cities. 7. State-wide Civil Service.

We lost our "Oregon pamphlet" law, the public utilities court bill, a contempt of court amendment, and a measure putting control of the schools in the hands of the people and permitting Social Centers. With full appreciation of the dangers of boasting, this result is nevertheless submitted as a splendid demonstration of popular intelligence and the absolute workability of the Initiative, for the campaign was a nightmare of obstacles.

The ballot was cryptic to the last degree, the people being compelled to vote for "House Bill No. 91," or "Amendment to Section 6, Article 11 of the Constitution," and the method of publication provided by the Legislature continued this secrecy. The measures were printed as legal advertising—an appalling combination of agate type and legal phraseology. Had we possessed the pamphlet law, every one of our measures would have carried.

To cap the climax, the "drys" were in the field with State-wide prohibition and a search-and-seizure bill. Not only did this claim the time of many of our best workers, but it stirred old hates and passions to virulent life. Not one of our group but loathed the liquor traffic, but practically all of us felt that our industrial and economic measures should have been given the right of way, since they were aimed at the wretchedness that makes people *want* to drink.

On top of all these obstacles, confusions, and heart-breaking difficulties just pile the fact that the thirty-two measures were presented at a *presidential* and *gubernatorial* election, and then decide whether we had a right to feel proud of the result.

In addition to our seven great laws, a Direct Primary law, wrung from the Legislature, permitted us to wipe out the stain of Guggenheimism by naming Shafroth and Thomas for the Legislature to elect, and also allowed us to nominate and elect Ammons, a "good" man, to the governor's office. We *knew* he was good. He did not smoke, drink, or chew, his front name was Elias, and he came from the sweetly pure country. What wonder that our jar of ointment was as huge as Pike's Peak and twice as glorious!

But even as we gazed and admired we began to see flies inside—big "bluebottles."

"Good man" Arnold, the mayor, and practically all his appointees, together with many other "good" officials who had lifted their hands to God before election, were now *against* Commission Government. It was when this treachery became open and notorious that we had our first burial. We took the "put-good-men-in-office" bunk out of its glass case and silken wrappings, kicked in its smug face, and then interred it in the potter's field.

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Again there were meetings to hold in church and home—again there were petitions to circulate and signatures to get—but we plugged away and succeeded in having a special election called for February 14, 1913. And in the face of treachery, money, and the terrific opposition of the public-service monopolies, we put Commission Government over.

Nor were the people mocked! On May 20th commissioners were elected, and among the candidates was Arnold, the mayor. This man, who but one short year before had been chosen by the greatest majority in local history, did not carry so much as one precinct.

It was after this election that the Three Musketeers group gave up the ghost. The Citizens victory had smashed it badly, and the commissionership race finished the job. The movement that failure couldn't daunt was killed by success. The seductions of office-seeking and job-holding prevailed where all others had been futile.

Still there didn't seem to be much cause for mourning. Hadn't we won the Ultimate Victory? Speer, installed as editor of the corporation paper after his exit from office, had been kicked out of that job now, and Evans, the Special Privilege Napoleon, was deposed as water-company head, and was on his way to a sanitarium, broken in body and in heart. Our Man Hunt had been a complete success!

After the Citizens victory in 1912 I wrote an article for EVERYBODY'S entitled "Denver Triumphant," a two-page gloat. Now, after due consultation with Ben Lindsey and a chosen few, I addressed myself to the composition of a great masterpiece that would deal with the *future*—a calm, dignified, assured article in which would be set down the list of a free people's quiet determinations for the next ten years.

EVERYBODY'S accepted it joyously. It was to be the sequel and crown of "The Beast and the Jungle," for the editors all agreed with me that the Colorado fight had been won. I have the article before me now. Please let me quote the peroration; we *loved* it so, and then it *is* such a fine example of the fatuous cock-sureness that has been the curse of reform movements from time immemorial:

The dream of all is a state in which there shall be equality in justice and in opportunity; a state that will deny those monopolies and privileges that usurp common rights; a state free from the curse of involuntary poverty; a state that will stand before the world as the shrine of democracy; a state in which vice and crime are regarded as the results of adverse conditions and evil environment, and the accompanying responsibilities and duties of society freely admitted.

Safety and sanitation for all employments, social and industrial insurance laws, an extension of the eight-hour law to all activities, old-age pensions, such change in taxation as will end the penalization of industry and permit the people to receive the wealth created by the people—these are a few of the things that will be carved out of the solid block of public sentiment and social aspiration by the Initiative and Referendum.

Nor is there forgetfulness of the City as the controlling factor in the fight for a finer freedom. No eye can see a nation or a state, and it is in the visibility of the city that a very wonder of opportunity lies. As from the mountain top, these Free Cities of the Colorado plains stretch before the mind's eye, fair as a vision of the Psalmist. In every nook and cranny there will be sun and air, for with accurate estimation of the slum as the breeding-place of vice, crime, and disease, it will not be permitted any more than a dung-heap on a fair lawn.

Free legal-aid bureaus, municipal loan bureaus, free medical bureaus, city farms in place of jails, speedy solution of the problem of disemployment—the list of entirely feasible betterments could be extended indefinitely. It is in realization of the child as the future citizen, however, that the Free City will chiefly concern itself. No more the pull and haul of boards, but a luminous plan that will place schools, playgrounds, parks, baths, gymnasiums, libraries, art galleries, and municipal music under *one* central control that will give harmony, coherence, and projectile force.

Education will be related to the life of to-day, the Play Instinct will be conserved in youth and in age, and an appreciation of beauty will be encouraged as an essential feature of modern equipment. Great paintings, branch libraries, and symphony concerts in the school buildings, the last word in trade and vocational instruction, medical and dental clinics, farm schools for certain

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types, night use of all school buildings as social centers—the things that will be done are so many, so tremendous, that they tumble over each other in their clamor for recognition.

Before the article could be printed, the whole situation in Colorado changed with nightmare suddenness. On September 23, 1913, twelve thousand miners left the coal camps for tent colonies on the bleak mountainsides. By employment of armed guards and purchase of machine guns, the allied operators formed a private army, the strikers accepted the declaration of war, and killing became common. Then appeared the militia, military courts superseded civil authority, the writ of habeas corpus was denied, chambers of commerce urged the formation of vigilance committees to suppress agitators, labor unions issued calls to arms, and a great black wave of hate rolled its sullen length across the state.

Federal troops came. The fighting was transferred to the political arena. On November 3, 1914, Patterson and Costigan, gubernatorial candidates favored by the unions, were defeated by Carlson, choice of the coal operators. Practically all of the initiated measures dealing with social justice were disapproved by the people. The "forward movement," once so irresistibly projectile, is a thing of fragments.

Of a certainty, the country has a right to judge that Colorado, after an experience with "reform," has decided that there is more virtue in reaction. On the face of things, the state has repudiated progressivism, rejected the claims of labor, and given Special Privilege all its ancient power. Yet this effect of chaotic reversal is more apparent than real.

In the race for the Supreme Court, Campbell, the Republican reactionary, was defeated by Teller, a progressive Democrat; United States Senator Thomas, a Democrat fought by the corporations, was reelected, receiving 94,000 votes; while Kindel, sworn champion of the operators, polled but 8,000; Congressman Keating was returned in spite of the bitter opposition of the coal companies; and as for the victory of Carlson, the Republican candidate for governor, there is not one fact on which to base the assertion that he is a "coal-company man."

At the very outset of the campaign the Progressives returned to the Republican party, leaving Costigan in the lurch. Senator Patterson, the Democratic nominee, not only consented to run on a ticket with men that he had once driven from the party as proved knaves, but also came out flatfootedly against state-wide prohibition. Carlson drew the whole support of the "drys" by his bold advocacy of the amendment, and also profited by the fact that he was the one man in the race who had not identified himself with either side in the industrial war. There is every reason to believe that he will live up to his word, and stand for law enforcement and equal justice.

No, the *people* of Colorado are all right. It is the "reformers" who have been all wrong. We made the means to an end the very end itself, and it was inevitable that such a march should finish in a morass. When, as a consequence of the coal strike in 1904, the operators captured a Supreme Court and a governor away from the people, there was only wild outcry for "good" judges and a "good governor." When, in the franchise elections of 1906, the public utility corporations bought officials and citizens in droves, there was only clamor for "good" officials. We could not see that the fault was not with the men, but with a sys-

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Editor's Note.—**We can't go as far as Mr. Creel goes in this article. And, also, we go *farther*.**

We do not give up our belief in the "good" man. Mr. Creel says that some "good" men have not been able to "see" the *economic* injustices which are the roots of the woes of the world. That's true. But that's no reason for throwing "goodness" out of the window with a curse upon it. What we need is "good" men who *do* see the economic injustices and are resolved to destroy them.

We are not discouraged. We stand pat on the proposition of keeping on going forward. And we believe that the people of Colorado and the people of the United States are to-day keeping on going forward.

Mr. Creel says that the enemy is "economic." That's true. As long as the industrial relations and the commercial relations of people are wrong, their spiritual relations will never be right. We agree. But Mr. Creel then goes on to talk as if private ownership of natural resources such as mines, and private ownerships of natural monopolies such as

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tem that kept officials and electorate alike in continual contact with temptation—a system that turned immensely valuable municipal grants over to private greed and rapacity and that permitted monopolistic traffic in the stored riches of the earth. It never occurred to us that when we kicked out one boss the corporations would merely supply another a bit more subtle.

So we wasted time and energy and the people's confidence on the Man Hunt. And when we had ruined the poor wretches who succumbed to temptations to which we exposed them, we turned to the securement of the Initiative, Referendum, Recall, and Headless Ballot with the joyous certainty that these would bring the millennial dawn.

What an awakening! In the chaos precipitated by the coal strike the Initiative and Referendum sank out of sight without an obituarial ripple. The Recall was a joke. In Huerfano and Las Animas counties, where the officials defied the law, the coal companies have been in despotic control of the election machinery for years, and a large percentage of the miners are alien and illiterate. As for Ammons, the governor, it was not until the Ludlow massacre in April, 1914, that the people of Colorado began to lose faith in him. By that time it was too late for the Recall, since the gubernatorial election was only a few months away. In the harsh day when an industrial earthquake tumbled down the House of Freedom that was thought to be builded on the solid rock, was it any wonder that people threw their hands wide in revulsion and despair?

Our fault was the fault of every reform movement. Instead of seeing that it was a *system* that made men evil, we insisted that it was *men* who made the system evil; and when we had glutted our angers in pursuits and punishments, we devoted all time and effort to patent devices that would make this unbearable system bearable. About us were a thousand plain evidences that the problems of the day were economic and industrial, yet we put our big emphasis on politics, every movement strengthening the superstition that government is above people and detached from them.

Great stretches of fertile land lying bare and idle while cooped men cried for a chance at the soil; illiterate foreigners coming to hatred and revolt in the pitiful squalor of mining camps, while the state kept its padlock on 460,000 acres of coal land; water wasted and stolen that might bring deserts into blossoming or turn the wheels of beneficent power; families knowing the pinch of want by reason of private control of such necessities as light, heat, water, and transportation; officials corrupted in defense of indefensible privileges—these were the *fundamental* evils that we approached with a tinker's outfit of political tools.

Only Ben Lindsey saw clearly, and we called him "one idea-ed." Never once did we comprehend exactly that our one course was to build the state on an industrial base, to make government take off its purple robes, put on overalls, and commence the digging of ditches, the opening of mines, the harnessing of streams, the running of cars, the development of light, the furnishing of water, the settlement of waste places. Only in vagrant flashes did we catch the truth that our corruptions, unrests, and rebellious miseries sprang from private control of natural resources, from private exploitation of public necessities.

We think we see it now. When Colorado boasts again it will be from the firm ground of lasting results.

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railways, were the sum total, the hands and feet and lungs and head, of our enemy.

No, Mr. Creel, we are going to look at this "economic" question more broadly. We know that the working man is often "sweated" and starved and back-broken and soul-broken in public-ownership countries. We know that the business man is often checked and blocked off and prevented from doing his biggest and his best in public-ownership countries. We do not say that public ownership is not right. But we do say that it is not everything, any more than "goodness" was everything, or the referendum everything.

We are not "through" with "goodness" or with the "referendum." Mr. Creel is a fighting man. We want him to fight for personal rightness and for political rightness as doggedly and dashingly as he ever did. And then we want him to fight for economic rightness, too—but for *all* of it. Not only rightness in mines. Not only rightness in railways. But in factories, too, and banks and retail stores and homes and trade-union headquarters. We assure him that this economic enemy has a thousand hands, feet, lungs, and heads. We are for going after *all* of him.

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"YOU'LL FIND OUT I'M A FOOL AND A CROOK SOMETIME, SO IT MIGHT AS WELL BE NOW."

STILL JIM

by

HONORÉ WILLSIE

ILLUSTRATIONS BY J. SCOTT WILLIAMS

EARLIER INSTALMENTS: When James Manning was fourteen, his father was killed in a stone quarry by a falling derrick. His mother went to New York as housekeeper for an Irish lawyer, Michael Dennis, and Jim went along. When he decided that his life-work was to be engineering in the West—the work of a modern pioneer and trail-maker—his mother married Uncle Denny, so that Jim might have his chance at college. During his first year, Dennis's niece, Penelope, came to live with them, and Jim and his chum—a young Greek, Saradokis—became friendly rivals for her regard. Their friendship was destroyed when the Greek won a race by giving Jim an underhand blow that stopped him. Pen refused to believe in Saradokis's treachery.

Jim left, shortly after, for his first job—in the mountains of Washington. His first big opportunity came when an older engineer selected him to help find a site for the Makon River dam, in a cañon which had never been penetrated. The other engineer was lost—Jim won through. He was in charge of this new project when a letter came announcing that Pen had married Saradokis and that an automobile accident on their wedding-day had crippled him for life. It was a hard blow for Jim. Another came when he was summoned to Washington, with other engineers, to answer charges of graft and inefficiency. As he hurried back to the dam to fight a flood, he learned that Pen and Saradokis were already there. He arrived just as high water came, in time to begin fighting.

CHAPTER X—CONTINUED

JIM hung up the receiver and stood a moment in thought. Iron Skull was away — his superintendent and right hand. His mechanical and electrical engineers were gone too, leaving only cubs who had never seen a flood. Benson came running down the trail from the office.

"For the Lord's sake, Benson, have you been asleep?" said Jim.

Benson looked at the roaring flume.

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"She'll carry it all right, don't you think? I haven't been able to get in touch with the hydrographer for twenty-four hours. The water only began to rise an hour ago."

"The poor kid may be drowned!" exclaimed Jim. He turned to the group of men forming about him. "We're in for a fight, fellows. This flood has just begun, and it's higher now than I've ever seen the water in the flume. I'm going to fill the excavation with water from the flume and so avoid the wash from the main flow. Save what you can from the river-bed. Leave the excavation to me."

Five minutes later the river-bed swarmed with workmen. The cableways groaned with load after load of machinery. Jim ran down the trail around the excavation and up on to the great block of concrete. The top of this was just below the flume edge. The foreman of the concrete gang was aghast at Jim's orders.

"We may have a couple of hours," Jim finished, "or she may come down on us as if the bottom had dropped out of the ocean. See that every one gets out of the excavation."

The foreman looked a little pitifully at the concrete section. "That last pouring'll go out like a snow-bank, Mr. Manning."

Jim nodded. "Dam-builders' luck, Fritz. Get busy." He hurried into a telephone booth, even in the stress of the moment smiling ruefully as he remembered the complaint at the hearing. The booths *had* been too well built. Jim's predecessor had been a Government man of the old school in just one particular. Honest to his heart's core, he still could not understand the need of economy when working for Uncle Sam.

"Have you heard from Iron Skull?" Jim asked the operator.

"He ought to be here now, Mr. Manning," she replied. "I sent the car over to the station."

"You are all right, Miss Agnes," said Jim. "Tell Dr. Emmet to be near the telephone. I don't like the looks of Old Jezebel."

Jim hung up the receiver, pulled off his coat, and hurried out to the edge of the concrete section. A derrick was being spun along the cable-way, just above the excavation. A man was standing on the great hook from which the derrick was suspended. Men were clambering through the heavy sand up out of the excavation. The man on the edge of the excavation, who was holding the guide-rope attached to the swinging derrick, was caught in the rush of workmen. He tripped and dropped the rope, then ran after it with a shout of warning. For a moment the derrick spun awkwardly.

The man in the tower rang a hasty signal and the operator of the cable-way reversed with a sudden jerk that threw the derrick from the hook. The man on the hook clung like a fly on a thread. The derrick crashed heavily down on the excavation edge, and slid to the bottom, carrying with it a great sand-slide that caught two men as it went.

Jim gasped: "My God! I hate a derrick!" and ran down into the excavation, the foreman at his heels. Men turned in their tracks and wallowed back after Jim.

The derrick had fallen in such a way that its broken boom held back a portion of the slide. From under the boom protruded a brown hand with almond-shaped nails—unmistakably the hand of an Indian. The least movement of the boom would send the sand down over the wreckage of the derrick.

Uncontrollably moved for a moment, Jim dropped to his knees and crawled close to touch the inert hand. "Don't move!" he shouted. "We will get you out!" For just a moment, an elm-shaded street and a dismantled mansion flashed across his vision. Then he got a grip on himself and crawled out.

"Get a bunch of men with shovels!" he cried. "Dig as if you were digging in dynamite."

"They are dead under there, boss," pleaded the foreman. "And they ain't nothing but an Injun and a Mexican, an ornery hombre! And if you don't let the flume in, this whole place'll wash out like flour. It'll take an hour to get them out."

Jim's lips tightened. "You weren't up on the Makon, Fritz. My rule is, fight to save a life, at any cost. Keep those fellows digging like the devil."

He hurried back up on to the section, thence up to the flume edge. Then he gave an exclamation. The brown water had risen an inch while he was in the excavation. He ran for the telephone again.

In a moment a new form of activity began in the river-bed. Every man who was not digging gingerly at the sand-slide was turned to throwing bags of sand on coffer-

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dam and flume-edge to hold back the river as long as might be. Jim stood on the concrete section and issued his orders. His voice was steel-cold. His orders came rapidly, but without confusion. He concentrated every force of his mind on driving his army of workmen to the limit of their strength, yet on keeping them cool-headed that every moment might count.

It was an uneven fight at that. Old Jezebel gathered strength minute by minute. The brown water was dripping over on to the concrete when some one caught Jim's arm.

"Where shall I go, Boss Still?"

"Thank God, Iron Skull!" exclaimed Jim. "Go down and get that hombre and Apache out."

Iron Skull ran down into the excavation. The brown water began to seep over the edge of the pit. The men who were digging above the slide swore and threw down their shovels, making for the mountainside.

Jim tossed his megaphone to the concrete engineer and ran down into the excavation. He picked up a shovel. Iron Skull already was digging like a madman. Sheepishly the runaways turned back.

One of the workmen, who never had ceased digging, snarled to another: "What does he want to let the whole dam go to hell for two nigger rough-necks for?"

"Boss's rule," panted another. "Up on the Makon we'd risk our lives to the limit and fight for the other fellows just as quick. How'd you like to be under there? Never know whose turn's next!"

The brown water rose steadily, running faster over into the excavation. Out of the dozen men digging with Jim and Iron Skull there remained only the old Makon man and his mate. The water was touching the brown hand, which now twitched and writhed, when Jim said:

"Now, boys, catch the cable-hook to the boom and give the signal."

The derrick swung up into the air. Jim and the Makon man seized the Indian, Iron Skull and the other man the hombre. Both of them were alive but helpless. The concrete engineer shouted an order through the megaphone, and just as a lifting brown wave showed its fearful head beyond the Elephant, the river-bed was clear of human beings.

Jim avoided the crowd. He climbed up the hill and walked in at the open door of his little adobe house. As he dropped his suit-case he called, "Hello, Mrs. Flynn!"

A door at the end of the room opened and a very stout woman came in, her ruddy face a vast smile, her gray hair flying. She was wiping her hands on her apron.

"Oh, Boss Still, but I'm glad to see you! You look pindlin'. Ain't it awful about the dam? I bet you're hungry this minute. God knows, if I'd thought you'd be here for another hour I'd have had something against your coming. And if God lets me live to spare my life, it won't happen again."

She talked very rapidly, and as she talked she was patting Jim's arm, turning him round and round to look him over like a mother.

Jim flashed his charming smile on her. "Bless you, Mother Flynn! I know it's a hundred years since you've told me what God knows! I'll have a bath and go down to the office."

"And how's your mother and your Uncle Denny? I've been doing the best I can for your company. They ate stuff I took 'em only the first day, then she went to housekeeping," said Mrs. Flynn.

"Thank you," said Jim absently, and went into his bedroom.

In half an hour he had splashed in and out of his bath, was shaved and clad in camp-regalia. At his office, awaiting him, were his engineer associates and Iron Skull, and he put in a long two hours with them, his mind far less on the flood and the hearing than on the fact that Penelope was waiting for him up in the little tent-house, where Iron Skull said he had placed the visitors.

It was not quite eight o'clock when Jim stood before the tent-house, waiting for courage to rap.

Suddenly he heard Sara's voice. "I won't have women coming up here to snoop! Understand that, Pen, right now. Hand me the paper, and be quick about it."

Jim felt himself stiffen as he listened for Pen's voice in answer.

CHAPTER XI

THE TENT-HOUSE

Leave Old Jezebel to herself and she soon returns to old ways. She likes them best, for she is a woman.
Musings of the Elephant.

Pen's voice, when it came, was lower and fuller than he had remembered it, but there was the old soft chuckle in it.

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"BLESS YOU, MOTHER FLYNN! I KNOW IT'S A HUNDRED YEARS SINCE YOU'VE TOLD ME WHAT GOD KNOWS!"

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"Crosspatch! Draw the latch! Say 'please,' like a nice child, and then I'll play a game of cards with you."

Jim rapped on the door and stepped in. "Hello, Pen!" he said, holding out his hand.

She was changed and yet unchanged. A little thinner, older, yet more beautiful in her young womanhood than in her charming girlhood. Her chestnut hair was wrapped in soft braids around her head instead of being bundled up in her neck. Her eyes looked larger and deeper set, but they were the same steady, clear eyes as of old; ageless eyes; the eyes of the woman who thinks. She had the same full, soft lips, and as Jim held out his hand the same flash of dimples.

"Hello, Still! The mountains have come to Mahomet!"

"And a poor welcome I gave you," replied Jim. "Hello, Sara."

Jim turned to the great invalid chair. There, propped up in cushions, lay a fat travesty of the old Saradokis. This was a Sara whose tawny hair was turning gray with suffering; whose mouth, once so full and boyish, was now heavy and sinister; whose buoyancy had changed to the bitter irritability of the hopeless invalid.

Sara looked Jim over deliberately, then dropped his hand. "How do you think I am? Enjoying the dirty deal I've had from life?"

Jim had not realized before just what a dirty deal Sara had been given. "I'm sorry about it, Sara," he said.

Saradokis gave an ugly laugh. "Sounds well. I've never heard a word from you since the day we ran the Marathon. You hold a grudge as well as a Greek, Jim."

"Gee, I'd forgotten all about the race!" exclaimed Jim.

"I haven't," returned Sara. "Neither the race nor several other things."

Jim shrugged his shoulders and turned to Pen, who was watching the two men anxiously. "Tell me about your plans. I'm mighty happy to have you here."

"Sara's had the feeling for a long time that this climate would help him, and we've talked in a general way about coming. It was Mr. Freet who told Sara he thought there were some good real-estate chances here, and that decided Sara. Sara has done him a number of good turns in investments round New York."

Jim looked at Sara sharply but made no comment on Pen's remarks. "Are you comfortable here?" he asked, looking about the tent-house.

It was a roomy place. There was a good floor and a wooden wainscoting that rose three feet. The tent was set on this wainscoting, which gave plenty of head space. A gasoline stove in one corner, with a table and chairs and a cupboard, formed the kitchen. A cot for Pen and a book-shelf or two with a corner clothes-closet and some hammock-swung chairs completed the furniture. Pen had achieved the home-like with some chintz hangings and a rug.

"I am getting our meals right here," said Pen. "The steward said we could have them sent up from the mess, but it's less expensive and more fun to get them camp-fashion here. The Government store is a very good one, and all the neighbors have called and have brought me everything from fresh-baked bread to cans of jelly. They are so wonderfully kind to me."

Sara was staring at Jim with an insolent sort of interest. He had full use of his arms, as was evident when he gave the great wheel-chair a quick flip about so as to shade his eyes from the lamp. As Jim watched him, all the resentment of the past eight years welled up within him, with an added repugnance for Sara's fat helplessness and ugly temper that made it difficult for him to sit by the invalid's chair.

When Pen had finished her account Sara said: "You made rather a mess, didn't you, in handling the flood to-day?"

"You were splendid, Jimmy!" cried Pen. "I saw the whole thing!"

Jim shook his head. "It was expensive splendor!"

"You will find it difficult to explain your lack of preparation to an investigating committee, won't you?" asked Sara.

"If you can give a recipe for flood preparation," said Jim, good-naturedly, "you will have every dam-builder in the world at your feet."

Sara grunted and changed the subject and his manner abruptly. "Got any decent smoking-tobacco, Still?"

"That is hard to find here," replied Jim. "It dries out fast and loses flavor. I've got some over at the house I brought back from the East. I'll go over and get it now. Will you let Pen walk over with me? I'd like to have her see my house."

"Makes no difference to me what she

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does. Hand me that book, Pen, before you start."

Out under the stars Jim pulled Pen's hand within his arm and asked: "Pen, is he always like that?"

"Always," answered Pen. "Do you remember the 'Wood-carver of Olympus'? How he was hurt like Sara and how he blasphemed God and was embittered for years? He was reconciled to his lot after a time and people loved him. I have so hoped for that change in poor Sara, but none has come."

"Pen!" cried Jim suddenly. "I gave you my sign and seal. Why did you marry Saradokis?"

Pen answered slowly: "Jim, why wouldn't you understand and take me West with you when I begged you to?"

"Understand what?" asked Jim tensely.

"That Sara's hold on me was almost hypnotic; that it was you I really cared for—as I realized as soon as Sara was hurt. If only you had had the courage of your convictions, Still!"

Jim winced but found no reply, and Pen went on, her voice meditative and soft, as if she were talking not of herself but of some half-forgotten acquaintance. "I used to feel resentful that Sara thought I was worth such constant attention while you, in spite of the sign and seal, were quite as content with Uncle Denny as with me. And yet, after it all was over and I had settled down to nursing Sara for the rest of my life, I could see that I had had nothing to give you then and Uncle Denny had. Life is so mercilessly logical to look back on, Jimmy."

Jim put his hand over the cold little fingers on his arm.

"I did not try to write to you," Pen went on. "I——"

But Jim could bear no more. "Pen! Pen! What a miserable fool I am!"

"You are nothing of the kind!" exclaimed Pen indignantly. "What do you think of the mess I've made of my life, if you think you are foolish?"

"What am I to do? How can I make it up to you?" cried Jim.

"By letting me stay in your desert for a time," answered Pen. "I know I'm going to love it."

They were at Jim's door-step and he made no reply. As usual, words seemed futile to him. He showed Pen his house and found the tobacco, letting Mrs. Flynn do all the talking. Then, still in silence, he led Pen back to her tent. At the door he gave her the tobacco and left her.

Jim had a bad night. He stayed in bed until midnight, then, to get away from his own thoughts, he dressed and went out to the dam. The water had reached its height. There was nothing to do save wait until Old Jezebel grew weary of mischief. But Jim tramped up and down the great road between the dam and the lower town all night.

His mind swung from Pen to the hearing and from the hearing to the flood, then back to Pen again. From Pen his thoughts went to his father, and with his father he paused for a long time.

Was the evil destiny that had made his father fail, to follow him too? Jim had always believed himself stronger than his father, somehow better fitted to cope with destiny. Yet ever since his trouble with Freet on the Makon there had been growing in Jim a vague distrust of his own powers. He could build the dams—yes, if "they" would leave him free to do so. If "they" would not fret and hound him until his efficiency was gone. It was the very subtle intangibility of "they" that made him uneasy, made him less sure of himself and his own ability.

He had planned after he had finished his work to turn his attention to solving the problem of old Exham. How was he to do this if he was not big enough to cope with his own circumstance? And was he going to miss the continuation of the Manning line because he had failed to grasp opportunity in love as in everything else?

Dawn found Jim watching the Elephant grow bronze against the sky. The Elephant had a very real personality to Jim as it had to every one else in the valley.

"What is to be, is to be, eh, old friend?" said Jim. "But why? Tell me why?"

The sun rolled up and the Elephant changed from bronze to gold. Jim sighed and went up to his house.

All that day crowds of workmen on the banks watched Old Jezebel romp over their working-place, and they swore large and vivid oaths regarding what they would do to her once they got to balking her again. It was about noon that a buckboard drawn by two good horses stopped at the foot of the cable tower. The driver called to Iron Skull Williams, who was chewing a toothpick and chatting with Pen. Williams led Pen up to the buckboard.

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"Like to introduce Oscar Ames, one of our old-time irrigation farmers," said Iron Skull. "And this is Mrs. Ames, his boss. And this lady is a friend of the boss—Mrs. Saradokis."

Pen held out her hand and the two women looked each other over in the quick, appraising way of women. Mrs. Ames was perhaps fifty years old. She was small and thin and brown, with thin gray hair under her dusty hat and a thin throat showing under her linen duster. Her face was heavily lined. Her eyes were wonderful: a clear blue, with the far-seeing gaze of eyes that have looked long on the endless distances of the desert. Yet perhaps the look was not due altogether to the desert, for, young as she was, Pen's had the same expression.

"I am glad to know you," said Penelope.

"Thank you," said Mrs. Ames bashfully.

Oscar Ames shook hands heartily. He was a big man of fifty, with hair and skin one shade of ruddy tan. "Glad to meet you, ma'am. Say, Iron Skull, how'd you come to let the water beat you to it? This adds another big cost to us farmers' bill."

Williams grunted. "Wish you folks had been up on the Makon. That's where we had real floods. Ames, we are doing our limit. Ain't you old enough yet to know that a lift under the arm carries a fellow twice as far as a kick in the pants? Here's the boss now. Light on him. Poor old scout!"

Jim was on horseback. He rode slowly up and dismounted. "How are you, Ames? And Mrs. Ames? Have you met Mrs. Saradokis? Ames, before you begin to chant my funeral march, let me ask you if you don't want to sell that south forty you say I'm not irrigating right. Mr. Saradokis represents some Eastern interests. Perhaps you'd like to meet him."

Oscar grinned a little sheepishly. "Business before pleasure! I'll go right up to see him now."

"Then you must come up with me," said Penelope to Mrs. Ames, and the two women followed after Jim and Oscar.

Sara lay in his invalid chair before the open door, maps, tobacco, and magazines scattered over the swing-table that covered his lap. Pen, as if to ward off any rudeness, began to explain as she mounted the steps:

"Here is a gentleman who has land for sale, Sara!"

Sara's scowl disappeared. He gave the Ames family such a pleasant welcome that Jim was puzzled. Ames and Jim dropped down on the door-step while Mrs. Ames and Pen took the hammock-chairs.

"Have you people been long in this country?" asked Pen.

"Thirty years this coming fall," replied Ames, taking the cigar Sara offered him and smelling it critically.

"You must have done some work in the interval," commented Sara.

"Work!" said Ames with a half laugh. "Why, when I took up that land, sand and silence, whisky and poker were the staples round here. I built a one-room adobe, bought a team, imported a plow and a harrow and a scraper, and went at it. I've got a ten-acre orange grove now and two hundred acres of alfalfa and a foreman who lets me gad! But no one who ain't been a desert farmer can imagine how I worked."

"I never did get through being homesick," said Mrs. Ames suddenly. "My first two babies died there in that first little adobe. I was all alone with them and the heat and the work."

"Jane, you let me talk," interrupted Oscar briskly. "We both worked. The worst of everything was the uncertainty about water. Us farmers built the dam that laid sixty miles below here. Just where Government diversion dam is now. But we never knew when the spring floods came whether we'd have water that year or not. More and more people took up land and tapped the river and the main canal. Gosh! It got fierce. Old friends would accuse each other of stealing each other's water. Then we had a run of dry years. No rain or snow in the mountains. And green things died and shriveled a-borning. The desert was dotted with dead cattle. Three years we watched our crops die and——"

"I have worked too," Jane Ames interrupted again. "I'd had no help and had cooked for half a dozen men and—and—then the babies! Having four babies is not play, you know!"

"Oh, I know!" exclaimed Ames impatiently. "You worked. But you hadn't made things grow like I had. I suppose that's why you felt different; kept on being homesick. That winter the snows was heavy in the mountains and we were tickled at the thought of high water in the spring. We all got out in May to strengthen the

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SARADOKIS GAVE AN UGLY LAUGH. "SOUNDS WELL. I'VE NEVER HEARD A WORD FROM YOU SINCE THE DAY WE RAN THE MARATHON. YOU HOLD A GRUDGE AS WELL AS A GREEK, JIM."

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dam, hauling brush and stone. But the water rose like the very devil. We divided into night- and day-shifts, then we worked all the time. But it was no use. The whole darned thing went out like Niagara. Forty-three hours at a stretch I worked—and the dam went out! And the next year the same. Then it was that we began to ask for the Reclamation Service."

Pen drew a long breath and looked from Ames's strong, tanned face out at the breathless wonder of the landscape. Far beyond the brooding bronze Elephant lay the chaos of the desert, yellow melting into purple and purple into the faint peaks of the mountains.

"What I can't understand, Ames," said Jim slowly, "after all this is, why you roast the Service so."

Ames flushed. "Because," he shouted, "you are so pig-headed! You aren't building the dam for us farmers. You are building it for the glory of your own reputation as an engineer."

There was a moment's silence in the tent-house. Jim shrugged his shoulders. Sara's eyes narrowed as he half smiled to himself.

"For instance," Ames went on, "what are you making the third canal so big for? We don't need it that size. You're wasting time and our money. We've got to pay for the project, us farmers. You don't take any interest in that fact, though."

"You don't need a canal that big, but your children will," said Jim. "I'm building this dam for the future. You farmers never built for anything but the present. That's why your dams went and the water wars were on. But you can't teach a farmer anything."

Jim spoke with a cold contempt that startled Penelope. Ames's kindly eyes were blazing.

"No, but maybe us farmers can teach an engineer something. And I don't know a better talking-point for starting an investigation than the way you let the flood rip everything to pieces."

"Which portion of your land is for sale, Mr. Ames?" asked Pen. "My husband has a map of the valley over there."

Jim rose and took up his pony's reins. "I'm sorry anything unpleasant came up, Pen. But you'll find out I'm a fool and a crook sometime, so it might as well be now. I must get back." He smiled, lifted his hat, and rode off. The four in the tent stared after him.

"He always seems so kind of alone," said Mrs. Ames. "They say his men will do anything for him, and yet he always seems kind of lonely. I don't seem to hate him the way the rest of the valley does. He's so young, he don't know how to be patient yet."

"Oh, they don't hate him, do they?" protested Pen.

"You bet!" answered Ames succinctly. Then he added: "You'll have to excuse me saying that. I forgot you was his friends. But this here valley is like my child to me. I'm fighting for her."

"We want to know the truth about him," said Sara. "Are you really trying to get rid of him?"

Ames nodded and picked up the map. "I don't think he's crooked, like some do. I just think he's too young and pig-headed for the job."

"How do you know he's not crooked?" asked Sara.

Pen drew a startled breath. Ames looked at Sara curiously. "I thought you was his friend."

"He's my wife's friend," replied Sara. "You know what the Congressional committee reported about him."

"Sara!" cried Pen. "You know Jim couldn't do a crooked thing to save his life!"

Sara's black eyes blazed dangerously. Mrs. Ames stirred uncomfortably and Pen rose.

"Let's leave the men to their land sales and go where we can get a view of the camp," she said.

The two women walked slowly out to the mountain edge and settled themselves on a rock.

"I'm sorry anything unpleasant occurred," said Pen.

"Don't you let it worry you," replied Mrs. Ames. "I'm used to it. Ever since the dam was started, Oscar has been like an old maid with an adopted baby."

"I'm so sorry Jim has made himself unpopular here," said Pen. "He and I were brought up by my uncle. He married Jim's mother. And Jim is fine. The Lord made Jim and then broke the mold. There's no one like him; no one cleaner and truer!"

Mrs. Ames looked at Pen thoughtfully. Then she patted the girl's hand. "Don't you worry about him. He's got lots to

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learn, but the Lord don't waste stuff like him. I would be perfectly happy if my boy turned out like him."

Pen smiled a little uncertainly. "We who know him so well are foolish about Jim. Tell me about your children."

"I have two left," replied Mrs. Ames. "They're at school in El Paso. I was bound they should have their chance. I'd like to ask you something. Have you got a pattern for the waist you've got on? I'd like to make one for my Mary. Though I don't know! My hands are so rough I can't handle embroidery silks very good." She held up two work-distorted hands.

"I made this blouse myself," said Pen. "I'd love to make one for your Mary. Time will hang on my hands out here some days."

"That's nice of you," said the little desert woman, taking the gift as simply as it was offered. "You tell me what materials to get. I guess I can find some way to pay you up."

"Come to see me, or let me come to see you," exclaimed Pen. "That will be pay enough. I have few friends, for my husband doesn't like them. But I can see that he has taken a liking to you two."

"The minute I saw you I knew something pleasant had happened to me," said Jane Ames. "You don't mind having an old woman for an admirer, do you?"

Pen's dimples showed. "The more I see of men, Mrs. Ames, the better I like women."

Jane Ames nodded understandingly. "The women I know all have got it hard one way or another. And I guess desert farming ain't the worst thing that can happen to a woman. Here comes Oscar. I suppose he's mad because I ain't down at the buckboard counting the minutes till he gets to me. Good-by, my dear. I'll see you soon."

Pen did not return to the tent-house at once. She saw Iron Skull up on the mountainside watching a group of Indians break out the first line of a road, and she strolled over to talk to him. Jim's letters home had been full of Iron Skull, and Pen felt as if she knew him well.

"How do, Mrs. Saradokis?" said Williams.

"Are they all Indians?" asked Pen, staring round-eyed at the group of workmen.

Iron Skull nodded. "Jicarilla and Mohave Apaches. I've fought with the older men. They make good workmen if you understand them. Old Suma-theek over there is one of my best friends."

There might have been fifty of the Indians, stalwart fellows, using pick and shovel with a deliberate grace that fascinated Pen. She watched in silence for a moment, then she said:

"Mr. Williams, I'm worried about Jim. Is it really true that they are trying to oust him?"

Iron Skull looked at Pen's anxious hazel eyes, then out at the ranges. Then he scratched his head. "I'm a little worried myself, Mrs. Saradokis. He's up against a bad proposition and he just won't admit it. I don't like to nag him. You see, him and me are just naturally partners, though I am old enough to be his father. And there's some ways a man can't nag another man."

"Do you think I could help him?" asked Pen. "He and I've always been good friends."

Williams hesitated, then he spoke with a sudden deep earnestness that surprised Pen. "If you don't help him, things will be bad for Boss Still. And you're the only person I know of that could influence him."

He paused as he saw Pen flush painfully, then he went on a little awkwardly: "Maybe you'll understand me better if—if I tell you I was with Boss Still when a—Mr. Dennis wrote about your marriage. I know about how he felt and all, and I sort of look at your coming at this particular time as a kind of a godsend. Now I'm going to tell you some things, confidential, and leave it to your judgment how to act. Boss Still he sort of worshiped Freet. You know who he is?"

Pen nodded. Williams went on. "Freet, as I size it up, wanted to break a smart cub in to be a kind of catspaw for him in selling water-power to the right folks and running the canals right. It's darn seldom you meet a good engineer that's money hungry. But Freet is. He's a miser in a way. But up on the Makon he found out the boss is as innocent as a baby of graft and, more'n that, he had his head in the clouds so's there was mighty little hope of his coming down to earth. So Freet got him sent down here.

"Well, the time's coming down here when there'll be a nice lot of water-power. It belongs to the farmers after they pay for the dam, but the idea is for the engineer in charge to show 'em where to sell it to best advantage. If the engineer here ain't the

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right kind, the Water-Power Trust can make him trouble. All sorts of ways, you see. Getting the farmers sore at him is one. See?"

Pen nodded again, her eyes wide and startled. "Now," said Iron Skull, "don't be offended, but I'm wondering about your husband. I know Freet knows him, and if it should just happen that your husband had any old scores to settle with the boss——"

He paused and Pen exclaimed: "I believe we'd better go right back to New York—though as far as I know we're out here just for Sara's health and for him to buy up some land Mr. Freet knew about."

"Now don't get excited," said Williams. "Remember this here is all speculation on my part. You stay right here. If it wasn't your husband, it would be some one else, and I'd rather it would be some one that has you to watch 'em! And that ain't the most important part of your job, either, Mrs. Saradokis. Somehow the boss ain't getting the grip on things he'd ought to. I don't mean in engineering. He just can't be beat at that. I don't know just what it is, but he's a big enough man to have this valley in the hollow of his hand. And he ain't. I want you should help me find out why, and then *make* him get at it. This little old United States needs men of his blood and kind of mind. I've fell down on my job. Don't you let him fall down on his. It's the one way you can pay up for—for the other thing you took out of his life."

Pen stood with tear-blinded eyes and trembling lips. Iron Skull cleared his throat. "I hope you don't mind my butting in this-a-way?"

Pen shook her head. "I'll do my best," she said. "Only I'm pretty small for the job."

CHAPTER XII

THE END OF IRON SKULL'S ROAD

The Indians know that the spirit blends with the Greater Spirit and I myself have seen every atom that was mortal lift again and again to new life, out of the desert's atom drift. *Musings of the Elephant.*

"Here he comes now," said Williams.

Jim rode up and dismounted. "Hello, Pen! What do you think of my roads? I'm crowding as many men on to the roads as I can until the water goes down. Idleness is bad for them. You see, in spite of electric lights and a water system, we're a long way from civilization, and it gets on the men's nerves unless we keep 'em busy. I'm going to start a moving-picture show in the lower camp. The official photographer will run it for us. Just the usual five-cent movies, you know. Anything above running expenses will go toward the farmers' debt."

Iron Skull moved away to speak to Suma-theek. Jim went on slowly; "You can see what I'm up against in Ames. Any day I may get a recall. Every farmer on the dam hates me, for some reason or other. I tell you, Pen, if they don't let me finish my dam and the roads to and from it, it will ruin my life."

Pen's tender eyes studied Jim's face. Long and thin, with its dreamer's forehead and its steel jaw, it was the same dear face that Penelope had carried in her heart since that spring day long ago when a long-legged freshman had said to her: "I'm glad you've come. I'm going to think a lot of you, I can see that."

"You know, Jim," she said, "that your mother and Uncle Denny always shared your letters with me?"

Jim nodded. "I wrote them for that."

"And so I really know a good deal about your work. Uncle Denny studied the maps and the Government reports and then he actually saw the dams, you know, and would tell me all the details. Honestly, we'd qualify as experts in any court! And if you'll just let me share your worries while I'm out here, I shall be prouder even than Uncle Denny after you've asked his advice. And won't I crow over him after I get back to New York!"

A glow came to Jim's eyes that had not been there for years. "Gee, Pen! You tempt me! But I'm not going to load you up with my troubles. You have enough with Sara. Perhaps Sara will shoot Ames for me! Sara looks like a sure-enough gunman, now. How he has changed, Pen!"

"If only you could have forgiven him enough to write him once in a while, Jim! After all, he's been more than punished, even for the Marathon matter or for that crazy romance about the ducal inheritance. I realized, Jim, after I had married him, that Sara was quite capable of the Marathon accident. Yet I wish you had forgiven him."

"The Marathon, Pen!" cried Jim. "For Heaven's sake, don't suppose that was why

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PEN SMILED. "I KNOW YOU TO THE LAST HAIR IN THAT BROWN THATCH OF YOURS, STILL JIM." THEN SHE TURNED TO IRON SKULL, WHO WAS EAGER TO HAVE HER TALK TO OLD SUMA-THEEK.

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I didn't write to Sara! It's the dirty trick he did in marrying you that I'll never get over!"

"Oh, but that's not fair!" returned Pen. "He—well, anyway, he's a cripple now and needs your help."

"I—help Sara!" exclaimed Jim. "Why, I simply don't know he's living. It's my turn now. Sara has had his innings. Desert methods are perfectly simple and direct, and I'm a desert man now. You are here with me, Penelope, and you are going to stay with me."

Iron Skull was coming back. Pen laughed. "You and Sara ought to write movie dramas, Jim." Then she sobered. "Don't misunderstand my coming to the dam, Jimmy. I've learned many things since you left me in New York. One thing is that we can't cut our lives loose from other lives and be a law to ourselves. Another is that any responsibility we take up voluntarily ought to be carried to the end."

Jim looked at Pen curiously and his jaw set. She was several years younger than Jim, yet something had come to her in the years just past that made him in some ways feel immature. But Jim had not hungered and thirsted for eight years in starry solitudes with one memory and one dream to keep his heart alive, to relinquish the dream without a fight.

"Penelope," he said, "you don't know me."

Pen smiled. "I know you to the last hair in that brown thatch of yours, Still Jim." Then she turned to Iron Skull, who was eager to have her talk to old Suma-theek.

For some days, Jim had no opportunity to continue Pen's education, with himself as text-book. He was engrossed in watching and tending the flood. Old Jezebel enjoyed herself thoroughly for a week. She fought and scratched at the mountainsides, but save for the chafing of purple lava-dust from their walls she made no impression on their imperturbability. She ripped down the last pouring, contemptuously leaving tons of rock and concrete at the foot of the concrete section. She roared and howled and shook the good earth with a noise as of a railway train tearing through a tunnel, and Jim laughed.

"If it wasn't for you, old girl," he told her one afternoon, "I'd go crazy with the flea-bitings of the enemy. But you, bless your wicked soul, are an honest part of the game. I was bred from the beginning to fight floods. You attack in the open, like an honest vixen. Wait till I get my clutches on you again!"

As Jim finished this soliloquy with considerable satisfaction to himself, Iron Skull came up and laid a newspaper on his saddle-horn. "The newspapers are roasting you, Boss Still."

"What do they say this time, Iron Skull?" Jim did not offer to lift the paper.

"You are inefficient. A friend of Freet's. They don't say you caused high water, but they insinuate you suggested it to the weather man. You'd ought to tell the Secretary of the Interior the whole truth about the Makon, Boss Still."

"I can't do that, Iron Skull. I'm no squealer."

"I know. And I've always advised you to keep your mouth shut. But write to the editor of this paper, Boss."

Jim did not reply at once. The two were on the mountainside, not a great distance from Pen's house, past which the new road was to run. The Indians were making ready for the sunset blasts. Above the distant roar of Old Jezebel, Suma-theek's foreman's whistle sounded clear and sweet as he signaled his men.

The naked beauty of the brown and lavender ranges, the wholesome tang of the thin air, the far sweep of the afternoon sky, seemed suddenly remote to Jim.

"It's bigger than any editor," he said. "I don't know what is the matter. My only hope is that I can finish my dam before they get me."

"You've got to fight back, now," persisted Iron Skull.

"It's not my business to fight for permission to build this Project!" cried Jim. "I was hired to build it! I was hired to fight Old Jezebel and not the farmers!"

The little superintendent laid a knotted hand on Jim's knee. "You must take my advice in this, partner. I'm an old man and I'm likely to go any time. I'd like to feel that I'd helped you into a big success. It's the only record I'll leave behind me except a few dead Injuns. We both come of good old New England stock and we've got to show the old fighting blood ain't dead yet. I want to tell you—Hi! Suma-theek! Jump! Jump!"

Suma-theek was standing close to the mountainside out of which a blast had cut

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a great slice of rock. Up above his head some loosened stone was slipping down the mountain. As he called, and before either Jim or the Indian saw the impending danger, Iron Skull dashed across the road and shoved Suma-theek out of the danger-line. But he miscalculated his own agility. The rapidly sliding rock caught him on the head, and he who had shed Indian bullets like raindrops went down like a piñon smitten by lightning.

For one breath there was an appalling silence on the mountainside. The Apaches stood like a group of bronzes. The eagle who lived on the Elephant's side hung motionless high above the road. A cottontail sat with quivering nose and inquiring ears above the rift of the slide.

Then, with a shout, Jim flung himself from his horse and thrust the reins into an Indian's hands. "Ride for the doctor!" And the Indian was off like a racing shadow.

At Jim's call, old Suma-theek gave a great groan and ran to lift Iron Skull's head. The Indians gathered about in wonder as Jim knelt beside his friend. For Iron Skull was dead.

Penelope ran out of the tent-house at Jim's shout and made her way among the Indians to Jim's side.

"Oh, Jim!" she cried. "Oh, Jim! Oh, Jim!" Then she dropped down and lifted the quiet face into her lap and wiped the blood from it and fell to sobbing over it. "Oh, what a useless death!" she sobbed. "What a useless death!"

Jim held his dead friend's hands close. Through his tear-blinded eyes he saw a golden August field and felt other fingers clinging to his own.

The doctor, driving the mule ambulance, dashed up the half-made road. He looked Iron Skull over and shook his head. "Get the stretcher out," he said to Jim.

Four Indians lifted the stretcher with Iron Skull on it, but when they would have put it in the ambulance old Suma-theek stepped forward. He was taller even than Jim. His face was lean and wrinkled. His eyes were deep-set and tragic. He wore a twist of red cloth fillet-wise around his head.

"He die for Injun. Let Injun carry 'em home," said the old Apache. "He heap good fighter. He speak truth. He keep word. He a big chief. He die for Apache. Let Apache carry 'em home."

The doctor looked inquiringly at Jim, who nodded.

"I'll go on down to his house and get things ready for him," said the doctor, and he drove off.

Jim and Penelope stood back. The four Indians bearing the stretcher followed after Suma-theek, and in a long single line the remaining Apaches followed, joining Suma-theek in the death-chant which is the very soul-cry of the desolate:

"Ai! Ai! Ai! Beloved!
Ai! Ai! Ai! Beloved!"

Down the winding road, in a world all liquid gold from the setting sun, past the great shadow of the brooding elephant, past the cable towers and the engine-house where the workmen stared, motionless and aghast, into the twilight of the valley where the electric lights flared, the chanting Indians carried their friend and laid him on his bed.

Close after eight o'clock, Jim dashed out of his house as if a voice had called him. He dropped down the steep trail to the cañon, crossed the cañon, and took the steep trail up the Elephant's side. When he reached the Elephant's top he crossed the broad back to a heap of boulders and threw himself down in their shelter.

It was a moonlit night. Silver lay the desert, with the black scratch of Old Jezebel across it and the ragged purple shadows of the ranges to the east. Jim sat, chin in palm, elbow on knee, eyes wide on the soft wonder of the night. It always seemed to him that the desert night freed him of time and space and set him close to the Master Dream. He had learned to take his grief and his despair to the desert mountaintops.

He sat for an hour, going over his life and his friendship with Iron Skull, when a quick step sounded on the Elephant's back and Penelope swung past him out to the edge of the crater that formed the Elephant's east side. She stood there, her gray suit fluttering in the night wind, looking far and wide as if the view were new to her. Then she sat down on the ground, clasped her arms across her knees, and bowed her head upon them. There was so much of despair in the gesture that Jim could not bear the sight.

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CHAPTER XIII

The squaws who come at times to crouch upon my back have the slow, listening patience of the rabbits.
Musings of the Elephant.

"Penelope!" Jim called softly.

Pen raised her head as if she were dreaming.

"Pen!" repeated Jim, rising and walking slowly toward her. "Don't sit so near the edge."

"You can see the eagle's nest from here," said Pen, pointing down the crater wall. "What brought you up here, Still?"

"The Elephant is an old friend of mine, particularly when I'm broken up as I am to-night," replied Jim, taking Pen's hand and leading her back to his own place, which was sheltered from the wind. "What brought you here, and how about Sara?"

"Sara took a hypodermic to-night. He will be motionless until morning. Ever since the new moon came, I've been promising myself a trip up here."

"So Sara adds dope to his other accomplishments!" commented Jim.

"He suffers so from insomnia, I don't blame him," answered Pen. "He has pain practically all the time. I think he gradually grows worse. Poor Sara! He said to-night he hated the sight of even a dog that can use its own legs. Don't be too hard on him, Jim."

"I can't help being hard on him when I see how he treats you, the cad!" said Jim.

"He can't hurt me," said Pen. "I'm too sorry for him. Though I'll admit that I never knew what it was to lose control of my temper until after I was married. Still, where will they bury Iron Skull?"

"We have a little graveyard high on the mesa-top, yonder. He hadn't a relative in the world. He was of good old New England stock. He was trying to tell me something about his feeling for the dam because of that, when he was killed."

Jim was speaking a little brokenly and Pen laid her hand on his arm as he went on:

"The big dangers on the dam we try to guard against. We can't even foresee a thing like Iron Skull's sacrifice. But I knew he would have liked to go giving his life for some one he loved the way he did old Suma-theek. Sometimes I think there ought to be listed on a bronze tablet on the wall of each structure the names of those who died in giving it birth. The big structures are all consecrated in blood. Sky-scrapers, bridges, and dams all demand their human sacrifices. Thirty men went on the Makon. We've lost eight here so far."

"Sara was frightfully upset," said Pen. "That's why he took the hypodermic. Any thought of death makes him hysterical. The chant set him to swearing frightfully. Jim, I'd give anything to be able to set Sara right with himself."

"Pen, why did Sara come down here?" asked Jim abruptly.

Penelope hesitated. She did not want to voice Iron Skull's suspicions until she had verified them. "I don't know, Jim," she said finally. "I thought it was for his health and the land, but I feel uneasy since I see his attitude toward you."

"If he has any idea of speculating in real estate, I'll have to head him off," said Jim. "Land speculation hurts the Projects very seriously."

"What harm does it do?" asked Pen.

"Inflates land values so that farming doesn't pay with the already heavy building charges for the dam."

"Oh, I see!" mused Pen. "I'll talk to Sara about it."

"Don't say a word to him. I can fight my own battles with Sara. Penelope, what were you thinking about when you sat over there at the crater edge with your head in your arms?"

In the moonlight a slow red stained Pen's face. Jim watched her with puzzled eyes.

"I—I can't tell you all I was thinking," she said. "But some of it was because of Iron Skull. I was thinking how awful it will be for us to die, you and Sara and me, leaving not a human being behind us, just as Iron Skull did."

"Most of us New Englanders are going that way," said Jim. "And somehow most of the Anglo-Saxons in America are inadequate. We have so steadily decreased our birthrate in the past hundred years that we are nearly seven million babies below normal. South European children will take their places."

"Well, I don't know that it will hurt America in the long run," said Pen.

"I think it will," insisted Jim. "This country is governed by institutions that are inherently Saxon. The people who will inherit these institutions are fundamentally different in their conceptions of

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government and education. I am a New Englander, descendant of the Anglo-Saxon founders of the country. I can't see my race and its ideal passing without its breaking my heart.

"Why do you pass?" asked Pen sharply. "Why don't you brace up?"

"We don't know how," said Jim.

"I wonder if that's true," murmured Pen, "and if it is true, why?"

Silence fell between the two. The night wind sighed softly over the Elephant's broad back. The eagle, disturbed by the voices above his nest, soared suddenly from the crater, dipped across the cañon, and circled the flag that was seldom lowered before the office. The flag fluttered remotely in the moonlight.

"Look, Jim," whispered Pen, "the eagle and the flag so young, and the Elephant so old, and poor Iron Skull lying there dead. I wish I could make a legend from it. The material is there—Oh, Sara said such horrible things to-night!"

Penelope shivered. Jim jumped up and held out his hand. "Come, little Pen! I'm going to take you home. How cold your fingers are!"

Jim kept Pen's cold little hand warm within his own whenever the trail permitted on the way back. But he scarcely spoke again.

The next day Iron Skull's funeral was held in the little adobe chapel, which was filled to overflowing A great crowd of workmen—Americans, Mexicans, and Indians—gathered outside. At Suma-theek's earnest petition, Jim allowed the Indians to carry the coffin on their shoulders up the trail behind the lower town to the mesa-crest where the little graveyard lay. And Jim also gave Suma-theek permission to make a farewell speech when the grave had been filled. The missionary had protested, but Jim was obdurate.

"Suma-theek owes his life to Iron Skull. I shall let him do his uttermost to show his gratitude. He is a fine old man, as fine in the eyes of God, no doubt, as you or I, Mr. Smiley."

So as the last of the sand and gravel was being shoveled into the grave, the old Apache stepped forward and raised his lean brown hand.

"My blood brother," he said, "he lies in this grave. If he have squaw or childs, old Suma-theek, he go give life for them. Iron Skull he no have any one left on this earth who carry his blood. He gone! He leave no mark but in my heart. Injun and white, they come like pile of sand desert-wind drifts up. They go like pile of sand desert-wind blows down. Great Spirit, He say: 'Only one strength for mens; that the strength of many childs.' Injuns, they no have many childs: they die. Mexicans, they have many childs: they live. Niggers, they have many: they live. Whites, they no have many childs. Come some day like Injuns, like Iron Skull, they see on all of earth no blood like theirs. They lay them down to die alone. Old Iron Skull, he a real man. He fight much. He work hard. He keep word. He die for friend. Maybe when Great Spirit look down at Iron Skull, it make Him love Iron Skull to know old Injun carry Iron Skull's mark in his lonely heart. Oh, friend, I know him many, many years! We smoke many pipes together. We hunt together. We sabez each other's hearts. Ai! Ai! Ai! Beloved!"

And old Suma-theek broke down and cried like a child.

The crowd dispersed silently. The rising night wind began its task of sifting sand across Iron Skull's grave. Coyotes howled far on the mountaintops. And the night shift began to repair the coffer-dam, for Old Jezebel had dropped suddenly back into her old trail.

A day or so after the funeral, Sara said to Penelope: "When are you going down to see Mrs. Ames?"

"What makes you so friendly to the Ames family?" Pen asked in surprise.

"Ames may be useful to me," replied Sara. "I want you to cultivate him."

"I'll not do it for any such reason," said Pen quickly. "I like Mrs. Ames and I plan to see a great deal of her. But I'll not play catspaw for you. What are you up to, Sara?"

"None of your business," said Sara.

Pen flushed, but fell back on the whimsical manner that was her defense against Sara's ill-nature. "It's your subtlety that fascinates me, Sara. Did you ever try a steam-roller?"

Sara scowled. "Of course, I suppose it's too much to ask you to take an interest in my business affairs. If I were a well man, I might hope to make an impression on you."

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"By the way, Sara," said Pen, "land speculation hurts these Projects. I don't think you ought to try to make money that way. Of course, if Mr. Ames wants to sell you some land, I suppose I can't keep you from buying, but Jim says that coupled with the heavy building charges inflated land values are doing the Service a lot of harm."

Pen watched Sara closely. Sara when calm was close-mouthed. Sara when angry was apt to talk. His face flushed quickly.

"Jim! Jim!" he sneered. "I heard it all the time in New York and now I'm getting it here. Oh, wait and see, the two of you!"

For the first time since the early years of bitter adjustment, Pen showed fire. She crossed the room and stood over Sara's couch, her cheeks scarlet, her hazel eyes deep with some suppressed fire.

"Do you think I fear you, with your vile tongue and your yellow heart, George Saradokis? There is neither fear nor love nor hope nor regret left in me! I long ago learned that marriage is a travesty and our marriage a nightmare. Do you think your impudence or your threats *hurt* me any more? You waste your breath if you do. You and I have made a hopeless mess of our lives. Jim is doing a big work. If I find you are laying a straw in his way, I'll—I'll shove you, couch and all, over the cañon edge."

Sara suddenly laughed. Even as she uttered her awful threat Pen was mechanically straightening his pillow! "Look here, Pen," he said, "I know I'm a devil! The pain and the hideous failure of my life makes me that. But I'll try to be more decent. For the Lord's sake, Pen, don't you go back on me, or I'll take an overdose of morphine. I do want to make some money, and any land deal that Ames and I put through, I'll let Jim pass on. Does that satisfy you?"

It was not often that Sara tried to wheedle Pen. She looked at him suspiciously, but nodded carelessly. "All right! If Jim sees it, I'll consent. If you get any honest enjoyment out of Mr. Ames, I'll get him up here often. Mrs. Ames is a dear."

"You're a good old sort, Pen," returned Sara. "Why can't you go down to-morrow? Mrs. Flynn would look out for me, I guess. They say that fellow Bill Evans will ride people anywhere in his machine."

"I'll go over and see Mrs. Flynn, now," said Pen. She was really eager for a visit with Jane Ames. She wondered if Iron Skull might not have been oversuspicious regarding Sara's purposes. Sara had an unquenchable itch for money-making. During all his long illness he had never ceased, with his father's help, to trade in real estate. Pen suspected that the savings of many Greek immigrants were absorbed in Sara's and his father's schemes, not too honestly.

"Perhaps," said Pen as she pinned on her hat, "Jim would take me down. Doesn't it seem natural, though, to have Jim doing things for me again!"

Some note in Pen's voice brought Sara to his elbow. "Pen!" he shouted. "Are you in love with Jim Manning?"

CHAPTER XIV

JIM GETS A LETTER

Coyotes hunt weaker things. Humans hunt all things, even each other, which the coyote will not do.
Musings of the Elephant.

Pen paused, eyes angry, mouth disgusted. "You are the last person I'd ever tell, Sara, if I were. Don't add idiocy to your other accomplishments!"

Sara's black eyes continued to glare for a moment. Then for the second time he astonished Penelope by laughing. He dropped back on his pillow. "Pen! Pen! A lawyer could have given no better answer than that! I'm not worrying, Pen. You've stuck by me all these years. I know I'm safe to the end."

Penelope's scorn changed to pity. "I've been horrid to-day. You will have to forgive me, Sara. You must remember that you are no mild June day to live with!"

Sara gave a short nod. "Give me my pipe, Pen, and then jolly Mrs. Flynn up."

Pen did not ask Jim to take her down to the Ames place. She arranged to go down with Bill Evans, who kept a hog ranch near the dam. Bill fed his hogs on the camp-table scrapings and filled in odd moments "renting out" his automobile—a sad-looking vehicle of an early vintage, held together by binding-wire and bits of sheet-iron.

The trip down and back was rather strenuous, but Pen had a delightful visit with Mrs. Ames. The two women had learned life in a hard school and met on a common ground of sweetness and sincerity. Oscar

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Ames and a dark-haired young lawyer came back up to the dam with Bill and Pen. On reaching the tent, Oscar and Fleckenstein, his lawyer guest, went into a whispered session with Sara, and, a little mystified, Pen wandered out in search of Jim.

She found him at the dam-site. He was talking to a heavy-set, red-faced man in khaki. He was considerably older than Jim, who introduced the stranger as Mr. Jack Henderson.

"Henderson will take Iron Skull's place," explained Jim. "You must remember how he helped me save my reputation as a road-builder on the Makon. He's been down on the diversion dam."

Penelope held out her hand. "I shall never cease regretting that I didn't get to see the Makon," she said.

Henderson's gray eyes lost their keenness for a moment. "It was hard for me to come up knowing I was to take Iron Skull's job." Pen listened in surprise to his low, gentle voice. "You know, Boss Still Jim, if he'd had a better chance for education, he'd have made his mark. He was just naturally big."

Jim nodded. "I miss him. I shall always miss him. I often thought that if my father had come out to this country, he'd have grown to be like Iron Skull. And they are both gone."

"That's the way life acts," said Henderson. "It's always the man that ought to stay that goes. And there's never any explanation of how you're going to fill the gap. He's jerked out of your life and you will go lame the rest of your time, for all you know. These here story-books that try to show death has got a logic about it are liars. There ain't any reason or sense about death. It just goes around, hit or miss, like a lizard snapping flies."

There was a moment's silence during which the three stared at the Elephant. Then Jack cleared his throat and said casually, in his gentle voice:

"You're going to have a devil of a job enforcing your liquor ruling, boss. It'll make trouble with the whites and more with the hombres."

Jim's steel jaw set. "There's not to be a drop of liquor on this dam except in the hospital. I expect you to back me in this, Jack. You know what trouble I had on the Makon because I never came down hard."

"Sure, I'll back you," said Henderson, gently. "But I just wanted you to realize that it's going to be hell round a half-mile track to enforce it. You never saw me backward about a fight, did you?"

Jim smiled reminiscently and then said: "I'm going to start an ice-cream and soft-drink joint next to the moving-picture show. Well, we're up against the same old problems here, Henderson. We've got to have better cooperation and yet enough rivalry to keep every man working his limit. The foremen don't pull together."

"In that case," said Henderson tenderly, "I'll begin by going over and kicking the head off the team boss."

He smiled at Pen and started up the trail. Pen watched the workmen who were cleaning up the top of the concrete section.

"Did you have a good time with Mrs. Ames?" asked Jim.

"Still, she's a dear! And Oscar isn't so bad when you know him. Do you know, Jim, he actually believes that you are not building the dam for the farmers! Can't you do something to make him understand you?"

"Look here, Pen," replied Jim, "I'm building this dam for this valley, for all time; not for Oscar Ames or Bill Evans nor for any one man. I'm doing my share in building. I'm not hired to educate these idiots."

Pen eyed Jim intently, trying to get his view-point and turning old Iron Skull's words over in her mind. Jim was standing with his hat under his arm and his brown hair blowing across his forehead.

"Pen," he said suddenly, "you are the most beautiful woman in the world."

Pen blushed clear to her eyebrows. Jim went on eagerly: "Penelope, I want to tell you how I feel about you. Will you let me?"

Pen looked at the Elephant helplessly. But the great beast lay mute and inscrutable in the sun. There was a look in Jim's eyes that Pen would have found hard to control had not Jim's secretary chosen that moment to interrupt them.

"Mr. Manning," he said, "a letter has just come for you from the Secretary of the Interior. You told me to notify you when it came."

The next instalment of ***"Still Jim"*** *will appear in the March number.*

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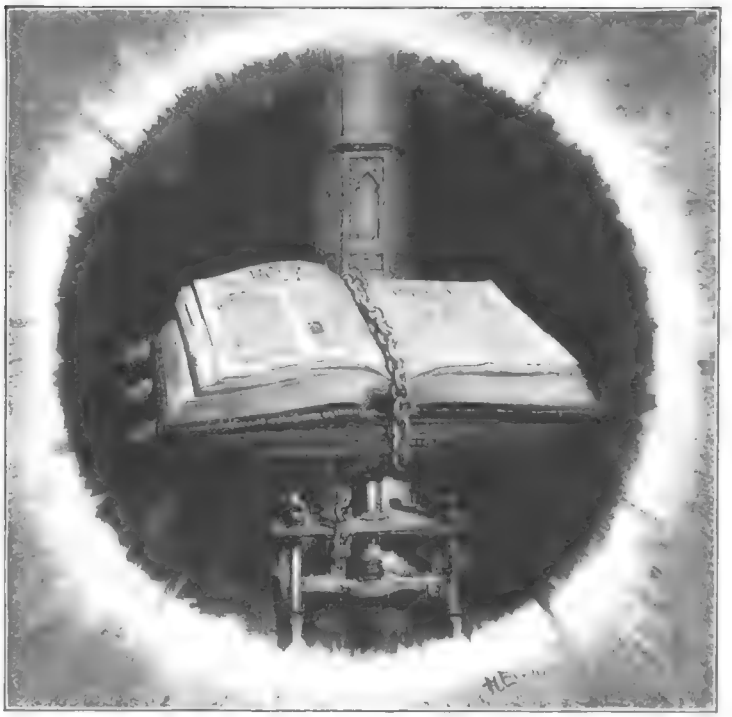

The ACID of CRITICISM

by
HUGH BLACK

DECORATION BY HANSON BOOTH

CRITICISM is one of those words which have suffered from laxity of speech. It is often used as if it must mean censure of the thing judged, and sometimes a querulous "picking holes" in it. It also has suffered from being looked on as something personal, the private opinion of the critic. Disraeli in "Lothair" even says that critics are the men who have failed in literature and art—a strange remark to make when the English list includes men like Wordsworth and Coleridge and Hazlitt and Sir Joshua Reynolds and Matthew Arnold.

Criticism in its technical sense is the art of judging the merits and values of a work of art. But the word has a much broader meaning than mere appreciation of an esthetic object. It is used for the spirit which questions authority, which asks fundamental questions about all established beliefs and institutions. It breaks down all unthinking acceptance of old

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positions, and applies its acid to the most venerable conditions. In many respects it is the most radical force at work in modern society; for it not only questions all existing forms of authority, but also asks what authority itself is. Men everywhere are asking why things should be as they are, and how they came to be so.

Criticism of course is not new. The first man was a critic—certainly the first woman was. But the critical spirit in the world to-day goes to the roots of everything, to the very basis of society itself.

The effects on religion are of a piece with those in other regions of life. Customs, traditions, established ways of thinking, are questioned here as elsewhere. For Protestantism the most important struggle has been over the authority of the Bible. So, naturally, we take this subject to illustrate the methods and results of the critical spirit. Preachers of another time may have been confronted by hostile speculation and had to adapt the faith to new positions, but the modern preacher has to consider the whole new attitude toward the Bible. He may envy the minister of olden days who simply came to his people with a "Thus saith the Lord," and was satisfied if he could nail a truth with Scripture. If he could get chapter and verse he had done his duty, and he did not worry much as to what the chapter was or where the verse was.

When I hear an older minister use any Psalm indifferently to illustrate the life of David, or use David to illustrate a psalm, with a sublime disregard of the critical study of the Psalms or of David, I feel he has some advantage over me, at least in the ease with which he can construct a sermon. I know that the Psalm is the same, and the real truth of it is unchanged, but I feel he has the advantage in being able to recall associations that lie deep in the hearts of his older hearers, who may find a more scientific interpretation of the Psalm a little cold by comparison, without David's warm flesh and blood.

Association means much, especially in worship, as we know in other ways. Men, otherwise awake to modern conditions, sometimes resent anything that disturbs their old way of looking at texts and passages, partly from the natural and beautiful association in worship with which the whole traditional view of things is bound up.

Now, for good or ill, criticism has affected our material. We can not deal with it in precisely the same way, and this to many minds means almost irreparable loss, a feeling with which we must be very tender. It has been said that vast tracts of Scripture which were luminous and comfortable to our fathers are bare desert to the younger generation. That is the natural first feeling after a battle—what we have lost. The time comes to count up the gains—what we have won; and the first task of the pulpit is to reclaim these desert places. And it is only right to say, over against that wail of loss, that to some of us modern Biblical study has resulted in what has almost been a rediscovery of the Bible. The message of the Bible has come with fresh force to heart and conscience.

PROGRESSIVE MORALITY IN THE BIBLE

It is worth while noting that the very success of Christian teaching is in part responsible for the changed view of the Bible. It really became a necessity for the sake of the Gospel itself. The ethical spirit of our time is the work of Christianity, and there had been a growing sense of protest against associating in the old way the imperfect morality of some parts of the Old Testament with the highest religion. For long the protest was delayed by the habit of spiritualizing passages when they conflicted with Christian teaching, reading mystic meaning into details, and generally evading difficulties with some sleight-of-hand. The Christian conscience condemns some things which the Old Testament approves. Unless we are to play fast and loose with the natural meaning of the word, the ethical standard of our day demands that the traditional view of Scripture be modified.

This moral difficulty disappears when we recognize the fact of development, which of course implies that we do not put all Scripture on the same level of authority.

At any rate, we have now to accept the fact that criticism has come to stay, that there is no use merely opposing and fighting it. It is like trying to sweep back the ocean to say to the mind of man, Thus far, but no farther. However much the minds of many simple, pious people are disturbed by the work of theological and especially Biblical criticism, we can not escape it, partly because a critical stage is necessary before a stage of reconstruction, and also because

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the mind of man has slipped from old fetters.

It is not enough to attempt to discredit criticism by pointing to its mistakes, its rash judgments, its amended verdicts. The mistakes of applying a method do not vitiate the method, if the method is essential. And we do not dispose of criticism by the sneer about doctors differing, pointing to scholars fighting each other for different explanations of a disputed point, as if it were all a matter of words. We can not escape the whole problem by assuming that nothing has been really settled by criticism, and that we may wait till authorities who differ come to agreement. It is well to bear in mind that some points are now fixed in the view of the great majority of capable scholars.

THE NOISE OF BATTLE

The traditional view still goes on fighting rear-guard battles, withdrawing but never admitting defeat. This is natural, since many men feel that so much dear to themselves is at stake; but it is unfortunate, not only for the common man who is troubled by the din, but also for the combatants themselves. For it has induced in some cases a wild and rash and impatient criticism among some forward scholars—a little like the rage of besieging soldiers at the stubborn defense of the besieged. Indeed, so fierce has been the fight that it may be said that our generation is not able fully to comprehend the complete results, and it will lie with some of the younger who have not been brought up under the older régime to estimate the gain and the loss.

Criticism is often spoken of as a very modern device sprung upon the Church by wilful men. It is a mistake to assume that it is so very modern. A book like Cheyne's "Founders of Old Testament Criticism" traces the movement from some of the early precursors of it in England, which takes it back to the eighteenth century, through a now long list of scholars who gave themselves to the scientific study of the long-admitted problems of the literature of the Bible.

We talk of Biblical Criticism, but we must remember that there is no special connection between these two words, as if there were a peculiar science of that name. It is the application to the Bible of the principles by which all literature is tested. This is really the central point in the fight—whether the uniqueness of the Bible is such that it can not have the tests applied to it which we would certainly apply, and do apply, to all other ancient literature.

It can never be a gain to lose intellectual veracity, and we know that men often fight for what is of no real value. Many a time the Church would have said, and did say, that everything went if a certain theory of the ministry or the sacraments were touched. The Church thought that Galileo's theory was subversive of everything sacred. Luther denounced Copernicus. And so on through a long list of mistaken judgments which honestly thought things vital that events have proved not so.

These mistakes in the past have all been due to the attempt to isolate the Bible from all other streams of knowledge that pour in upon man. The young science of geology was frowned on and denied, because it was supposed to contradict certain views of the creation of the world in Genesis; but no one to-day thinks that we must either get rid of Genesis or of geology. The astronomy that held that the earth went round the sun was declared infidel for similar reasons. We should at least have learned from all these futile fights that we can not cut off the Bible from the influence of other studies.

This is what essentially the present fight with criticism is about. The general conclusions of critics are established on the principles by which all history and literature are judged. The ultra-conservative is saying over again what the Inquisition said to Galileo, and what Wesley said to Newton—practically that the interpretation of the Bible has no relation to other knowledge of our time. We surely see that we can not isolate the Bible from all other subjects, and have an air-tight compartment in our minds for it.

The right attitude is the courage born of faith. One thing is certain, that we always suffer and never gain from the theologian in a panic, who brands all critics as atheists, and seems glad to prove that all faith disappears if a critical position be accepted. He is showing a lamentable lack of faith in the power of truth. Theological hysterics are the worst form of that disease. We ought to believe in truth and be sure that only truth can permanently satisfy us.

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Truth is not to be reached and not to be conserved by repression of thought and taking away the liberty of research. That is only to minister to superstition on the one side, and to skepticism on the other.

The problems raised by criticism must be decided by criticism. If we feel that some scholarship has been rash and irresponsible, so that its findings are false, then scholarship alone can conquer it on its own ground. When Strauss's "Life of Jesus" convulsed religious circles in Germany, the Prussian Government proposed to interdict the book, but Neander said, No, let us answer it by argument, not by authority. He was surely right.

WHAT IS HIGHER CRITICISM?

There are two great influences of our time which have put the Bible into the melting-pot. The first is the modern principles by which all literature and history are tested. This of course is what is meant by the foolish name Higher Criticism. It means historical criticism as distinguished from textual or Lower Criticism.

The place of Textual Criticism is admitted by all. But Higher Criticism analyzes the sources, makes pronouncements on authenticity, on age, on historicity. This is why it raises such opposition and such tumult, because it comes so near to the very foundations of the historical faith. It is, as we have seen, part of the modern treatment, and is applied to Homer's Iliad, to the early history of Rome, the medieval history of Germany, with the same rigor and vigor as to the Bible.

It asks about a book of Scripture, not merely, Is this a faithful text, and if not, can we get at the text? It asks questions like this: Is the author such as is stated? Was he contemporary with the events narrated? What were his sources of knowledge—from first-hand, or from previous documents, or from tradition? Had he any ax to grind, any theological or partisan or priestly bias? Can we analyze his sources of information? Was the book reedited, or touched by other hands? Is there any external evidence which confirms or controverts any statement?

We see what a large order all this is, and how we let ourselves in for all manner of subjective dangers. At the same time the Bible can not evade this process, and if a book is proved to be a compilation, or if the traditional date is rejected on grounds that would be universally admitted in the case of any other ancient literature, we must candidly accept facts, and not start with assumptions as to what the Bible must be before going to the Bible to find out humbly what it is.

The second great influence which has made modern criticism a necessity is the now recognized principle of development. This principle has altered the study of almost every subject, and nowhere so markedly as the study of history. Such a vital principle at work in men's minds must sooner or later be applied to the history of Israel and the Church, and must result in modifying the traditional views.

The recognized results of criticism are such as these: The literature of the Bible was gathered into the Canon largely from the point of view of edification and not by historical investigation. So that for one thing we can not assume the order in which the books exist. Dates and authorship were not subjected to what we would call scientific criticism. They are often the result of mere tradition. Further, the ancients had not our ideal and our customs regarding literature, and reediting and writing under another name were common.

At first sight the old view of Scripture which simply accepted the traditional dates and order of the books seemed to give a consistent and imposing development of Israel and of Israel's faith, beginning with the patriarchal times of Genesis and the Mosaic deliverance of the Law; then through the checkered history of Judges and Kings, with the Psalter and the prophecies giving the blossom and the fruit of the law; then the exile and the return and the descent into ritual and formalism; till in the fulness of time Christ came. In the old view the law was first in time, as to the Jewish Church it has been first in importance.

Criticism has changed this whole position. The books placed first in the Old Testament

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are not first in time as we have them. Their final form was reached long after the periods with which they deal. It is thus not merely a documentary rearrangement which is demanded, but a complete reversal of the conception of ancient Jewish history.

In the old view the Law given by Moses regulated and conditioned all subsequent revelation; so that the Prophets were men recalling the people to adhere to that elaborate system. This has been the consistent view of the Jewish Church. They practically identified religion with the Law, which explains the attitude of the Scribes and Pharisees of Christ's time. They made it their work to apply and expound and explain the law of Moses, to interpret it.

It follows naturally that they should wrap up religion in legal forms, and that books like the prophecies and Psalms, which are to us the books of religion specially, were less valuable than the Law, and really inferior in quality.

THE MOST RELIGIOUS PARTS OF THE BIBLE

The modern critical position reverses this order both in time and in quality. And, for one thing, we see how in this matter criticism confirms what has been the practical custom in the whole Christian Church even when the theory has been all the other way, namely, the custom of finding the truest inspiration in the very books which, according to the old view, are merely expansions of what has been given by God in more definite form as Laws.

Jesus changed the estimate of the Bible; and the Church has always believed that the permanent value of Revelation did not lie in the Law as such. Note how instinctively we turn to the Prophets or Psalms for religious quickening and comfort and for spiritual truth. The new critical position, then, is not that the Law was first and prophecy was an interpretation of the Law, but that prophecy was first and the Law is the crystallizing of the truths of revelation into institutions and customs and life. The emphasis of the new standpoint is laid, not on a priestly system and ritual, but on inspiration and spiritual experience.

I would not underestimate some of the difficulties raised by criticism and the unsolved problems and even the dangers to faith by the necessity of readjustment of some items of creed; but the fact is that criticism is really driving the Church to build her faith deeper, forcing her out of all makeshifts and half-way houses.

The spiritual authority of Scripture is not undermined by any results of investigation. Indeed, it is put on a surer basis to the believing heart. While for the time the old preaching has lost verve and grip, there may be a new note of spiritual power in the new preaching, and my one purpose in this broad and hasty review has been that we should take the right attitude toward this whole process and should calmly assert the facts of religion and live the life of faith.

There are some things to remember in connection with the subject of criticism in our thinking. One thing is that criticism is *not an end* in itself. Personally, I willingly give it its full innings, but I will not let it monopolize all the field. After criticism comes the opportunity for getting at new values and truer appreciations. After analysis comes the need for a truer synthesis. The critical analysis of documents undoubtedly affects all our results and influences interpretation, but it only calls for a new interpretation. Sometimes this interpretation seems poorer and we seem to suffer loss of old comfort; but often it is richer and nobler, and we discover that things have only suffered a sea change into something rich and strange.

THE PLACE OF CRITICISM

A second practical lesson—this time especially for preachers—is that they should *consume their own smoke.* They should give results rather than processes. It is not their business to discuss in the pulpit critical hypotheses, and all sorts of scholastic and academic controversies. It is their business to expound truth and to apply it to life. By putting the stress on the right thing they shape their hearers' minds even in the matter of criticism. They learn the real things of religion. Critical processes should affect the thinking and the presentation of a subject, but should not be the material of preaching.

There follows from this lesson a third one, going deeper into the true place of criticism. Questions of authenticity and discussions of dates and documents and authorship are useful and interesting and necessary; but religion as spiritual experience with a

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history of the past and with a living present does not depend on these discussions. If we live as religious men, we do not live by these things. The living realities of the Bible are not affected by scholarly researches or even doubts and denials. Life does not stop while biologists inquire into the unsolved problems of their science. Religious life does not stop while experts examine records.

LIFE COMES FIRST

In any case, it is worth while insisting that you do not account for the Christian life by any sort of literary criticism. The life remains a fact of history and experience, to be explained if you can, but not to be explained away. Literature did not create it, and no dealing with the literature for or against can destroy it. The institutions that life creates can be criticised and analyzed, but the life itself can not be explained by any kind of analysis. The literature of the Bible is the genuine expression of the religious life of the Bible. The literature does not even verify the life any more than it generates the life: the life verifies the literature.

It is a question of life—this question of religion; and criticism can not touch life. It deals with the fringe, the methods and the outward manifestations of life. There is room for criticism, for thought, for reason in the unfathomable depths of divine truth, but these do not generate the truth. It is intuitive. The child, the ignorant, the unlearned may see it. It is to be seen, not argued about. Men spoke before the laws of grammar were propounded. Men reasoned before Aristotle built up logic. Men sang before the theory of music was dreamed of. Men ate before the chemistry of edibles was studied. Men believed before theology was built up into a system to formulate their faith. The explanation may be difficult, but the thing itself is simple. The science of it may be imperfect and hard, but the thing itself is intuitive—a flash, a gleam, an inspiration, an act.

We have to beware of the paralyzing effect of criticism on religion, and this is to be done by realizing the limitations of all criticism. We can see this paralysis in literature and art when criticism is allowed too large a place. A poet may be so finical about the right words, so afraid to venture anything, so concerned about perfecting his poetic apparatus, that he can produce nothing, or when he does it may be refined away to mere elegances of speech without virility, without thought, without any special meaning. The vision, the intuition, the poetic impulse, are often weakened by a too great regard for the formal standards in vogue. In all art, such as the interpretation of beauty in painting, or the interpretation of thought by writing in literature or by speech in oratory, the first and chief factor is intuition. It is not all attained by analysis, by criticism, by resolving the thing into its component parts. It is creative, constructive, a great emotion which opens the eyes to the beauty or the truth.

Criticism is not incompatible with it, nay, is necessary for it at its highest, but if it is dominated by too great regard for rule and convention, it loses all distinction and takes its place among the great crowd of mediocrity.

THE DANGERS OF CRITICISM

In practical life also criticism will paralyze beneficence and philanthropy as it paralyzes poetry. Charity organization is dearly bought at the expense of charity itself. In religion the same effect is often felt. This temptation is specially prominent in our day. Every doctrine, article of faith, every form of creed, every authority, has been tested and examined. All this is good and necessary. But the very real danger arises of mistaking the scope and function of criticism. The fact that theology is in process of restatement does not mean that religion may be given the go-by meanwhile. The forms of religion, its history, its foundations in the past and the present, its formulæ of statement, can all bear investigation. But no microscope or test-tube can alter the fact of it. It is spiritual life and it lives by its own divine right.

Religion is ultimately no more affected by the Higher Criticism than the earth is affected by geology and the flight of the eagle is affected by biology. It is stupid to think that Christian life and work ought to be suspended meanwhile because men are investigating the records of religious history or are criticising the statements of theology. Life must go on, and we can not call a halt to wait for ultimate decisions of criticism.

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The Four—and Patricia

by Eugene P. Lyle

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

ON THE rare occasions when Ned Thacker found himself completely at sea, he could always fall back on native stubbornness. It was a stout plank, and reliably kept him afloat.

He used it now—as he held up an autoload of Hungarians on the lonely Illyrian highway. He sang neither rhyme nor reason for doing it. He simply objected to their going on, and that sufficed. With the unobtrusive, gently shifting automatics in his hands, he stood over them in the yellow car affably, as if they were his class at Sunday-school.

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There was a problem to be thought out, and Ned could think as comfortably holding up Hungarian gentry as otherwise. Besides, they somehow seemed connected with the riddle, like an owl that you draw out of a magician's hat where you saw a dove stuffed into it. There is a logic in hanging to the queer bird until you can think out what became of the lovely one. Ned had seen the King of Illyria's sister, Patricia, carried off in this same yellow car, carried off by the Austrian Envoy himself. And the car now held neither Envoy nor princess. Instead of Patricia, he had drawn a mustached woman—two of them. It was an exasperating climax where one expected a princess! And that mad, wild chase, quite worthy a princess's rescue, wasted on ladies with mustaches!

The mystery of the obstacles and death-traps in that chase was utterly baffling. Since the touring party in the yellow car was innocent of contraband princesses, why had it obstructed pursuit by the four who were trying to save Patricia—Ned, and the king — her brother, and the duke — her cousin, and the king's captain of the Guard?

However, Ned did not bother to inquire. He anticipated the Hungarian family's raised eyebrows, their apathetic surprise. Could they be expected to know anything of the wheedling girl at the roadside inn, of the kneeling man meddling with a motorcycle, of tacks in the road, of a tree falling across the highway? They would be interested, but they had passed by long before. The absurdity of charging a Hungarian gentleman and family, casually touring the country, with buying up natives along the route to harass public traffic!

No, that Dutchman, the Austrian Envoy, had played with them all—and they four to one! Only to suggest that he, an Emperor's legate, should know aught of a wilful princess's disappearance would be to make them a quartet of clowns for the merriment of every court, except Illyria's, in Europe.

But lacerated pride of wits, chagrin at being duped, was not what hurt Ned Thacker. His distress was too near torment for that. The thing of all was that he had not saved the girl he loved. And she had cried to him so trustfully to come to her, as if any miracle of craft and valor were a matter of course with him. Yet he had not a clue——

No, wait! Her handkerchief? Ah, now, now, his benumbed wits were wriggling back to life, after the sandbagging they'd had at finding no Patricia in the yellow car. Obstacles and death-traps explained away, granted. But how would the Hungarian gentleman *et al* explain the item of the lost princess's handkerchief, dropped back there by the fallen tree—exactly where her brother, the king himself, must stop?

Here was reason enough why he should not permit the innocent touring party in the yellow car to proceed. Because, for all the Envoy's deep cunning, there had been miscalculation somewhere. *The dropping of that handkerchief meant that the yellow car was not to be overtaken.* Such was the calculation. The decoy car was to escape across the border; and the handkerchief was to convince the king that his sister was in the car, a prisoner. Then the king, being sure that she had been carried over the frontier into the smugglers' den at Prilip, where perhaps even the Envoy might not be able to shield her from his hired villains, would lose no second of time in surrendering to the Envoy's demands. An exquisite plot! But the crux of it was that the touring-car should *not* be overtaken. And Ned Thacker *had* overtaken the yellow car!

He leaned against the cowl, facing his prisoners, the barrels of his pistols tirelessly weaving lines of direction, so that no set of brains in any Hungarian skull at any instant felt adequately boxed.

The detained ones were naturally restive. The three men of the party looked as if they could be Tartars on occasion, too.

"Robber," threatened the black-furred one in his lumpy French, "you know, *hein*, we shall report this to the police——"

"How would the king himself do?" suggested Ned.

"The king, yes, to him we shall——"

"*Bon! messieurs*, in another minute I'll have him here for you. The king himself. You do not mind waiting?"

At least ten minutes had elapsed since the stoppage of the yellow car, and he looked confidently up the sunken road for the king's old war-battered torpedo with the three other pursuers.

The subdued hum of it came to them first, and at the sound the Hungarians stirred as by a common desperate impulse. Ned appreciated this. If they might carry him off before the others arrived, the king

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would still believe that Patricia was in the yellow car. But once the king saw into the car, the plot was junk, past remedy.

During the split second that one pistol covered the chauffeur, and the other the black-furred man, the third man, in the rear seat between the two women, ducked to the floor of the tonneau. The cushioned back of the front seat hid him, but it no sooner hid him than Ned fired at a downward angle through the seat, between the two men in it. The third man reappeared, his face distorted, wringing his hand. But wonder overspread the pain on his features.

The bullet had struck the stock of the rifle he had caught up and had thereupon dropped. It was shooting, that!

Both the other men had huddled for abrupt action; but, as if no shot had been fired, each looked again into a little round muzzle. In a moment all was placid again.

NOT FEELING HIS ARMS ABOUT HER, SHE PERCEIVED THE ROPE; AND, HIS HEAD IN A WAY THAT SHE ALWAYS OBEYED; AND SHE

Placid — during a half minute. Then came the king's torpedo, billowing on its course. It took stones and ruts and washes. Its fateful oncoming was one with the cold agony of the king's face above the steering-wheel. The Duke Renaldo, beside him, rubbed a golden eyebrow under a nervous finger. Like the cloaked giant of a Dantesque dream, Captain Von der Blitzen bestrode the iron nose of the monster.

They had recognized the yellow car. The captain's eyes bulged. Renaldo's finger was arrested as by paralysis. "I doff my plume! That American—he *has* stopped them!"

The torpedo stopped. The three rushed. Captain Von der Blitzen's flashing yataghan swept vast circles. "The Envoy! G'r'r . . . Oh, won't I—won't I——"

Ned caught his arm over the black-furred man. "That's not the Envoy! But keep the point to his throat."

Renaldo came from the other side, a stiletto daintily gleaming.

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SOBBING WITH INDIGNATION, SHE TORE AT THE KNOT. BUT HE SHOOK FLUNG HER ARMS AROUND HIS NECK AND CLUNG TO HIM.

"And you the same for the chauffeur," ordered Ned.

The king gazed in stupefaction at the two women. "Patricia! Where——"

"She was left behind," said Ned. "Now I'll tell you what we must do."

* * * * * * * * * * *

The long, low, high-powered yellow touring-car, with its multiple-pipe horn of peculiar calf-like chant, reentered the capital of Illyria that same night at the speed of a blizzard. Almost immediately — though not quite — it made straight for the residence of the Austrian Envoy.

At the entrance to the block where the Envoy lived, the big, black-furred man next the chauffeur had to sound the horn with considerable vehemence in order to clear the way. They seemed to have come upon a peasants' ox-cart caravan that had camped in the street for the night. In the daytime that part of the street was an open-air market, where country people bartered among themselves, or sold hides and wool and acorns and cheeses to the town brokers. And always many stayed overnight.

Curiously, the Envoy had never complained of this bedlam congestion in front of his residence.

An ox-cart blocked the middle of the street. Men slept under it or in it, wrapped in their goatskin mantles. They stirred sullenly at the approach of the automobile, but with the discordant blast of the horn they became alacrity itself, clearing a lane through the encumbrances to the Envoy's door, the only door of the only house facing the street in that block.

But the yellow car did not stop at once. For all the evident importance of its errand, it was backed and turned and headed again into the lane just made for it, before the big, black-furred man jumped out and hammered on the massive wooden doors with the iron-ball-and-eagle-claw knocker. At

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the same time the chauffeur in the car squeezed the bulb of the horn, adding to the clangor. One of the double doors opened at once, and a giant lackey peered out.

"Tell his Excellency," said the black-furred man in booming, fluent German, loud enough to be heard by any one behind the lackey, "that we were overtaken, despite everything. By the king, tell him. The king saw that we were only a decoy. He saw that we did not have the princess. And he is coming here for her, coming with the Guard—with the army, who knows! They will tear down the walls, they will pluck out the Envoy, and if they find the princess . . . Praise Heaven, we're here first! And the car is there, ready. If his Excellency wants to remove the princess . . . Quick, lop-eared jack, go tell him!"

In the ebon strip of darkness formed by the partly open door a head appeared over the lackey's shoulder—the round, fat head of the Envoy, capped by a fez. It took swift stock of the black-furred man in the shadow of the house, breathing stertorously behind his upturned collar; next, of the yellow car, clearly defined with its occupants in the moonlight. The motor throbbed on neutral. The chauffeur's hand rested on the wheel.

In the back seat the Envoy discerned three forms that were to him familiar—a man with a visored cap, and the hat and automobile veil of a woman on either side of him. Absent-mindedly the chauffeur softly pressed the bulb of the horn, producing the yellow car's unmistakable discordant note. It would be the one remaining thing to satisfy the Envoy.

"*Ach*, so." The grunt was of plaintive dismay, but void of suspicion. "Wait."

The door closed in the face of the black-furred man; and three minutes later opened again, this time widely, to permit the egress of the Envoy. Behind him were two women, muffled, and behind them the giant lackey, whose duty was to hurry them forth to the yellow car.

But the yellow car had gone! The black-furred man also.

The Envoy, with heels to the ground, checked the momentum of corpulence, and with extended arms as long as an ape's he crushed the two women and the lackey back into the doorway. Himself within the threshold, he had all but slammed the door when three shadows detached themselves from the wall and darted under his arms into the house. One was the figure of a man in a visored cap; the other two of women, with automobile veils. He had seen them three minutes before in the rear seat of the yellow car. Now they helped him close the door, shutting out a beginning of restive movement among the peasantry of the ox-carts. One of the three intruders, in a woman's shrill whisper, in French, urged the fat man excitedly:

"Back, your Excellency, back! He has sold you out, the big traitor in bearskins. He has gone to bring the king, the king's Guard, too. He only wanted to make sure first that the princess is still here. We slipped from the car, to warn you. Lose no time, Excellency. If there is another way out to send the princess——"

"*Gott!*" groaned the fat man in ludicrous panic. "Hurry!"

They crowded down the length of the dark passage; lackey, Envoy, the muffled women, the three helpful intruders. Their feet scuffled on stones, until the pavement changed to carpeting. This, with a tobacco-laden warmth, was the only sign that they had entered a room. A door closed behind them, and a bolt shot in the lock. Something sounded like a struggle, a brief one, and for a moment all was quiet.

The Envoy's beery whine rose among them. "*Ach*, Yanos sell me out?" Then, flat, final: "*Nein*, *nein*, he did not! Not Yanos! And plees, Fräulein of the kind warning, neither of those Hungarian ladies with Yanos speaks French. A little mistake, *hein?* Only for that, such a pretty trick on a simple German man! And monsieur's inflection of the sex so perfect! Otto, light, plees, for my guests—*ach*, for my prisoners."

The giant lackey struck a match and lighted a student lamp. It brought out paneling and rafters of slate-blue oak. Strewing the table in lazy comfort were a long-stemmed porcelain pipe, a jar of tobacco, a half-emptied bottle of royal Bavarian brew, a stein with jocular, pot-bellied gnomes, and a disarray of comic papers of the various capitals of Europe. Beside the table, in front of a stove of white and blue tiles, was a huge armchair, the rusty brocade of the head-rest worn to its threads. Into this chair the fat man now eased himself, with a grumbling sigh of comfort.

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"NED!"
"MISS PATSY!"
THEY JUST SHOOK HANDS.

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He had not removed a long, shabby dressing-gown and carpet slippers that he wore, nor yet the fez, which was red with a black tassel, absurdly suggestive of pashas and a contrast to bovine stupidity. He was moon-faced, beardless; and the protuberant eyes were a washed-out blue, meek and placid. It was not an inscrutable face. It was entirely scrutable. That was just it. Here was proclamation of simplicity. The Emperor at Vienna had no abler servant than Ludwig Dubnitz, his envoy accredited to the court of Illyria for the purpose of filching the kingdom of Illyria.

The washed-out eyes blinked hospitably, and rested on the man in the visored cap. "Eh, uh," he gurgled, abruptly feigning to rise in excess of embarrassment, "this honor? Not—his Majesty!" He sank back, dropping puffy hands on his rounding paunch, quite overcome. "Be—be seated," he implored helplessly.

The man in the visored cap stood against the wall, and it was observed that his arms were trussed to his side with a rope. That accounted for the brief struggle in the room before the match was struck. The Envoy stared at the rope. The lackey, following the glance, stared at it too. The Envoy looked then at the lackey, and the lackey looked at the Envoy. There was the faintest question in the look. Neither of the other two intruders had been bound, and, strangely enough, they made no move to sever the bonds of their companion.

"Your Majesty, this honor?" stammered the fat Envoy.

He of the visored cap did not hear. His face was tense and white and cold, and his austere gray eyes were strained on the two muffled women who had accompanied the Envoy to the door. Broad sashes covered even their eyes, and their hands were tied behind them.

"Patricia!" spoke the man in the visored cap.

A stifled cry answered that voice, and one of the blindfolded women stumbled in its direction. At that the two other intruders furiously freed both women of gags and bonds. One, chalk-faced from terror, was Patricia's maid.

The other was Patricia.

"Terry!"

She ran to him. Then, not feeling his arms about her, she perceived the rope; and, sobbing with indignation, she tore at the knot. But he shook his head in a way that she always obeyed; and she flung her arms around his neck and clung to him.

The Envoy chuckled sympathetically, and peered next at his two other visitors in the hats, veils, and cloaks of the two Hungarian women of the yellow car. But he saw no Hungarian women here. He saw two men flinging off hats, veils, and cloaks, and stepping forth bareheaded, gray with the dust of the Prilip road.

"Eh, oh," exclaimed the fat man, "not the ducal Valdepena, whose inflection of the other sex was so perfect? Only, monsieur, another time, learn Hungarian. And—no? —the hickory whip! Your Highness—" he raised his voice plaintively, addressing Patricia—"you were right. You deigned to inform me that he would come, this American rod of hickory. You said he would, and that despite my little fictional clue thrown out concerning Prilip. But—" here even those vacuous eyes betrayed a gleam of curiosity, if not of admiration—"I *had* arranged that the overtaking of the yellow decoy should be an impossibility. Impossibility? A simple German man's presumption, my dears. As if youth and valor and love— *Ach*, I should have been advised! But, plees, messieurs, what did you do with my Hungarian friends, when you bereft them of the yellow car and their very clothes? One guess. You left them on the road to Prilip, with maybe your own car in exchange. Then, in the yellow decoy, with that horn and the man as big as Yanos in the bear furs of Yanos—would that be Captain Von der Blitzen, perhaps?—you befuddle a poor fat servant of the Emperor into revealing his pretty captive princess. *Hein*, messieurs, this is gross humiliation you heap on one rose-pink dunderhead!"

They were paying no attention to him, in this moment of their reunion. Patricia was all of it, just then. Imperial envoys did not exist, not while the Honorable Patricia had yet to thank her three devoted champions. She did not seem able to take her arms from her brother's neck. Of course there was her great joy in seeing him again, and there were her tears of repentance for having added to his peril and anxiety; but also, perhaps, since a warm flush glowed softly in her cheeks, there was the consciousness of some one else in the room.

At last she turned, and joyously gave her Cousin Renaldo two cousinly hands, quite

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as if no thought that she was to have married him the night before once entered her head. There remained the third of her champions, and — she joyfully pumped Cousin Renaldo's hands again.

"There's the captain to thank, too," he reminded her generously, "only he's not here, and——"

She would not be forced. She turned to the third one of her own accord. He was patient. In scuffed motor-cycling leather, brown-sandy hair matted with dust, a blood-clotted streak across one cheek, yet with a crisp and ready light snapping in his gray eyes, he extended a woefully scratched hand.

"Ned!"

"Miss Patsy!"

They just shook hands.

There was some reštraint. Renaldo, misplaced bridegroom! — it subtly emanated from him. Two rivals *en scène!* Besides, the princess was not rescued yet. They had only found the lion's cage she was in. They had only locked themselves in with her and—the lion: a carpet-slippered lion puffing contentedly on a long-stemmed pipe. There was the lion to eliminate.

It was the king, as of right, who couched the first lance. "Herr Dubnitz," he said, in that low, grave voice of his, "passing over the unbelievable fact that the king of this country finds himself bound like a criminal in the house of——"

The Envoy interrupted with a deprecating twisting round in his chair. He seemed to see the trussed-up condition of the king for the first time. "An—an outrage!" he choked on the smoke from his pipe. "Otto—imbecile—a knife!"

Renaldo and Ned both stirred as the lackey started forward to cut the rope, but the king anticipated them, stopping the lackey with a shake of the head.

"Wait," he said. "If I am a prisoner, the fetters are small additional affront——"

"While being," Renaldo gently supplemented, "stark, staring proof at a glance that he is one; in the event," he added, smiling on the Envoy, "that witnesses happen in. Illyrian mutineers, for example, who have misjudged their king. Or—but Austria's destiny forbid!—a foreign minister or so who would testify to this—outrage to the rest of Europe."

The bulbous eyes blinked, but there was an involuntary flicker of approval there too, quite as if the master craftsman were acknowledging an adversary's steel.

"If there were witnesses—*Ach*," groaned the Envoy, "the unfortunate appearance of things! Never—no—could I make them believe that it had been manufactured expressly, such an appearance of things."

The king started at the suggestion, and bent on his two companions, Spaniard and American, a penetrating glance. After all, he did not know who had seized and bound him in the darkness of the room. He only knew that they would not have asked his consent to their clever scheme for compromising the Envoy.

"Your Excellency," he said, "seems to protest that I am not a prisoner. On that assumption, I will defer the exaction of certain explanations of your Excellency until I can remove my sister from this house, if——"

"Your Majesty," moaned the Envoy, "I am desolated. There is no conveyance. If the yellow car had waited—Nay, there were five of you outside, against only Otto and me; you could have taken her Highness from us at the door."

"— if," said the king sternly, as though he had not been interrupted, "you will provide us safe-conduct through the pretended street traffickers outside your door. I mean, your Excellency, the hostile armed camp maintained by your Excellency within my very capital. You spoke of five of us. Say fifty of us, and yet she would have been murdered. Until you call your assassins to heel, this house, her prison, remains her only safety, and——"

"And, if your Excellency will obligingly observe, we came back with her," said Renaldo.

"To demand the password," said the king.

"As well as to make sure," added Renaldo, "that it *was* the princess. Otherwise—imagine the sanctity of an embassy violated, and the provocation not proved! The reparation—! But if it *was* the princess, this would, in case safe conduct were withheld—" The young Spaniard paused, and the charming, melancholy smile of Aramis of old touched his lips.

"Would—?" echoed the Envoy densely.

"— justify an attack by armed force on the residence of your Excellency."

"*Ach, Gott!*" murmured the Envoy.

Patricia's black eyes widened. The thrill of it went tingling through her. Being in the high light of all this diplomacy

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marvelously became her cousin, she thought.

"You mean," gasped the Envoy, "you mean an attack—on this house—armed troops—" He turned woefully to the king. "Oh, plees, your Majesty, not——"

The king nodded.

"If your Excellency," said Renaldo soothingly, "would but picture to himself the Illyrians of the king's Guard—and your Excellency knows they are the fiercest of all wild Illyria—massed to charge at either entrance into the street in front of this house! The Illyrians are commanded by the Herr Captain Von der Blitzen. Your Excellency desires to see the captain shattering his way in through that door?"

The man's whitish eyebrows twitched. "What—what then?" he begged.

"And the Illyrians, the mutineers of last night, behind him, crashing in to behold their king a prisoner? Can you imagine the king's new popularity? Ah, you see it a devouring flame for the bitterly hated Envoy who caused them to doubt him!"

"They—would murder me?"

"His Majesty himself could not stop them."

The light of martyrdom flared strangely in the washed-out eyes. "Austria," he murmured, "Austria would repay. Within a week she would hold this kingdom a conquered province; and I—poor Dubnitz—with my blood would have given it to her."

Patricia's heart sank. If her rescue were to be at such cost! There seemed no parrying this slug of a man. And yet that cousin of hers was replying, even blithely.

"I do not believe I mentioned," he was saying, "that the king sent two of our three chauffeurs—whom we retrieved along the Prilip road coming back—to the French minister and the Greek diplomatic agent, with a note requesting them to meet his Majesty here for a conference of international importance. These two gentlemen are now, I doubt not, with Captain Von der Blitzen, awaiting an invitation to enter. Must the Guard hew a passage for them? If so, let your Excellency reflect that they will bear authentic and official witness to what they see, to the king in fetters, to the king's sister a hostage, to the destructive rage of the Illyrians; only, that rage will be judged as honest and reasonable, and so far from profiting by her Envoy's infamy, Austria must account to a civilization utterly horrified.

Patricia's heart leaped, exultant. "A hit! A hit!" she thought. There could be no doubt. The abject quavering of the gross mask of flesh for the moment duped even Renaldo. But it seemed oddly to Ned like a surprised bear coming out of a winter's nap, and he gave just as close attention of eye and wits and nerve and poised body as ever d'Artagnan gave to his Eminence the Cardinal. Moreover, the fat man's very next words justified his intuition.

"I — I suppose I should thank your Grace," dolefully mused the Envoy aloud. "You show me how fatal is this—this evidence." He blindly included them all in a sweep of his long arm. "You show me the need of not letting the—*ach*, the evidence —be found." Again the gorilla-like arm swept them all. "So!"

Even Patricia's maid understood. She half shrieked, huddling away from the drenched blue eyes. Patricia chided her, but she too was white, although her fists were clenched at her side and scornful black eyes dared and dared the Envoy to try it. They all understood. A few chance lives counted nothing against Austria's mighty destiny.

The king advanced a step. The Envoy had asked them to share the royal brew, which they declined impatiently, and he was filling the stein for himself.

"The safe-conduct I ask," said the king in the cold tones of judgment rendered, "will, sir, remove the evidence you fear."

The Envoy peered at the mantling foam in the mug, and lifted his thirsty gaze from it reluctantly. "I was hoping, your Majesty," he pouted, "that you would let my Emperor follow the behests of his fatherly heart. He secretly applauds your *coup d'état* of last summer, which would raise Illyria from an autonomous Turkish principality to a sovereign kingdom. Nay, more, he has honored me with full powers to recognize your Highness as king, which is somewhat from a Hapsburg for a simple Irish baronet. I could do this at this very moment, and your throne is at once established for all time. But see, you reject all friendship. No little earnest of well-wishing occurs to you; not even—" his Excellency paused here, and sipped of the beer—"not even the naming of certain of your own officers I could mention to command certain of your fortresses and arsenals. And yet, if——"

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HE AIMED AND FIRED AT THE BUTTON—AND HIT.

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"Dubnitz, you hound!" The king's voice, vibrant with anger, cut him short.

Yet the fat man's querulous complaining had not sounded like an ultimatum, offering dishonor or their deaths. But there it was, Austria's supreme bribe for the corruption of a king!

The king turned to Renaldo, and with a heavy sigh nodded his head, a nod of the head that would have given Europe, Asia, and the Americas their next morning's world story.

Renaldo stooped, and from under the woman's cloak he had dropped on the floor he produced an automobile horn—the horn from the yellow car. He lifted it over his head, his slender fingers crooked on the bulb.

"Not—" gasped the Envoy, clutching the arms of his chair and getting to his feet, "not the signal to charge?"

"Yea," purred Renaldo, " 'tis the siren that lures."

"Bu—but a word! One chance!"

"We gave you the chance," said the king.

"A chance for you, my dears," squealed the Envoy. "You play Death for trumps. But—one moment—I hold that card. The Illyrians charge. Good—superb! But *ach*, my children, a statesman must think of many things. I have thought of a tunnel from under my poor house, and so out under the street; and there, under the pavement, a honeycomb, a labyrinth; and the labyrinth filled with explosives that, at the touch of buttons, will lift any chance mob like a pyrotechnic flower-pot. That is the card, a touch of buttons, when the Illyrians storm the doors. And afterward, in the débris of bodies, the bodies of yourselves, messieurs, will be found; and the Envoy of Austria will have much sympathy that the king of this country should lead a charge against his residence. Naturally," added the fat man, "the princess and her maid will never be found. The lack of that evidence we mentioned will be—abysmal. Your Grace, you do not invoke the siren?"

They looked at Patricia. They had come to *save* her.

"Those—those buttons?" said Renaldo unsteadily.

"You doubt? You wish to *see* the card? *Ach*, so."

With a vacuous smirk, the Envoy dragged a jangling bunch of keys from the pocket of his ancient dressing-gown, and shambled to the wall at his left, where he stopped beside the central panel.

Watching breathlessly, they could see by the greenish light over the lamp-shade that a little oaken slide, perhaps a foot long and half as wide, with a revolving keyhole slit at one end, had been let into the panel. The Envoy inserted a small, flat key, but with his hand still on the key he hesitated and faced them.

"You two, your Grace and Mister American, about those automatic pistols in your belts, do not be immoderate. You shall be convinced the buttons are here; but though you shoot me dead, you will not better yourselves. There are other buttons in this house, and other faithful servants of the Emperor to use them."

Whereupon he placidly turned his back, twisted the key, and pushed the slide. For a moment he peered dotingly on what it revealed, and then stood aside.

They saw, studded on a black velvet-mounted inner panel, and glittering between tiny incandescent bulbs, three rows of bright steel disks. Over each disk, resembling the name-plate on a dog-collar, there was a small nickeled strip engraved in German script to denote its exact hideous function.

"These," said the Envoy, pointing a thick finger across the top row, "are pretty little slumbering volcanoes in my garden at the rear, should attack come from that quarter. And these, the bottom row, are similarly mines under my neighbors' gardens on either side. And finally, plees, these others, in the middle row, they are for the street in front, all the way under the entire block. And this particular one—" he drew back his finger, and made jabbing motions at the middle disk in the row—"*ach*, it is my pet of them all, this one. It starts the *ascenseur* for the gentlemen of the Guard when they shall arrive so far as to be battering down my front door. What a pity you will be already too dead to hear! Such detonations, sir, such reverberation, such orchestration—*ach*, the brave, grand symphony for a simple German man!"

An undulating finger of ice seemed to crawl down their spines as they watched that puffy finger hovering over those ridiculous—those gruesomely ridiculous—push-buttons, and watched the doddering fat man gloat over his hideous toy.

Patricia, her face piteously drawn in agony for her brother, could not bear to

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look at him, lest she look on his tortured soul, choosing, she knew, death for them all rather than the Envoy's vile bargain. And she would not look at Renaldo. She had just heard that liquid, purring voice break. The subtle Renaldo had failed them. Whosesoever the plot, it too had failed. They had not foreseen the Envoy's resources.

There was one other, forgotten, out of the high light—the young American; and she turned to him, moved by some instinct of despair. She noted then that Renaldo had turned to him also, helplessly, reproachfully, and yet inquiringly. Abruptly the truth smote her: It had been the American's plot from the first, or mainly his; and her consummate cousin but an instrument, a reed, a voice, for carrying the melody. And now, at the first jangling discord, Renaldo had turned to him to get the pitch. She looked at Ned more intently. There was a something in the alertness, and yet the veiled wooden dreaminess, of his widening gray eyes. She had never seen him behind a hand at poker. Nevertheless, her own eyes slowly deepened in mist—trusting, adoring—sure, now, of a miracle!

"Yes," said the fat man, jabbing the finger obliquely at the middle disk of the middle row, "that—that is my little trump card."

"And, Mr. Good Player, I'll just call you," said Ned. Saying which, he aimed and fired at the button—and hit.

At the drawing of the weapon the Envoy leaned forward almost as if he would intercept the bullet with his hand, and a look of ghastly horror overspread the gross, fat face until now bleached of emotion and passion. With the report a cry escaped his lips, and in a kind of spasm he clapped his hands over his ears. The others, too, were stricken things, stopping their ears, remembering the street traffickers outside the door, visualizing the earth's upheaval and tatters of men raining down into the jagged chasm. . . .

A second's fraction of stillness as empty as a yawning grave, and then somewhere behind the paneled wall sounded little brassy tinkling cymbals in the opening bars of "The Flying Dutchman."

They stared at one another uncertainly, except Ned and the agonized Envoy. If this were the function of the bullet-driven button!

"*Ach*," said Ned, "*that* bluff's called."

Other things were striking in, triangles and castanets and flutes and tambourines and kettle-drums and bass-drums and pipes and deep-lunged horns, swelling to a crash, and more of 'em, the ocean's roar, the hurricane's howl, chaos unleashed.

"What in the name of—" gasped Patricia. "Oh, a—*music-box*!"

It was a Cyclopean music-box, then; a sublimated hand-organ; a rampant hybrid calliope Pegasus hitched to a drunken brass band. It probably filled a large room behind the buttons. Its spiked cylinders must have been of steam-roller proportions, its bellows enough for a blacksmith. It was a *bierhalle* Elysium, smuggled into the Envoy's patriotic exile.

Sweat was out on the Envoy's pink dome. His secret was out. Since the soul must be housed in flesh, the Envoy had made the house windowless. By a specious stupidity he veiled his craft. Tobacco and beer and slippered sloth, these were in the pattern. But music, and such music—ah, that was a weakness of the soul; and a real weakness the Envoy dared not let his fellow-man behold. Now the mask was off. The man *was* human. They had him!

The whole blissful force of it stole on them gradually.

Patricia, when *she* got the full of it, gave way entirely. A sort of helpless look came over her face, as if it were going to be too much for her; and then her laughter-stricken eyes lighted on Ned Thacker, and then—it *was* too much for her. "Oh, oh," she wept, melting plump into his arms, "I could love *any one* for this! It is too perfectly delicious! I could—I could . . . Oh, I do—*you*—just naturally, anyway!"

They had a full Wagnerian diapason, *bierhalle* version, to the plighting of their troth.

"And the reward," shouted Renaldo over the din, "is almost not too great." He was a true-blue sportsman. "*Monsieur mon cousin*, my felicitations."

"Thanks—busy now," came Ned's voice.

"The plebeians," said the king. "Darlings, the two of them!"

The Dutchman's ship was going down. A final clash of brass announced it, and an ocean of silence closed over. The Envoy looked so pathetic, they tried hard not to laugh. Ned and Patricia strolled over to the push-button board. It served them for

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the family photograph-album. They bent their heads together, deciphering the names of other tunes.

"Say, here's one I want," said Ned. "'Der Washington Post March.'" He started to push the button.

"*Ach*, no! Plees, plees!" cried the Envoy, and his anguish was genuine.

"Oh, all right," said Ned; "then we'll furnish the music. Renaldo, 'come blow your horn.'"

So once again that evening Renaldo lifted the yellow car's siren. Captain and Guard outside were still awaiting the signal, and the mines to destroy them were a myth.

"*Ach, Gott*, plees!" groaned the Envoy, and the groan was genuine.

"Then," said Ned, "we will now tell him what he must do."

Outside, in the dark street, Captain Von der Blitzen waited with the Guard, besides two puzzled envoys in their carriages. To them came a secretary of the household of the Austrian Envoy. His Excellency, on the part of his Majesty the King, said the secretary, prayed their Excellencies and the Herr Captain to honor his poor roof in a momentous although happy affair of state.

"Happy?" growled the captain. "I'd rather hear one shriek of a certain auto-horn. Anyhow, the path must be swept first," he added, loath to abandon hope of the charge and assault. He drew his yataghan, and put himself at the head of his wild, brigandish Illyrians. Then he heard the creak of ox-carts, and vaguely perceived massy shadows receding before him in the narrow street. The Envoy's peasantry were departing. Something more potent than bloodshed had been at work. The captain did not know that it was ridicule.

The Envoy was at the door, the big double doors flung wide. He ushered his two colleagues of the diplomatic corps and Captain Von der Blitzen into the room at the end of the passage. The Illyrians of the Guard also flooded the room and filled the passage and the street outside—and a murderous beskirted pirate crew they looked.

The captain went direct to the American named Thacker, who, with the king's sister, was standing near the wall, absorbed in a panel of bright steel disks. "Don't I," he demanded in a thunderous whisper, indicating the fat Envoy, "don't I even cut his ears off?"

"No, Cap, you don't," Ned assured him. "We'll manage without. Politics——"

"Pouah, politics!" The simple captain was immensely disappointed.

"But, Captain," said Ned, taking Patricia's hand, "I'd like you to meet my—that is, she will be. And you're invited."

The captain's great eyes bulged out. Since first they had beheld this black-eyed Irish princess, his heart had been hers to walk around on, if she wished. "Well," sighed the captain, "it was bound to be somebody, and I knew it wouldn't be me. Shake!"

"Your Excellency," said Ned respectfully, addressing the Envoy.

His Excellency, the personal representative of the Emperor of Austria, was nervously regarding the inconspicuous American, and keeping a nervous eye on the American's index finger lightly touching, but not pushing, first one button and then another. However incredible the thing looked, yet to the representatives of France and Greece it did seem as if the Envoy of the Emperor was taking his cue from an American named Thacker.

Now there is no need of going into what followed. How, for example, the Austrian Envoy, with plenipotentiary powers, that night signed a ponderous state paper before them all, wherein his Emperor recognized the kingdom of Illyria *as* a kingdom and her king *as* king. How, also, this was the last act of his mission in Illyria, since the next day he began packing up to return to Vienna. How the Illyrians rejoiced, the Illyrians of the Guard first of all, and ever after idolized the Irish baronet who had already freed them from Turkey and now from one speciously stupid fat man. It's all in cold print, already, more or less.

You will hardly find, however, what the Envoy said after the formal business was over, when the king, the king's cousin, the king's captain of the Guard, and the king's brother-in-law-apparent were leaving.

"With you Four," the Envoy said, a bit wistfully, "I could give my Emperor a new kingdom every Monday and Thursday. And with just you—" here he blinked at the American Thacker—"*ach*, maybe we'd have to skip Monday."

"But, your Excellency," said Patricia—oh, yes, she was still there, too—"I think, your Excellency, we are Five."

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AS *HENRY BEAUCLERC* IN "DIPLOMACY"

The MAGIC of WILLIAM GILLETTE

by

PETER CLARK MACFARLANE

THE secret is in part a tragedy—somber, poignant, personal—sensitively concealed from the world. In part it is a mere limitation of the actor—charted, bounded, persistently exploited—until at last it has come to stand for genius. Indeed, perhaps it is genius. Possibly genius, after all, is not so much the possession of something as the lack of something. Certain it is that in the beginning William Gillette lacked something and that in mid-career he lost something.

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Out of that lack and that loss has come the man at whose dressing-room door kings have knocked to say:

"Sir, I congratulate you."

One recalls Gillette first as the peerless master of the cold shiver. He has raised more goose-flesh than any other player of his times. But Mr. Gillette has also been a most successful wooer of the sunny warmth of comedy. He has made his audiences laugh, he has made them thrill! Above all, he has made them *forget.*

What a word! *Forget.* What a feat! What a faculty! Lucky the man who can himself forget. How gifted the one who can make others forget. It is the triumph of the art of William Gillette that in the magic of his spell an audience forgets. It is the tragedy of his life that there is something in it which he can not make himself forget.

Perhaps this is why the man has chosen to make a mystery of his existence off the stage. Nobody knows him, nobody sees him. His private character is less known than that of any other man in public life in America. People who have tried to see and know him and have failed, will tell you he is cold, peculiar, taciturn, reserved, secretive, cynical, a recluse whose only intimates are cats.

WEARING HIS OWN MASK

Yet another explanation of his exclusiveness was perhaps supplied when he told the graduating class of a school of acting that the first element in dramatic art is *personality.*

Off the stage Gillette hoards his personality like a miser. On the stage he spends it like a prince. His plays and his characterization are his message to the public. The rest is silence. On the stage he is not a puppet, but a person. He wears a mask, but it is one of his own. He plays a part, but it is a part of himself, and himself is queer—truth to tell, odd, eccentric; no, all of these adjectives are too strong. "Himself" is *markedly individualistic.*

His father before him was markedly individualistic. By nature reserved and taciturn, Francis G. Gillette nevertheless dabbled in politics, and managed to get his reserve and taciturnity accounted unto him for genius; so much so at least that the voters of Connecticut sent him to the Senate of the United States.

It was hardly to be wondered at, therefore, that son William broke out all over with individuality at the time when other lads were just coming down with the mumps. Sometimes when he was in a crowd of boys you could take one look at Willie Gillette and see he wasn't there at all—in his mind he was flocking by himself. When the other boys were at tops or marbles, you might find Willie off in a corner marshaling little groups of lead soldiers. One day some one discovered they were not soldiers at all, but actors. They were a play. They had their exits and their entrances—they laughed, loved, fought, and killed each other, all according to the whims of this strange boy, over whose absorbed face flowed the range of emotions with which he supposed his puppets to be moved.

When Willie grew older he broke out in feats of declamation. Here his limitations were obvious, and a little more than obvious: they were pronounced. He was tall as a telegraph-pole, fat as a slat; his features were rigid, his voice penetrating rather than orotund, and his utterance somehow suggested that speech was not easy to him. But all the same he had a kind of authority about him. He could make people laugh almost at will; and when he wanted, which was not often, he could make them cry. Sometimes his antics gave folks the creepiest feelings imaginable. One had a sort of a notion that it wasn't William up there, but some other self that was moving through him.

The neighbors liked Willie, and found him vastly entertaining and vastly convincing—wherefore they thought he should become a lawyer. But Willie had no thought of law. He meant to be an actor. As opportunity offered he coolly exploited his audiences with malice long aforethought—a sort of human vivisection, to see how the audience-organism operated, anyway—what made the people catch their breath, what brought laughter after tears, and what best brought tears from laughter. In particular he studied to surprise, and often those Hartford folk would confess he did surprise them.

His most daring achievement of those days was assault with intent to kill, committed upon no less a piece of literature than Webster's immortal Reply to Hayne.

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ON BOARD THE SEAGOING HOUSE-BOAT WHICH IS WILLIAM GILLETTE'S HOME; WITH THE REIGNING CAT FAVORITE IN CHARGE.

Young Gillette mauled and mangled it frightfully. He forgot some words, he mumbled others; some sentences he bit out jerkily, some he tossed off swiftly as if they were of small account; while on others his utterance was slow, balanced, grave, and into the tone of them marched a kind of awe that was at once solemn and inspiring.

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But his audience applauded him vigorously and began to say it was too bad he had forgotten his lines and failed so in his delivery, because somehow he had made them feel the speech as well as hear it. They saw the Senate, they breathed the atmosphere, electric, ominous, big with destiny. Before them was a living thinker laboring his way from point to point in his argument and finally bursting out in those impassioned sentiments which patriots can never forget. But, of course, young William had lost the prize. It was poor oratory, no doubt of that. Johnnie Jones had gone through "Spartacus to the Gladiators" without ever hesitating once. Each word was clear and distinct; each gesture, each pose and ringing cadence, was there just as it had been declaimed since time forgotten.

To the surprise of the audience, however, the judges appeared to overlook the faultiness of William's delivery. In fact, they appeared to feel that the faultiness was rather fine, and they gave him the prize for it.

Now it happened that Gillette, senior, had been in the Senate when this immortal speech was delivered. It was the choicest of all his memories, and young William stood in great fear of being censured for sacrilege. Nevertheless he ventured to ask:

"Father, did I do the speech right?"

"Of course you did it right!" blurted the former senator, staring at his son with a kind of aggressive complacence. "Of course you did."

"Well, was it like Webster's?" the lad persisted, fishing for a further compliment.

"Not a bit in the world," was the disconcerting reply—"no more than you are like Webster." And then the gruff man added: "But you did it right, though, because you did it like yourself—as if you were thinking it out for yourself!"

Like himself! As if he were thinking it out for himself! That was the greatest lesson in acting William Gillette ever got.

If you saw him upon the stage this winter, groping for his words; uttering sentences that he knew by heart and had been repeating for weeks, as if he had just that moment thought of them; reeling off speeches that were broken, jagged, even jerky, but *so* lifelike!—you may realize that this naive utterance is the perfection of an art at which he has been practising ever since the Hartford committee gave him the prize for making Webster's utterance faulty.

In fact, if I may venture an interpolation here, that is the prize William Gillette has been drawing all his life—*the prize for being faulty*. He writes dramas that are faultlessly faulty; with his pen he portrays faulty characters, and then he plays them faultily, and the faulty people of America and England seem to recognize these faulty folk as familiars and to love them as friends whom they are willing to pay their money in millions to see—these faulty portrayals of faulty characters in faulty plays by a faulty person, who pretends he does not care a tomato for art.

In a couple of words, the old Hartford lesson was this: He, William Gillette, was *a* person. Being a person, he had certain limitations. Limitation makes individuality. The more marked the limitation the more marked the individuality. He had won a prize by playing Webster's speech through his personality. That, therefore, was to be his artistic method—to play himself. He set out deliberately to do this—not to interpret Shakespeare, but to enact William Gillette. The only difficulty lay in convincing managers that William Gillette was worth enacting.

EARLY DAYS IN "STOCK"

The boy made his début in "stock" at New Orleans, which was, he soon realized, very far from home; moreover, he found himself immediately overwhelmed by the newness of the thing. Acting turned out to be very different from just taking the center of the platform and monologuing one's way. Why, most of the time on the stage an actor was not saying anything, he was just being seen; he was standing up or sitting down or moving about. How a man appeared and what he did and how he did it were of as much importance as what he said. Indeed, Gillette was gravely put to it to rescue his personality—this rather reserved personality of his—from the mere mechanism and mechanics of the theatre and from being lost in the mob of other personalities upon the stage.

He persisted, however, strong-arming his way into one stock company after another, at Pittsburgh, at Cincinnati, at St. Louis—even Boston; although for the most part he got nothing but "bits," and the bits gave

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A CORNER OF THE HOUSE-BOAT CABIN.

him little opportunity save to don his make-up, to walk on and to walk off. But he donned and doffed, he walked on and he walked off, all studiously after the order of no Melchizedek save William Gillette himself. Sometimes he was even cast for a thinking part. He did a lot of thinking, anyway, and he began thus early to steep himself in that technique of the stage of which he is to-day a superlative master. He wallowed in grease-paint. He slaved for an hour over a make-up that would be used for but a minute.

In Louisville alone did there appear a real opportunity, for there he found a manager named McCauley who did what to-day all managers do and are sometimes complained against for doing. He considered the personality of the actor in casting his plays. Sometimes this policy got Gillette nothing to do but obtrude his tall form to say, "The carriage waits;" but occasionally also it landed him a corking chance to exploit the genius of his limitations and convince at least himself that if he ever got a chance to play William Gillette, he would play him successfully and well.

But what was stock in Louisville compared with a regular part in a regular production in New York City, and what was the good of having an old-time friend and neighbor, like Mark Twain of Hartford, and not make use of him? Twain's play "The Gilded Age" was about to be put on in New York by John T. Raymond. Upon the absolute insistence of Twain, Gillette was cast for the foreman of the jury. He had four words to utter: "We have—not guilty." During the entire season of the year 1879-80 William Gillette stood up once every night in New York City and announced to a waiting world: "We have—not guilty."

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One of the cruelest things in his memory now is that not once did the dramatic critics of the city note, or at least comment upon, the stressful manner in which the young actor read these words. In Hartford he could have got a prize for them. In New York they got him only twelve dollars a week.

However, when one has nothing to do but say "We have—not guilty" once in twenty-four hours, one has time for other things. Gillette took this time to write a play.

GILLETTE'S PLAY FOR GILLETTE

He knew nothing of the rules of dramatic construction, except what he had observed in his two years upon the stage or had been able to teach himself long ago by his boyish play with the toy actors; but, nevertheless, he constructed his play with craft—one might almost say, with malice.

There was naturally a leading male part. Gillette, the playwright, carefully wrote that part for Gillette the actor. In it he put all the things actor Gillette could do—the things he couldn't do, or could do but doubtfully, he was equally careful to leave out or to bestow upon other characters. In short, the play was a dramatization of the immature art and the highly individualized personality of young William Gillette of Hartford.

By the time his season in "The Gilded Age" was ended, the play, which had been christened "The Professor," was finished, and the author began to offer it to producers. For two years he carried that precious manuscript under his arm from manager to manager until his elbow got a chronic crook in it.

Failing utterly to place his play, Gillette again had recourse to his friendship for Mark Twain. Mark read "The Professor" and liked it. Now, when Twain liked he liked, and when he wanted to help he helped. By his own resources he saw "The Professor" safely on to the boards of a New York playhouse.

The play was a success. So was the performance of Gillette as the leading character. Overnight he became a star, which in itself was a remarkable achievement for a young man whose last appearance in the metropolis had been to say: "We have—not guilty."

The *Professor* turned out to be an absent-minded individual who got into lots of trouble through being captivated by every pretty face he met and following his captivations with offers of matrimony, usually successfully—in sheer forgetfulness of the fact that he was already married and several times engaged. It was comedy which verged toward farce, and Gillette's personality proved abundantly resourceful in extracting the maximum of humor by a minimum of effort from the absurd situations into which as playwright he had thrust himself.

The play ran eight weeks in New York, which was a long run in those days, and it went a whole season outside, becoming the foundation-stone of Gillette's career.

As a by-product it brought him the finest reward that can ever come to a man, the love of a woman. As the *Professor*, Gillette paid court to numerous maidens in the course of an evening's play. While doing the absent-minded lover in Detroit, he spied one day between performances a maiden whose face was fairer than any upon his salary list. With the same determination with which he does other things, Gillette set about wooing her. Success attended. The beautiful Helen Nichols became Mrs. William Gillette.

There was never a happier union. The wife was warm, vivacious, sparkling, enthusiastic, possessing many traits in common with her brilliant young husband and many others which he did not possess at all. The two were rarely companionable. Glad years rolled along swiftly, prosperity running at the chariot hub. Gillette got hold of a German comedy, Von Mosler's "Der Bibliothekar," and adapted it to the American stage and American audience, renaming it "The Private Secretary," and in it inaugurated a starring tour which lasted three years and proved his first nation-wide introduction.

Next came a succession of plays of Gillette's sole authorship—"Mrs. Wilkinson's Widows," a rollicking comedy, succeeded by a bewilderingly good melodrama, entitled "Held by the Enemy." Each of these revealed an actor of deepening resources and a playwright of increasing promise.

Gillette in success was unspoiled. He confessed no serious ambitions. His pleasure was to entertain. His medium was the stage. He had a playful, prankish soul, and he blazed a playful trail across the country and into the hearts of many thousands of theatre-goers.

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WILLIAM GILLETTE—ACTOR, PLAYWRIGHT, PERSONALITY. HE IS APPEARING THIS WINTER IN A REVIVAL OF SARDOU'S "DIPLOMACY."

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But into the garden of his happiness a dark shadow began to creep—furtively at first—appearing and drawing back, then coming on again. His beautiful wife was ill—then better, then very ill again. Fear entered the heart of the rising young actor. He went one night to the playhouse to enact his comedy with the chill of tragedy about his heart. He smeared the make-up on his face, he donned the garments of his part, he spoke his lines, he carried off his situations, he got his surprises and his laughter; and when the curtain went down upon the last act he flung all from him like hateful things and dashed to his wife's side.

But watchings were futile. Hope sank lower and lower, and in midsummer the beautiful young life went out. When September openings were announced, the name of Gillette was not among them. His bereavement had left him desolate and crushed, his pen was numb, his voice stilled. Theatres were unthinkable. The sight of women was a torture. The very solicitations of friendship were unendurable. In agony of soul William Gillette slunk away from the haunts of men.

SELF-EXILED

His hiding-place was a lonely spot in the mountains of North Carolina, and his home a rude cabin, to which no visitor was welcome. Although his whereabouts were dimly known, not one friendly face was permitted to look upon him in his retreat—no faces indeed ever drew near, except those of the colored people who brought him the simple foods his own hands prepared. Here he lived, the months stretching into years, with no companions save memory, no occupation but to battle with his sorrow. At length, in one of his wanderings over the mountains, he dropped exhausted by weakness—undernourished and ill.

Some kind-hearted mountaineers found him fainting on the hilltop, and took him to their cabin. Their accommodations were poor, but the wealth of their hospitality was great. And the gentleness and considerateness of their guest won their hearts completely.

The lives of these people, so hard, so simple, and so genuine, woke the actor's interest. They were a new type. He studied them, their ideas, their experiences, their unemotional manners. They were a survival of something past. Their most stirring memories were of the Civil War. Their stories had to do with its struggles. Their heroisms, their faiths, their stoicisms, all gripped the imagination of the actor.

This life was like a play to him. The ambition seized him to create it again in the atmosphere of the playhouse—and to enact some of its rôles himself. Before this perhaps Gillette had not taken play-writing very seriously; but his own tragic experience had given him respect for the deeper, sterner meanings of life. Now, chastened, humbled, awed by life's big significances, he did not write a play. He trod one out of the wine-press.

However, we can judge better of the value of this new work and the new actor who came back to civilization from the mountains, if we stop and take a survey of the state of the stage in America about that time. Something had happened to it—had been happening, in fact, for a whole generation.

Time was when our drama was keyed to Wagnerian strains. Lights were poor, furnishings few, accessories meager. To counterbalance these deficiencies, art must be Herculean. The players must carry enormous resources in themselves. They must bear the front of Jove, with lightnings in their eye and the thunders of Olympus hinged upon their vocal cords. Vehemence must multiply emotion. Strides were long, gestures vigorous. The actor "took" the stage, not always with the sweep of his eye, which might be undiscerned in the far corner of the gallery, but with a headlong rush. Or, if he stood, he intoned his utterance in a style that was half declamatory and half a pagan liturgy. In rage he ranted. In grief a sigh that shook his body was not enough. It must also be a sob that would shake the rafters.

Yet these actors were not mere mummers. They were artists. They used the means to hand; they painted with what colors lay upon their palettes, and mellowed or enveloped all with the similitudes and witcheries of an art that was superb, playing upon the emotions of their auditors almost at will.

But a change came. Effects no longer followed force. It appeared that force had failed, or that the physiques of actors had failed. There came no more men like Forrest and McCullough and Irving and

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Salvini, whose natural endowment was such that when they pulled down the stops upon their emotions their bodies responded with those chords of moving power that were the despair of imitators. Our stages echoed hollowly. The wings seemed vast and empty.

Adjustments, however, came swiftly. Theatres were made smaller, the empty stage was crowded with people, properties were furbished, realisms multiplied. Asides went out; soliloquies died. Having ceased to get effects by bawling, actors ceased to bawl! Restraint and repression came in. There was action in the immobility of a face; emotion in the opening and closing of a palm; hope in the sparkle of an eye, meaning in the flicker of a lash. The new lighting and the smaller theatre made these delicate effects possible.

The details of stage-setting also took on a new importance. The furniture had begun to act, properties to play parts. The sheen of a lamp falls, not aimlessly, but particularly and for a certain carefully designed effect. The raised curtain at the window, the ash upon the cigar-tray, the smoke curling up from a cigarette stump on the edge of a table in a room which is obviously empty, are all significant parts of the action.

THE NATIVE AMERICAN PRODUCT

But it was evident that plays as well as players had to change. Producers encountered trouble, because of the growing of a taste which was native, but to which there was no native answer. The public was done with rantings and with far-off romantics, and had no great nose for smelly foreign farce. Its interest was not in sighing, misanthropic Danes, in ball-eyed Scottish kings, nor limping Dukes of Gloucester. It had a romance and a tragedy, a virtue and a meanness all its own, a humor that was indigenous, a funny-bone that was American.

It wanted the introspective idealists, the practical jokers, the busy promoters, the home-grown statesmen, the bustling, ambitious captains of enterprise, the plotting evil geniuses, the heroes and the villains of our own wars and our own capitols and states and industries, put upon our own boards by our own actors, in the key of our own times, and rendered not according to the traditions of a foreign stage, but according to the habits of native life.

Most of these changes had taken place while Gillette's career was ripening. He had helped to bring some of them to pass. He had served time in the theatre now for fifteen seasoned years. There was in America no greater master of the technique of stage realism. Long years before he had got the maximum of fun from the minimum of exaggeration in "The Professor." Now experience and observation had taught him that the maximum of American emotion may be, and usually is, expressed by the minimum of movement.

AN IMPROVED STYLE OF LYING

Yet—feeling all this, sensing all this—it is rather characteristic of a certain cynical note in Gillette that, bursting with the bigness of his wine-press play, he did not immediately produce it—but instead appeared upon the boards with a comedy verging near to farce. Gillette had observed that, if all men are not natural liars, most of them at least appear to lie quite naturally; but that stage lying was utterly lacking in that ease and finish with which the average good husband polishes off the average good lie he tells his wife. The playwright accordingly dramatized this national liar in a play called "Too Much Johnson" and then he coolly played the lie part, enacting it with a quiet naturalness which completely upset traditions and made the old kind of stage liar impossible thereafter.

In the wake of this impressive success Gillette launched the play which he brought back in his heart from the Carolina mountains, where he had learned that greatest of lessons—*that the deep waters of life are the still waters of action.*

In this play the most exciting scene is the quietest scene. The setting is a wayside telegraph-office. The hour is night. Dim oil-lamps emphasize rather than disperse the gloom. The clicking key and one unspeaking actor play out the scene alone. To those who have not seen it, words will convey no adequate impression of the suspense, the intensity, the daring yet convincing theatricalism of the action which holds an audience breathless and wrings its very soul with an agony of hope and fear.

In it Gillette displayed the most remarkable command of the subtleties of stage silence and dramatic immobility ever exhibited up to that time. This power of silence was a new note. He got it in the mountains,

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where fortitude made itself eloquent by silence. He exploited its values in comedy in "Too Much Johnson."

In "Secret Service" he proved its power for melodrama. That one quiet scene remains the most memorable single scene upon our stage. For this and other reasons, too, "Secret Service" stands out as the first of American melodramas, if indeed it is not our best piece of all-round craftsmanship.

Bronson Howard, James A. Herne, Augustus Thomas, and, since then, others have answered the native taste with native plays; but it may well be doubted if there has ever been so complete an answer in a single vehicle as "Secret Service" affords. Its theme was American, its setting American, its emotions American. Its hero behaved as the American public liked to think an American hero would behave under circumstances such as those depicted.

The public demand kept Gillette upon the boards in this play for three years, after which it went another year in England.

"SHERLOCK HOLMES"

From this prolonged success Gillette turned to the dramatization of Conan Doyle's famous detective. Here dangers threatened. The opportunities were greater, but the pitfalls were deeper. A less courageous man might have shrunk from inviting comparison either between his stage detective and Doyle's finished figure in the book, or between a mere dramatization of the get of another's brain and his own original studies.

But Gillette dared and triumphed. "Sherlock Holmes," one of the most original creations of modern fiction, became one of the most convincing and entertaining characters upon the stage. England and America hailed him with delight. The sleuth became Gillette's most famous part. In its portrayal he displays his skill at the ripest and his whimsical humor in its most variable and charming moods.

But not even the glamour of these splendid successes could banish the shadow which overhung the actor's life. At a time when England and America were vying to do the actor-playwright honor, some one felicitated him upon his great achievement.

"It comes too late!" he answered tersely.

His great loss still haunted him. After his return from the mountains he had tried to resume his old life of easy acquaintanceships, but in vain. Familiar scenes and faces inevitably brought up the old stabbing pain. He became more and more a recluse. He was in the world but not of it. In the few homes where he called there was one name which must not be mentioned, one avalanche of memories which must never be dislodged.

Even the power to sleep was at times denied him. In his battles with insomnia, Gillette became a night-prowler. At midnight, when the play was finished and supper dispatched, the man would turn out into the streets or parks and tramp for hours and hours until sheer weariness of body made sleep possible.

It is twenty years since "Secret Service" was written and twenty-five since the iron of tragedy entered into the heart of a man whose life was meant to be a laugh. With whitening hair William Gillette enters upon his sixtieth mile, still aloof and lonely.

And yet one of the most distinguishing traits of Mr. Gillette's personality to-day is a dry, whimsical, half-mocking humor. This breaks out in his correspondence, in his personal conversation, and especially upon those rare occasions when he makes a speech. His particular aversion is the shallow critic. There is but one critic for whom Gillette confesses any real respect, the Public—a respect which he has somewhere voiced in the following terms:

"We find that public honest and straightforward with us always, ever ready to be moved by what is true and lifelike and human, *provided* it be made interesting; ever ready to reject the false and artificial, even though it be festooned with literary gems."

"Festooned with literary gems." *Festooned* seems not to have been the word until one realizes that Gillette was employing it to farce his phrase a little. Gillette does not care much for verbal gems in drama. He thinks they are not natural, therefore not drama. You may search his plays in vain for them. What he seeks to write into his parts is the crisp vernacular of living people. His characters do not talk like books, they gab like folks.

Occasionally in later years Mr. Gillette has startled the small circle of his acquaintances with a sense of responsibility in other directions than that of the theatre. An instance of this occurred two years ago when he actively espoused the Progressive cause, not only giving freely of his time in

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the preparation of articles and addresses, but—most remarkable for a man of his reserve!—making solicitous appearances in editorial rooms, hotel lobbies, and other places where he thought his influence might secure support for the new political evangelism which had so unexpectedly commanded his enthusiasms.

Yet among all the public men of America he still continues to be the most notable practitioner of personal obscurity. Indeed, there is something almost uncanny about the elusiveness of the man. Often enough, however, this is because of his infatuation for Aunt Polly.

Aunt Polly is undoubtedly an eccentric. Possessed of a roving disposition—having been actually charged with vagrancy—she nevertheless wields a mysterious influence over the life of the actor. When her call is heard he comes—it may be from half-way round the world or it may be only from Broadway, but—he comes. Sometimes they go cruising together, Aunt Polly and he, along the New England coast, occasionally as far north as Halifax; but most likely they are anchored safe in some inlet on the Long Island coast, where a train to New York happens at least once in twenty-four hours.

anything else than what she is—a luxurious seagoing house-boat on which the actor makes his home, and by means of which he leads that phantom will-o'-the-wisp existence which is the despair of reporters, interviewers, writing men, and pestiferous persons generally.

And now but one other whimsicality of the man remains to be discussed—his fondness for cats. The surest way to the heart of William Gillette is through a cat. It is said that as he goes from theatre to theatre on tour he seeks out the acquaintance of the house cat before that of the stage-manager. Besides Yosaki, the accomplished Japanese gentleman who valets Mr. Gillette, cooks for him, chauffeurs his motor-boat, and personally conducts his typewriter, there is no other being that has the run of the star's dressing-room save only this cat.

At home on the *Aunt Polly* there is always one particular puss who is in the closest intimacy with the actor. Just now the reigning favorite is a beautiful tiger-striped animal named Angelina. Her accomplishments are numerous. She always eats at table with her master. Her position is with hind legs upon the arm of his chair, forepaws upon the linen at the left of his plate.

AUNT POLLY.

Yet, wherever she is, Aunt Polly is likely to move at any whimsy moment; hence, when Gillette is with her one seldom knows where he is or where he will be next day. The relations between the two would long ago have been a scandal if *Aunt Polly* were

Her table manners are beyond reproach—almost. Mr. Gillette has seen to that. He carefully ties a little cat napkin about her throat. Before Angelina in small cat dishes—specially designed, I have no doubt, in far Limoges—are her favorite foods. She

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waits quietly to be served until Yosaki has heaped the plate of her master. If that plate's array be tempting to a puss she may thrust in a tentative paw, or even nip the corner of a tenderloin with her white teeth.

"No! No!" says the voice of Sherlock Holmes reprovingly—and pussy desists.

Presently Mr. Gillette serves to Angelina her own particular delicacies. Angelina dispatches these with feline singleness of purpose, and, having licked her Limoges clean, leans an arched neck toward her dinner companion. This is the signal for the untying of her napkin, after which Angelina turns and, with a flirt of her tail at the table, leaps upon Mr. Gillette's shoulder; from there, with another flirt of the tail, she leaps over the back of his chair to a high-cushioned seat upon a window.

Such is the unvarying "business" of Angelina's exit from each meal.

There have been other cats before Angelina, each with its peculiar and carefully respected whim; and when the last of Angelina's nine lives go out, there will be another, and, like Angelina, just a cat. What Mr. Gillette likes about a cat is the cattiness of her—or him—and he thinks he finds more of this plain cat in the ash-barrel breed than in the perfumed playthings of a Persian harem.

IN "DIPLOMACY"

It is not too much to say that the life of this man whom we see tying a napkin about the neck of Angelina, absorbed as a boy with a new toy, marks an epoch in the development of our drama. I do not say he made the epoch, but he helped—and he marks it; though, of course, other markers might be cited.

Gillette has never written a failure. His plays have the merit of distinction. They are marvels of technique and set the fashion for their times. They thrilled and stilled our own callow youth and our fathers in their prime. Occasionally for ten years we have seen them in revival, when all the old witchery appeared again—mirth was invoked, spells were woven, spines were chilled, hearts stood still, and men and maids forgot to breathe until the actor himself unloosed his thrall. He goes through his short seasons of "Farewells" with genius undimmed and a persistent youthfulness attaching to his humor and his charm.

This winter, when Charles Frohman revived Sardou's "Diplomacy," although this producer had many stars to choose from, it was William Gillette who came out from his seclusion to play *Henri Beauclerc* and add the distinction of one of his remarkable characterizations to this masterpiece of the great French play-builder.

But already enough has been written to show the shadowy and almost indistinguishable private figure of William Gillette as a peculiarly pungent personality; to show that the man himself is bigger, more interesting, more potential, more whimsical even, than anything which he has done.

BIGGER THAN GENIUS

From the beginning his nature has been one of intensities, and it would be strange indeed if from his experiences there had resulted no lasting mark upon the man. Yet many things he is supposed to be he is not. Because he smoked twenty cigars in "Too Much Johnson," the impression got abroad that he was smoking himself to death—though he does not smoke at all off stage. Because as "Sherlock Holmes" he injects morphine, the story flies that he is a drug fiend. He takes no drug, and no more drinks liquor than does Angelina.

His intimates are few, but they are chosen from the worth-while men and women of America. His conversation sparkles with bubbling humor; and behind the barriers of reserve with which the man entrenches himself there blossoms a fine, true, genial gentleman who is modestly, happily contented, not because success has come to him, but because he has given all the best of himself to the world; a man who has denied himself to all but a favored few, that he might surrender himself the more unreservedly to the many; a man to whom the common experience of life has come—gifts which he has shared joyously with the public, sorrows which he has conquered in private and made schoolmasters to teach him how much the world needs the thrill of romance, the sunshine of laughter, and the magic of forgetfulness.

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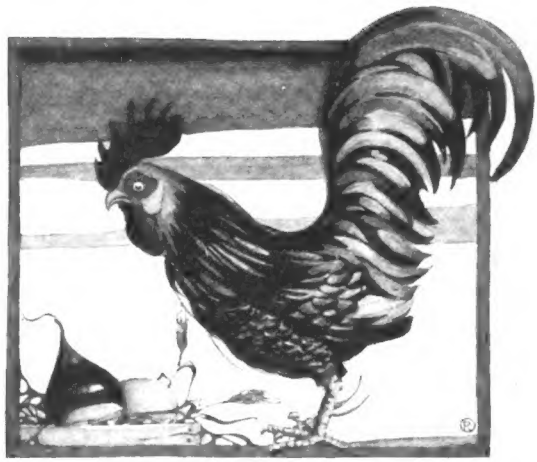
UNDER THE SPREADING CHESTNUT TREE

"The prosperity of a chestnut is in the ear of the stranger."



EDITOR'S NOTE—Though the sign is the Chestnut Tree, no story is barred by its youth. We shall gladly pay for available ones. Address all manuscripts to "The Chestnut Tree," enclosing stamped addressed envelope.

When Harry Atwood was aeroplaning from St. Louis to New York City he alighted to adjust his machine in a field near Fort Plain, New York. Atwood wasn't certain what state he was in, and wanted to know. A crowd of villagers rushed toward him and he called to them:

"Where am I?"

"You're in Charlie Knolls's cow-pasture," shouted the nearest man.

A prison missionary was insisting to one of the guards that there is some good in everybody. To prove it, she sought out the prison demon and found him stroking a huge tom-cat.

"There," said the woman, "a man who will pet a cat certainly has some love in his heart."

The guard sneered.

"Do you love that cat?" the woman asked the demon.

"Yes," he replied, still stroking the animal, "you bet I do; anybody who hurts that cat will do it over my dead body—he bit the warden this morning."

Wise New York vaudeville managers pay huge salaries for the use of names that draw the crowd regardless of the histrionic ability, or lack of it, of the actors; and it is only natural that ball-players of meteoric fame should prove luring bait of this kind. Some of them fancy their own acting; some do not.

Recently two young pitchers whose work on the diamond has thrilled thousands of fans met after theatre hours in the lobby of the Hotel Astor.

"Hello, Dick," said one. A pause. Then: "I saw your act."

"I saw yours, Bill," countered the other.

"Shake," grinned the first; and they did.

In a certain village down South there was a physician noted for his reckless automobile driving. One day when he answered the telephone a woman's voice asked him if he were going out driving that afternoon.

"No; I hardly think I will have time this afternoon," replied the doctor. "But why do you ask?"

"Well," replied his anonymous questioner, "I want to send my little daughter down-town for some thread, if you are not."

Little Bobbie listened with deep interest to the story of the Prodigal Son. At the end of it he burst into tears.

"Why, what's the matter, Bobbie?" exclaimed his mother.

"I'm—I'm so sor-ry for that poor li'l ca-alf," he sobbed. "*He* didn't do nuffin!"

A well-known publisher was talking with a moving-picture manager about the possibility of using some of the novels on his list. "There's Ralph Connor's 'Sky Pilot,' for instance," said the publisher.

"Oh, yes," answered the moving-picture magnate-manager knowingly. "That would

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be a dandy. You must let me stage that one. I have the best aviator-actor in the world up in our plant!"

This one is told on a certain pugilist, who is far better acquainted with the big names of fistic chronology than with those in the school history-books.

Having reached England in the course of his pugilistic travels, he was patronized by a nobleman with sporting tastes. A week-end visit to the country estate was in order.

The gentleman personally conducted his guest about the mansion, and when they arrived at a certain pretentious bedroom he said with pride: "Here, sir, is where the great Nelson slept."

The pugilist stepped over and touched the high, white-covered bed appreciatively. "Gee," he remarked, "leave it to the Battler to pick a soft one!"

A young married couple arrived in Paris on their first trip abroad just a few days before the war-cloud broke.

One morning the husband was sent forth to purchase a bottle of eau de Cologne for his beloved. After about fifteen minutes he rushed back breathlessly.

"Why, my dear, what *is* the matter?" asked the wife in solicitous tones.

"You—you forgot to tell me the French for eau de Cologne!"

Pat bought a pig last fall, paying seven dollars and a half for it; during the winter he bought ten and a half dollars' worth of feed for it, and in the spring he sold the pig for seventeen dollars and fifty cents.

A neighbor asked him how much he got for it, and when Pat told him he said: "Well, you didn't make much on it, did you?"

"No," said Pat, "but you see I had the use of the pig all winter."

Here is a story by Baron Douse, the celebrated Irish judge.

"I was down in Cork last month, holding assizes. On the first day, when the jury came in, the officer of the court said:

" 'Gentlemen av the jury, ye'll take your accustomed places, if ye plaze.'

"And may I never laugh," said the baron, "if they didn't all walk into the dock!"

The tired captain descended the gangway stairs and addressed the terrified passengers huddled in the saloon of the storm-tossed vessel.

"Friends," said he, "we have done all that sailors can do, all that men can do. We are now all in the hands of the Almighty."

"Oh, captain!" piteously cried a clergyman, "don't say it's as bad as that!"

Harry Kelly, as a countryman—on the stage—says to Frank Tinney, playing a Pullman porter: "I gotta go home quick. Had a birth in our family. Twins."

"Gwan," says Tinney, "that's not a berth; that's a section."

"Well, anyhow," says Kelly with rising pride, "Theodore Roosevelt sent me a silver loving-cup."

"On account of the twins?"

"Yep."

"Well," says the envious Tinney, "is it a permanent trophy or do you have to win it three times?"

It was the dreaded day of examination in arithmetic.

"If any one has a question to ask," said Miss Bell, "he must come up to me very quietly."

Teddy sat frowning over the third example: "A little girl had a family of dolls. She gave one-fourth of them away and had six left. How many did she give away?"

Suddenly his face cleared. He arose quietly from his seat and tiptoed up to Miss Bell.

"Will you please tell me," he whispered, "how many dolls make a family? I've never heard."

An aged German and his wife were much given to quarreling. One day, after a particularly unpleasant scene, the old woman remarked with a sigh: "Vell, I vish I vas in heafen!"

"*I* vish I vas in a beer-garden!" shouted her husband.

"Ach *ja*," cried the old wife, "always you try to pick out the best for yourself!"

A passenger recently entered the Southern Pacific depot, Santa Barbara, California, to take the 2:15 P. M. train. The clock in the waiting-room was several minutes faster than the one in the office, and the passenger asked the porter which clock was correct. After scanning the clocks carefully, the porter, with much satisfaction to himself, replied:

"It don't make any difference which is right: the train goes at 2:15 anyhow."

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EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE

PUBLISHED BY
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STRAIGHT TALK WITH EVERYBODY'S PUBLISHERS

WE HAVE unwittingly offended some of our good friends. Two old friends in the South canceled their subscriptions because we called the negro who won the first prize in our Rum Contest "Mr." Fisher. Two friends in Canada, though they did not cancel their subscriptions, took us vigorously to task because of our presumption in suggesting that the U. S. A. would and should have a big word to say in stopping the awful war in Europe and in the terms of settlement afterward.

We were a bit startled, we confess, in receiving these four letters; and while they no doubt represent the sentiments of quite a number of people in the South and in Canada, we refuse to believe that they represent any large sentiment in either section.

It is not difficult to understand how a descendant of the "Master" class in the South might find it very difficult to address a descendant of the once "slave" class as "Mr." But in a democracy there are no "Masters" in the old sense. Every man is a "Mr." We reserve the word "Master" for the men and women who have mastered the arts, or sciences, or whatever; and the negro who won the prize in the Rum Contest would appear to have fairly won the title of "Master" as we use it now. He competed with nine thousand "Masters" and "Mistresses" and won.

We might have named him Professor Fisher or President Fisher, if either had occurred to us. Would that have satisfied our old friends any better?

The negro race has made tremendous progress in fifty years. Its leaders are urging their people to earn the respect of the white race by honest effort, and to use every care against giving offense. EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE would not wittingly hurt their cause or halt their progress by giving offense. Will others of our friends in the South, or elsewhere, be good enough to tell us whether or not we gave real cause for offense when we called a negro "Mr."?

WHEN THE WAR ENDS

Now as to our Canadian friends. It is not difficult to understand how some of them might feel that our talk on this side of the border about helping to bring the war to an end and helping in the settlement afterward might sound like patronizing interference. Of course, we do not mean it that way; but our Canadian friends must remember that we, on this side of the border, have been very hard hit by a war not of our making and not of our choosing, and, aside from sentiment, we have a very real interest and a very real concern in the time and the manner of settlement.

We call their attention to the strenuous efforts which the leading men in all the countries involved in the war have made to enlist our sympathy and our support. Possibly it has gone to our heads a bit. Possibly we are taking ourselves too seriously. But

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we do not mean to be offensive, and we do mean to have something to say about the settlement when the time comes.

Our ambassador in London is looking after Germany's interest. Our ambassador in Berlin is looking after England's interest, and so on through all the capitals. Our State Department has preserved a strict neutrality. Our army and our navy have representatives in all the fleets and with all the armies. Who, of all the nations, will be in a position to know so well as we where justice lies when settlement time comes?

OUR NEIGHBOR, JAPAN

It is very possible that in our leading article this month—"Tsing-tao: Key to —What?"—we shall unintentionally give offense to some of the friends of Japan. This is not an alarmist article about the Yellow Peril. Nor is it a pussyfoot article, treading softly about the truth lest it stir up trouble. We believe that the American public should know exactly what Japan's methods and motives are. Her attitude and her actions toward other countries will give us a very good line on her attitude and her probable actions toward us.

We sincerely hope that the two nations will be friends to the end of the chapter, and our disposition will be to meet Japan more than half way. That, we believe, is an honest statement of our national sentiment.

But to assume the same sentiments for Japan, without making the closest study of facts, would be the sheerest folly. You may be sure that Japan knows vastly more about us than we know about her, and she should not resent any frank discussion in this country of her methods and motives. Japan is one of the big powers. Flattered just a little bit, we believe, at the present time, to be the ally of other big powers. A little bit chesty, we fancy, over her victories.

How do we figure in her future plans? Millions of Americans will dismiss this question with a wave of the hand, an action much more discourteous and less complimentary to Japan than a serious study of her motives.

Unfortunately, the Japanese question is complicated.

It is a national conviction that the Japanese race and ours will not mix advantageously to either. This conviction gives us the appearance of maintaining an unsympathetic and inhospitable attitude toward the Japanese. We protest that our attitude is no more a reflection on the Japanese than it is on ourselves. There is no reflection.

It is not that the Japanese are not as good as we. It is not a question of their religion. It is not that their possibility for development is not as great as ours. It is not that we do not wish to do business with them—buy and sell—exchange our products and our cultures. It is simply that we believe the Occident and the Orient should not try to live together and intermarry.

Furthermore, we believe that if situations were reversed; if our population were overcrowded as Japan's is; if we were looking for room and Japan had the room, she would not wish us to come into her country by the hundreds of thousands. We believe that she would much prefer to have people of her own traditions, her own characteristics, whom she might reasonably hope to absorb into her national life in the shortest possible time.

After all, we are responsible for the future of the United States of America, and while we set up to be the haven of the oppressed, and while we advertise our particular brand of freedom to all the world, we haven't thereby forfeited our rights to place whatever limits we choose upon immigration, so long as we are not asking for anything different at the hands of other nations. And in addition we have a very real obligation to the rest of the world to see to it that no false sentiment interferes with the working out of our experiment in democracy.

ONE RACE PROBLEM ON HAND

We are already staggering under as big a job as we can carry in the so-called negro problem. No man knows how we are going to work that out for the good of the negro, for the good of the white man, and for the good of America. Certainly until that is nearer a solution it would be the wildest folly for us to attempt the experiment of mixing in any large way the Occident with the Orient.

We are working on another article on this Japanese question, which will follow in an early number. An article which will not be alarmist, an article which should not be offensive, an article which we hope will be illuminating.

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